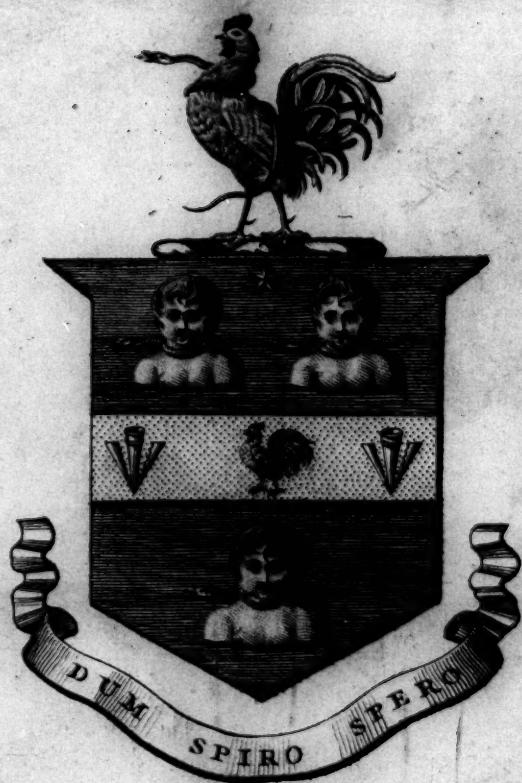
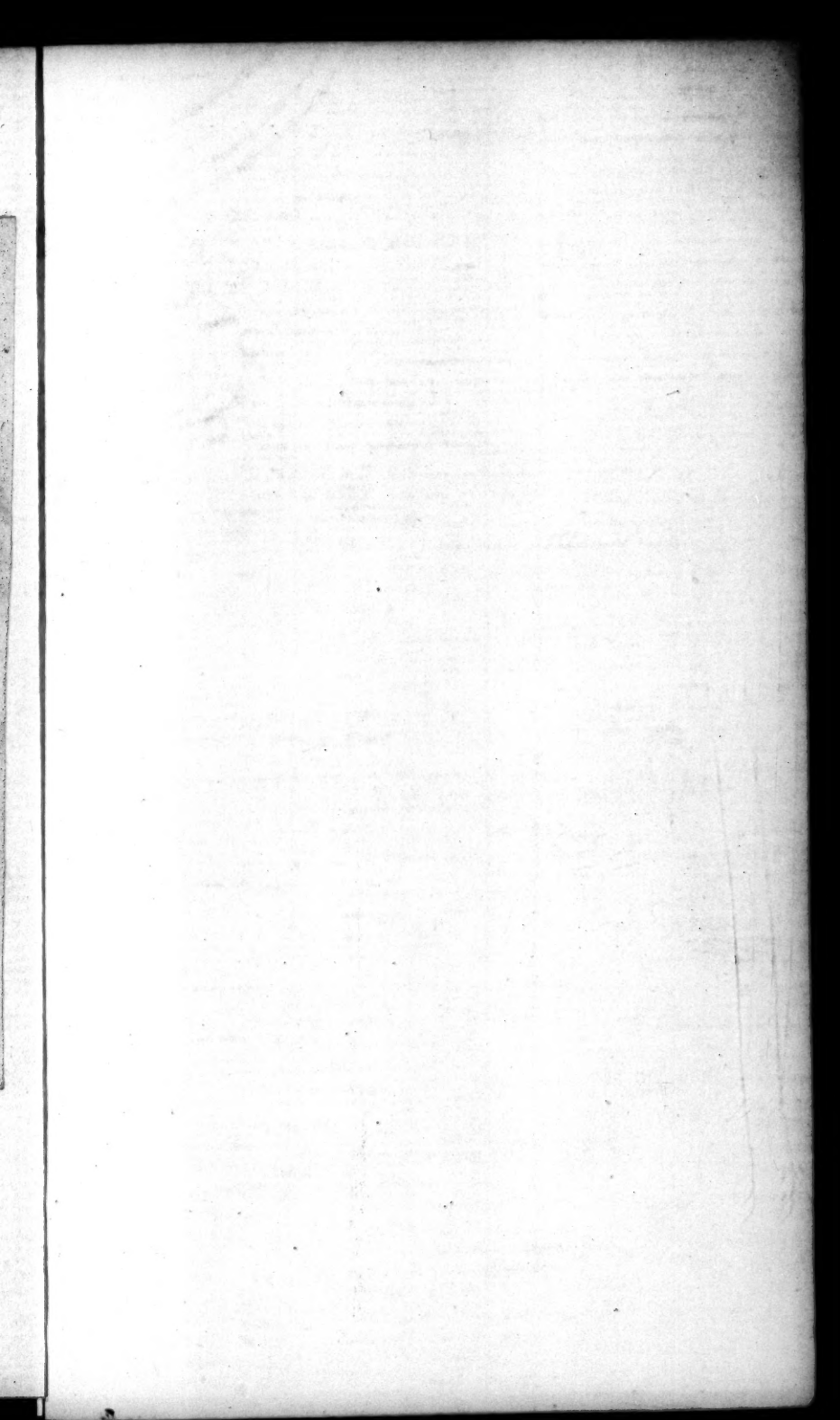


John Morice.



John Morice.



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DRAMATICK WRITINGS

WILL SHAKSPERE

Bell's Edition

OF

SHAKSPERE.

LONDON:

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and at the New Theatre, in Pall-mall.
MDCCCLXXIII.

Small's Edition

10

SHAKSPEARE

THE
DRAMATICK WRITINGS
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With the Notes of all the various Commentators;

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SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS.

Volume the Seventeenth.

CONTAINING
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THE

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OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

3-47/13

WITH THE NAMES OF THE SEVERAL COMMENTATORS

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TIMON OF ATHENS
AND
A KING LEAR

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,
JOHN BELL, British Museum, Strand.
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MDCCLXXXVII.

Bell's Edition.

TIMON of ATHENS.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON,

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

WILL'S DESIGN.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

BY

WILL. SHAKSPEARE.

Printed by Thomas A. Knickerbocker.

NEW YORK: 1847.

And sold by the same.

When Timon's fortune was at its height, he was
the most generous of men, and his name
was a household word. But when his
fortune failed, he was no longer
the same. He was no longer
the generous Timon, but a
man who had been brought
down to earth. He was no longer
the Timon who had been
the most generous of men, but
a man who had been brought
down to earth.

DR. JAMES JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,
JOHN BAILLIE, JUNIOR, LIBRARIAN, STRAND.

MDCCCXLVII.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE *Fable* AND *Composition* OF

TIMON of ATHENS.

THE story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakspeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed, from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage.

FARMER.

The play of *Timon* is a domestic tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

TIMON, a noble Athenian.

LUCIUS,

LUCULLUS,

} **Lords.**

SEMPRONIUS,

APEMANTUS, a Philosopher.

ALCIBIADES.

FLAVIUS, Steward to Timon.

FLAMINIUS,

LUCILIUS,

} **Timon's Servants.**

SERVILIUS,

CAPHIS,

VARRO,

PHILO,

TITUS,

} **Servants.**

LUCIUS,

HORTENSIUS,

VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's Friends.

CUPID and Maskers.

Strangers.

WOMEN.

PHRYNIA,

TIMANDRA,

} **Mistresses to Alcibiades.**

Thieves, Senators, Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant;
with Servants and Attendants.

SCENE, Athens; and the Woods not far from it.



TIMON of ATHENS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Athens. A Hall in TIMON's House. Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant, at several Doors.

Poet.

GOOD day, sir.

Pain. I am glad you are well.

Poet. I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

Pain. It wears, sir, as it grows,

Poet. Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,
Which manifold record not matches? See,
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

Pain. I know them both; the other's a jeweller. 10

Mer. O, 'tis a worthy lord!

Jew. Nay, that's most fix'd.

All

Mer.

Mer. A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,

To an untirable and continue goodness :
He passes.

Jew. I have a jewel here.

Mer. O, pray, let's see't : For the lord Timon, sir?

Jew. If he will touch the estimate : But, for that—

Poet. When we for recompence have prais'd the vile,
It stains the glory in that happy verse 20

Which aptly sings the good.

Mer. 'Tis a good form. [Looking on the Jewel.

Jew. And rich : here is a water, look you.

Pain. You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication

To the great lord.

Poet. A thing slipt idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished : The fire i' the flint

Shews not, 'till it be struck ; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies 30

Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

Pain. A picture, sir. When comes your book forth?

Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
Let's see your piece.

Pain. 'Tis a good piece.

Poet. So 'tis : this comes off well and excellent.

Pain. Indifferent.

Poet. Admirable : How this grace
Speaks his own standing? what a mental power

This

This eye shoots forth ? how big imagination 40
 Moves in this lip ? to the dumbness of the gesture
 One might interpret.

Pain. It is a pretty mocking of the life.
 Here is a touch ; Is't good ?

Poet. I'll say of it,
 It tutors nature : artificial strife
 Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

Enter certain Senators.

Pain. How this lord is follow'd !

Poet. The senators of Athens ;—Happy men !

Pain. Look, more ? 50

Poet. You see this confluence, this great flood of
 visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,
 Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug
 With amplest entertainment : My free drift
 Halts not particularly, but moves itself
 In a wide sea of wax : no levell'd malice
 Infects one comma in the course I hold ;
 But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
 Leaving no tract behind.

Pain. How shall I understand you ? 60

Poet. I'll unbolt to you.
 You see, how all conditions, how all minds
 (As well of glib and slippery creatures, as
 Of grave and austere quality) tender down
 Their services to lord Timon : his large fortune,
 Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,

Subdues and properties to his love and tendance
 All sorts of hearts ; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer
 To Apemantus, that few things loves better
 Than to abhor himself ; even he drops down 70
 The knee before him, and returns in peace
 Most rich in Timon's nod.

Pain. I saw them speak together,

Poet. Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill
 Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd : The base o' the
 mount

Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,
 That labour on the bosom of this sphere
 To propagate their states : amongst them all,
 Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,
 One do I personate of Timon's frame, 80
 Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her ;
 Whose present grace to present slaves and servants
 Translates his rivals.

Pain. 'Tis conceiv'd to scope.
 This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
 With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
 Bowing his head against the steepy mount
 To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
 In our condition.

Poet. Nay, sir, but hear me on : 90
 All those which were his fellows but of late
 (Some better than his value), on the moment
 Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,
 Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,
 Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him

Drink

Drink the free air.

Pain. Ay, marry, what of these?

Poet. When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top, 100
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

Pain. 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can shew,
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,
To shew lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen
The foot above the head.

Trumpets sound. Enter TIMON, addressing himself
courteously to every Suitor.

Tim. Imprison'd is he, say you? [*To a Messenger.*

Mes. Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt;
His means most short, his creditors most strait: 111
Your honourable letter he desires
To those have shut him up; which failing him,
Periods his comfort.

Tim. Noble Ventidius! Well; I am not of that feather, to shake off
My friend when he must need me. I do know him
A gentleman, that well deserves a help,
Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

Mes. Your lordship ever binds him. 120

Tim. Commend me to him: I will send his ransom;
And,

And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me :—

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,

But to support him after.—Fare you well.

Mes. All happiness to your honour!

[*Exit.*]

Enter an Old Athenian

Old Ath. Lord Timon, hear me speak.

Tim. Freely, good father,

Old Ath. Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

Tim. I have so : What of him ?

Old Ath. Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

130

Tim. Attends he here, or no ?—Lucilius!

Enter LUCILIUS.

Luc. Here, at your lordship's service.

Old Ath. This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,

By night frequents my house. I am a man

That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift,

And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,

Than one which holds a trencher.

Tim. Well; what further ?

Old Ath. One only daughter have I, no kin else,

On whom I may confer what I have got :

140

The maid is fair, o' the youngest for a bride,

And I have bred her at my dearest cost,

In qualities of the best. This man of thine

Attempts her love : I pr'ythee, noble lord,

Join with me to forbid him her resort ;

Myself

Myself have spoke in vain.

Tim. The man is honest.

Old. Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon :
His honesty rewards him in itself,
It must not bear my daughter.

150

Tim. Does she love him ?

Old. Ath. She is young, and apt :
Our own precedent passions do instruct us
What levity is in youth.

Tim. [To LUCIL.] Love you the maid ?

Luc. Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it.

Old. Ath. If in her marriage my consent be missing,
I call the gods to witness, I will choose
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,
And dispossess her all.

160

Tim. How shall she be endow'd
If she be mated with an equal husband ?

Old. Ath. Three talents on the present ; in future,
all.

Tim. This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long ;
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter :
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,
And make him weigh with her.

Old. Ath. Most noble lord,
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.

170

Tim. My hand to thee ; mine honour on my promise.

Luc. Humbly I thank your lordship : Never may
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,

Which

Which is not ow'd to you! [*Ex. LUCIL. and Old Ath.*]

Poet. Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lordship!

Tim. I thank you; you shall hear from me anon: Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

Pain. A piece of painting; which I do beseech Your lordship to accept.

Tim. Painting is welcome. 180

The painting is almost the natural man;
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are
Even such as they give out. I like your work;
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance
'Till you hear further from me.

Pain. The gods preserve you!

Tim. Well fare you, gentleman: Give me your hand;

We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel
Hath suffer'd under praise. 190

Jew. What, my lord? dispraise?

Tim. A mere satiety of commendations,
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,
It would unclew me quite.

Jew. My lord, 'tis rated
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,
Things of like value, differing in the owners,
Are prized by their masters: believe it, dear lord,
You mend the jewel by the wearing it.

Tim. Well mock'd. 200

Mer.

Mer. No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,

Which all men speak with him.

Tim. Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

Enter APEMANTUS.

Jew. We will bear with your lordship.

Mer. He'll spare none.

Tim. Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

Apem. 'Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow; When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

Tim. Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

Apem. Are they not Athenians? 210

Tim. Yes.

Apem. Then I repent not.

Jew. You know me, Apemantus.

Apem. Thou know'st, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

Tim. Thou art proud, Apemantus.

Apem. Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

Tim. Whither art going?

Apem. To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

Tim. That's a deed thou'lt die for. 219

Apem. Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

Tim. How lik'st thou this picture, Apemantus?

Apem. The best, for the innocence.

Tim. Wrought he not well, that painted it?

B

Apem.

Apem. He wrought better, that made the painter ;
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

Poet. You are a dog.

Apem. Thy mother's of my generation ; What's
she, if I be a dog ?

Tim. Wilt dine with me, Apemantus ?

Apem. No ; I eat not lords. 230

Tim. An thou should'st, thoud'st anger ladies.

Apem. O, they eat lords ; so they come by great
bellies.

Tim. That's a lascivious apprehension.

Apem. So thou apprehend'st it : Take it for thy
labour.

Tim. How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus ?

Apem. Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not
cost a man a doit.

Tim. What dost thou think 'tis worth ?

Apem. Not worth my thinking. — How now,
poet ? 240

Poet. How now, philosopher ?

Apem. Thou liest.

Poet. Art not one ?

Apem. Yes.

Poet. Then I lie not.

Apem. Art not a poet ?

Poet. Yes.

Apem. Then thou liest : look in thy last work,
where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

Poet. That's not feign'd, he is so.

250

Apem. Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour : He, that loves to be flatter'd, is worthy o' the flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord !

Tim. What would'st do then, Apemantus ?

Apem. Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

Tim. What, thyself ?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Wherefore ?

Apem. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.— 260
Art thou not a merchant ?

Mer. Ay, Apemantus.

Apem. Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not !

Mer. If traffick do it, the gods do it.

Apem. Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee !

Trumpets sound. Enter a Messenger.

Tim. What trumpet's that ?

Mes. 'Tis Alcibiades, and some twenty horse,
All of companionship.

Tim. Pray, entertain them ; give them guide to us. You must needs dine with me :—Go not you hence, 'Till I have thank'd you ; and, when dinner's done, Shew me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.— 272

Enter ALCIBIADES, with the rest.

Most welcome, sir !

Apem. So, so ; there !—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints !—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet
knaves,

And all this courtesy! The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.

Alc. Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed
Most hungrily on your sight. 280

Tim. Right welcome, sir:
Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time
In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

[*Exeunt all but APEMANTUS.*]

Enter two Lords.

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

Apem. Time to be honest.

1 *Lord.* That time serves still.

Apem. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord.* Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

Apem. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat
fools.

2 *Lord.* Fare thee well, fare thee well. 290

Apem. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord.* Why, Apemantus?

Apem. Should'st have kept one to thyself, for I
mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord.* Hang thyself.

Apem. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding: make
thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord.* Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn
thee hence.

Apem. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall
we in, 301
And taste lord Timon's bounty? he out-goes
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord.* He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,
But breeds the giver a return exceeding
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord.* The noblest mind he carries,
That ever govern'd man, 310

2 *Lord.* Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in?

1 *Lord.* I'll keep you company. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

*Another Apartment in TIMON'S House. Hautboys playing
loud Musick. A great Banquet serv'd in; and then
enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS,
SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with
VENTIDIUS. Then comes, dropping after all, APE-
MANTUS discontentedly, like himself.*

Ven. Most honour'd Timon, it hath pleas'd the
gods to remember
My father's age, and call him to long peace.
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound
To your free heart, I do return these talents,

Bij

Doubled

Doubled with thanks, and service, from whose help
I deriv'd liberty.

Tim. O, by no means, 320
Honest Ventidius : you mistake my love ;
I gave it freely ever ; and there's none
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives :
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare
To imitate them ; Faults that are rich, are fair.

Ven. A noble spirit.

[*They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON.*]

Tim. Nay, my lords, ceremony
Was but devis'd at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown ; 330
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
Pray, sit ; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
Than they to me. [*They sit.*]

Lord. My lord, we always have confest it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confest it ? hang'd it, have you not ?

Tim. O, Apemantus !—you are welcome.

Apem. No ; you shall not make me welcome :

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl ; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame :— 340

They say, my lords, *ira furor brevis est*,

But yonder man is ever angry.—

Go, let him have a table by himself ;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;
I come to observe; I give thee warning on't

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian,
Therefore welcome: I myself would have no power:
I pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent. 350

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I
should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number
Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!
It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat
In one man's blood; and all the madness is,
He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:
Methinks, they should invite them without knives;
Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that 360
Sits next him now, parts bread with him, pledges
The breath of him in a divided draught,
Is the readiest man to kill him: it has been prov'd.

If I were a huge man, I should fear to drink at
meals;

Lest they should spy my wind-pipe's dangerous notes:
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

Tim. My lord, in heart; and let the health go
round.

2 Lord. Let it flow this way, my good lord.

Apem. Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon, 370
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.

Here's

Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,
 Honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire :
 This, and my food, are equals ; there's no odds.
 Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf ;
 I pray for no man but myself :
 Grant I may never prove so fond,
 To trust man on his oath, or bond ;
 Or a harlot, for her weeping ;* 380
*Or a dog, that seems a sleeping ;
 Or a keeper with my freedom ;
 Or my friends, if I should need 'em,
 Amen. So fall to't :
 Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[*Eats and drinks.*]

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus !

Tim. Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field
 now.

Alc. My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

Tim. You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,
 than a dinner of friends. 391

Alc. So they were bleeding new, my lord, there's
 no meat like 'em ; I could wish my best friend at
 such a feast.

Apem. 'Would all those flatterers were thine ene-
 mies then ; that thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me
 to 'em.

1 Lord.

1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect. 401

Tim. O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did not you chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wish'd myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you. 422

Apem. Thou weep'st to make them drink, Timon.

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

Apem. Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.*

3 *Lord.* I promise you my lord, you mov'd me much.

Apem. Much.

Sound Tucket.

Tim. What means that trump?—How now?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

Tim. Ladies? What are their wills?

Serv. There comes with them a fore-runner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

Tim. I pray, let them be admitted.

Enter Cupid.

Cup. Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses

Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely

To gratulate thy plenteous bosom:

The ear, taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table rise;

They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

Tim. They are welcome all; let 'em have kind admittance:—

Musick, make their welcome. [*Exit Cupid.*]

1 *Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are beloved.

Musick.

Musick. Re-enter Cupid, with a Masque of Ladies as Amazons, with Lutes in their Hands, dancing, and playing.

Apem. Heyday! what a sweep of vanity comes this way!

They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.
We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men, 450
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy. Who lives, that's
not

Depraved, or depraves? who dies, that bears
Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift?
I should fear, those, that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from Table, with much adoring of Timon;
and, to shew their Loves, each singles out an Amazon,
and all dance, Men with Women; a lofty Strain or two
to the Hautboys, and cease.*

Tim. You have done our pleasures much grace,
fair ladies,
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,
Which was not half so beautiful and kind; 460
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,
And entertain'd me with mine own device;

I am

I am to thank you for it.

1 *Lady*. My lord, you take us even at the best.

Apem. 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not hold

Taking, I doubt me.

Tim. Ladies, there is an idle banquet attends you. Please you to dispose yourselves.

All Lad. Most thankfully, my lord. [*Exeunt*.

Tim. Flavius.— 479

Flav. My lord.

Tim. The little casket bring me hither.

Flav. Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; [*Aside*.

Else I should tell him,—Well,—i'faith, I should,

When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.

'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;

That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

[*Exit, and returns with the Casket*.

1 *Lord*. Where be our men?

Serv. Here, my lord, in readiness. 480

2 *Lord*. Our horses.

Tim. O my friends, I have one word

To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must

Entreat you, honour me so much, as to

Advance this jewel; accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

1 *Lord*. I am so far already in your gifts,—

All. So are we all.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate

Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

Tim. They are fairly welcome. 490

Flav. I beseech your honour,

Vouchsafe me a word ; it doth concern you near.

Tim. Near ? why then another time I'll hear thee ;
I pr'ythee, let us be provided

To shew them entertainment.

Flav. [*Aside.*] I scarce know how.

Enter another Servant.

2 Serv. May it please your honour, lord Lucius,
Out of his free love, hath presented to you

Four milk-white horses, trapt in silver. 499

Tim. I shall accept them fairly : let the presents
Be worthily entertain'd.—How now ? what news ?

Enter a third Servant.

3 Serv. Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him ; and hath sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.

Tim. I'll hunt with him ; And let them be receiv'd,
Not without fair reward.

Flav. [*Aside.*] What will this come to ?

He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,
And all out of an empty coffer.—

510

C

Nor

Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,
 To shew him what a beggar his heart is,
 Being of no power to make his wishes good;
 His promises fly so beyond his state,
 That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes
 For every word; he is so kind, that he now
 Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books,
 Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,
 Before I were forc'd out!
 Happier is he that has no friend to feed, 520
 Than such that do even enemies exceed.
 I bleed inwardly for my lord. [Exit.

Tim. You do yourselves much wrong, you bate
 too much
 Of your own merits:—Here, my lord; a trifle of
 our love.

2 *Lord.* With more than common thanks I will re-
 ceive it.

3 *Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

Tim. And now I remember, my lord, you gave
 Good words the other day of a bay courser
 I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it. 530

2 *Lord.* O, I beseech you, pardon me, my lord,
 In that.

Tim. You may take my word, my lord; I know,
 no man

Can justly praise, but what he does affect:
 I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;
 I tell you true. I'll call on you.

All Lords. O, none so welcome.

Tim.

Tim. I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;
 Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary. — Alcibiades, 541
 Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,
 It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living
 Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast
 Lie in a pitch'd field.

Alc. In defiled land, my lord.

1 Lord. We are so virtuously bound, —

Tim. And so am I to you.

2 Lord. So infinite endear'd, —

Tim. All to you. — Lights! more lights. 550

1 Lord. The best of happiness,
 Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Ti-
 mon! —

Tim. Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

Apem. What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!
 I doubt, whether their legs be worth the sums
 That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:
 Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs.
 Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

Tim. Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,
 I would be good to thee. 561

Apem. No, I'll nothing: for,
 If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left
 To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the
 faster.

Cij

Thou

Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain-glories?

Tim. Nay,
If you begin to rail once on society,
I am sworn, not to give regard to you. 570
Farewel; and come with better musick. [*Exit.*

Apem. So;—
Thou wilt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then,
I'll lock
Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

A public Place in the City. Enter a Senator.

Senator.

AND late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidore,
He owes nine thousand;—besides my former sum,
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion
Of raging waste? It cannot hold: it will not.
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more
Better than he, why give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,
And able horses: No porter at his gate;

10
But

But rather one that smiles, and still invites
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason
Can found his state in safety.—Caphis, ho!
Caphis, I say!

Enter CAPHIS.

Caph. Here, sir; What is your pleasure?

Sen. Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord

Timon;

Importune him for my monies; be not ceas'd
With slight denial; nor then silenc'd, when—
Commend me to your master—and the cap
Plays in the right hand, thus:—but tell him, sirrah,
My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn
Out of mine own; his days and times are past,
And my reliances on his fracted dates
Has smit my credit: I love, and honour him;
But must not break my back, to heal his finger;
Immediate are my needs; and my relief
Must not be tost and turn'd to me in words,
But find supply immediate. Get you gone:
Put on a most importunate aspect,
A visage of demand; for, I do fear,
When every feather sticks in his own wing,
Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

Caph. I go, sir.

Sen. I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,
And have the dates in compt.

Caph. I will, sir.

Sen. Go.

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

TIMON'S Hall. Enter FLAVIUS, with many Bills in his Hand.

Flav. No care, no stop! so senseless of expence,
That he will neither know how to maintain it, nor
Nor cease his flow of riot; Takes no account
How things go from him; nor resumes no care
Of what is to continue; Never mind
Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.
What shall be done? He will not hear, still feel:
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunt-
ing.

Enter CAPHIS, with the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.

Fye, fye, fye, fye!

Caph. Good even, Varro: What,

You come for money?

Var. Is't not your business too?

Caph. It is:—And your's too, Isidore?

Isid. It is so.

Caph. 'Would we were all discharg'd!

Var. I fear it.

Caph. Here comes the lord.

Enter

Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, &c.

Tim. So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,

My Alcibiades.—With me? What is your will?

[They present their Bills.

Caph. My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

Tim. Dues? Whence are you?

Caph. Of Athens here, my lord.

Tim. Go to my steward.

Caph. Please it your lordship, he hath put me off
To the succession of new days this month:

My master is awak'd by great occasion,

To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,

That with your other noble parts you'll suit,

In giving him his right.

Tim. Mine honest friend,

I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

Caph. Nay, good my lord,—

Tim. Contain thyself, good friend.

Var. One Varro's servant, my good lord,—

Isid. From Isidore;

He humbly prays your speedy payment,—

Caph. If you did know, my lord, my master's
wants,—

Var. 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,
And past.—

Isid. Your steward puts me off, my lord; and I
Am sent expressly to your lordship.

Tim. Give me breath:—

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on;

[*Excunt ALCIBIADES, &c.*

I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray
you. [To FLAVIUS.

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd,
With clamorous demands of broken bonds,
And the detention of long-since-due debts,
Against my honour?

Flav. Please you, gentlemen,

The time is unagreeable to this business:

Your importunacy cease, 'till after dinner;

That I may make his lordship understand

Wherefore you are not paid.

Tim. Do so, my friends: See them well enter-
tain'd. [Exit TIMON.

Flav. Pray draw near. [Exit FLAVIUS.

Enter APEMANTUS, and a Fool.

Caph. Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-
mantus;

Let's have some sport with 'em.

Var. Hang him, he'll abuse us.

Isid. A plague upon him, dog!

Var. How dost, fool?

Apem. Dost dialogue with thy shadow?

Var. I speak not to thee.

Apem. No, 'tis to thyself.—Come away.

[To the Fool.

Isid. [To *Var.*] There's the fool hangs on your
back already.

Apem.

Apem. No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

Caph. Where's the fool now?

Apem. He last ask'd the question. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

All. What are we Apemantus?

Apem. Asses. 110

All. Why?

Apem. That you ask me, what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool,

Fool. How do you, gentlemen?

All. Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

Fool. She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

Apem. Good! gramercy. 120

Enter Page.

Fool. Look you, here comes my master's page.

Page. [To the Fool] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

Apem. 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

Page. Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the super-
scription of these letters; I know not which is which.

Apem. Can'st not read?

Page. No. 130

Apem.

Apem. There will little learning die then, that day thou art hang'd. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

Page. Thou wast whelp'd a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[*Exit.*]

Apem. Even so, thou out-run'st grace.

Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

Fool. Will you leave me there?

Apem. If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers? 141

All. Ay; 'would they serv'd us!

Apem. So would I,—as good a trick as ever hang-man serv'd thief.

Fool. Are you three usurers' men?

All. Ay, fool.

Fool. I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my master's house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this? 152

Var. I could render one.

Apem. Do it then, that we may account thee a whore-master, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

Var. What is a whore-master, fool?

Fool. A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime,

sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than's artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and generally, in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from four-score to thirteen, this spirit walks in. 164

Var. Thou art not altogether a fool.

Fool. Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lack'st.

Apem. That answer might have become Apemantus.

All. Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon.

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Apem. Come with me, fool, come. 170

Fool. I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime the philosopher.

Flav. Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon.

Exeunt APEMANTUS, and Fool.

Tim. You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time,

Had you not fully laid my state before me;
That I might so have rated my expence,
As I had leave of means?

Flav. You would not hear me,
At many leisures I propos'd. 180

Tim. Go to:
Perchance, some single vantages you took;
When my indisposition put you back;
And that unaptness made you minister,
Thus to excuse yourself.

Flav. O my good lord!

At

At many times I brought in my accounts;
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,
And say, you found them in mine honesty. 189
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me
Return so much, I have shook my head and wept;
Yea, 'gainst the authority of manners, pray'd you
To hold your hand more close: I did endure
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have
Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,
Though you hear now, yet now's too late a time;
The greatest of your having lacks a half
To pay your present debts.

Tim. Let all my land be sold. 200

Flav. 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth
Of present dues: the future comes apace:
What shall defend the interim? and at length
How goes our reckoning?

Tim. To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

Flav. O my good lord, the world is but a word;
Were it all yours, to give it in a breath,
How quickly were it gone?

Tim. You tell me true. 210

Flav. If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,
Call me before the exactest auditors,
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,
When all our offices have been oppress'd
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room

Hath

Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,
And set mine eyes at flow.

Tim. Pr'ythee, no more. 220

Flav. Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this
lord!

How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord
Timon's?

Great Timon's, noble, worthy, royal Timon's?
Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,
These flies are couch'd.

Tim. Come, sermon me no further: 230

No villainous bounty yet hath past my heart;
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
Why dost thou weep? Can'st thou the conscience
lack,

To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
If I would broach the vessels of my love,
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,
As I can bid thee speak.

Flav. Assurance bless your thoughts!

Tim. And, in some sort, these wants of mine are
crown'd, 240

That I account them blessings; for by these
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you

Mistake my fortunes ; I am wealthy in my friends.
Within there,—Flaminius! Servilius!

Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.

Serv. My lord, my lord,——

Tim. I will dispatch you severally,—You, to lord
Lucius,——

To lord Lucullus you ; I hunted with his
Honour to-day ;—You, to Sempronius,—
Commend me to their loves ; and, I am proud, say,
That my occasions have found time to use them 250
Toward a supply of money : let the request
Be fifty talents.

Flam. As you have said, my lord.

Flav. Lord Lucius, and Lucullus ? hum !—

Tim. Go you, sir, to the senators [To FLAV.
(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have
Deserv'd this hearing), bid 'em send o' the instant
A thousand talents to me.

Flav. I have been bold
(For that I knew it the most general way), 260
To them to use your signet, and your name ;
But they do shake their heads, and I am here
No richer in return.

Tim. Is't true ? can't be ?.

Flav. They answer, in a joint and coporate voice,
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot
Do what they would ; are sorry—you are honour-
able,—
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—

Something

Something hath been amiss—a noble nature 269
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—
And so, intending other serious matters,
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,
They froze me into silence.

Tim. You gods reward them!—

I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly: These old fellows
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;
And nature, as it grows again toward earth, 280
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—
Go to Ventidius,—Pr'ythee, be not sad,
Thou art true, and honest; ingenuously I speak,
No blame belongs to thee:—Ventidius lately
Bury'd his father: by whose death, he's stepp'd
Into a great estate: when he was poor,
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,
I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;
Bid him suppose, some good necessity 289
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd
With those five talents:—that had, give it these
fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

Flav. I would, I could not think it; That thought
is bounty's foe;
Being free itself, it thinks all others so. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

LUCULLUS's House in Athens. FLAMINIUS waiting.

Enter a Servant to him.

Servant.

I HAVE told my lord of you, he is coming down to you.

Flam. I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

Serv. Here's my lord.

Lucul. [*Aside.*] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius; you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some wine.—And how does that honourable, complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very bountiful good lord and master? 11

Flam. His health is well, sir.

Lucul. I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

Flam. Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

21

Lucul.

Lucul. La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I ha' din'd with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I ha' told him on't, but I could never get him from't. 30

Re-enter Servant, with Wine.

Serv. Please your lordship, here is the wine.

Lucul. Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee,

Flam. Your lordship speaks your pleasure,

Lucul. I have observ'd thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason; and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone sirrah. [*To the Servant, who goes out.*—Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou know'st well enough, although thou com'st to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three solidares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well. 47

Flam. Is't possible, the world should so much differ;

Diiij

And

And we alive, that liv'd ? Fly, damned baseness,
To him that worships thee.

[*Throwing the Money away.*

Lucul. Ha ! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for
thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*

Flam. May these add to the number that may scald
thee !

Let molten coin be thy damnation,
Thou disease of a friend, and not himself !

Has friendship such a faint and milky heart,
It turns in less than two nights ? O you gods,

I feel my master's passion ! This slave,
Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him :
Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment, 60

When he is turn'd to poison ?

O, may diseases only work upon't !

And, when he's sick to death, let not that part of
nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any power

To expel sickness, but prolong his hour ! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A public Street. Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.

Luc. Who, the lord Timon ? he is my very good
friend, and an honourable gentleman.

1 Stran. We know him for no less, though we are
but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing,
my lord, and which I hear from common rumours,

now

now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past,
and his estate shrinks from him.

Luc. Fye, no, do not believe it; he cannot want
for money.

2 Stran. But believe you this, my lord, that, not
long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus,
to borrow so many talents; nay, urg'd extremely
for't, and shew'd what necessity belong'd to't, and
yet was deny'd.

Luc. How?

2 Stran. I tell you, deny'd, my lord.

Luc. What a strange case was that? now, before
the gods, I am asham'd on't. Deny'd that honour-
able man? there was very little honour shew'd in't.
For my own part, I must needs confess, I have re-
ceiv'd some small kindnesses from him, as money,
plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing com-
paring to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent
to me, I should ne'er have deny'd his occasion so
many talents.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Ser. See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have
sweat to see his honour.—My honour'd lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*

Luc. Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee
well:—Commend me to thy honourable-virtuous
lord, my very exquisite friend.

Ser. May it please your honour, my lord hath
sent—

Luc.

Luc. Ha! what hath he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending; How shall I thank him, think'st thou? And what has he sent now? 100

Ser. He has only sent his present occasion now, my lord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

Luc. I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

Ser. But in the mean time he wants less, my lord. If his occasion were not virtuous, I should not urge it half so faithfully.

Luc. Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

Ser. Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir. 110

Luc. What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shewn myself honourable? how unluckily it happen'd, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and, I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will

will you befriend me so far, as to use my own words to him?

Ser. Yes, sir, I shall.

Luc. I'll look you out a good turn, *Servilius*.—

[*Exit SERVILIUS.*]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed; 130
And he, that's once deny'd, will hardly speed.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, *Hostilius*?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why, this is the world's sport;

And just of the same piece is every flatterer's soul.

Who can call him his friend,

That dips in the same dish? for, in my knowing,

Timon has been this lord's father,

And kept his credit with his purse;

Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money 140

Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,

But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;

And yet (O, see the monstrousness of man,

When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)

He does deny him, in respect of his,

What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part,

I never tasted Timon in my life,

Nor came any of his bounties over me, 150

To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,

For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,

And honourable carriage,

Had

Had his necessity made use of me,
 I would have put my wealth into donation,
 And the best half should have return'd to him,
 So much I love his heart : But, I perceive,
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense ;
 For policy sits above conscience. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

SEMPRONIUS'S House. *Enter SEMPRONIUS, with a
 Servant of TIMON'S.*

Sem. Must he needs trouble me in't? Hum! 'Bove
 all others? 160

He might have try'd lord Lucius, or Lucullus ;
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,
 Whom he redeem'd from prison : All these
 Owe their estates unto him.

Serv. My lord,
 They have all been touch'd, and found base metal
 for

They have all deny'd him!

Sem. How! have they deny'd him?
 Has Ventidius and Lucullus deny'd him?

And does he send to me? Three? hum! — 170
 It shews but little love or judgment in him.

Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physi-
 ans,

Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon
 me?

ball

He

He has much disgrac'd me in't ; I am angry at him,
That might have known my place : I see no sense
for't,

But his occasions might have woo'd me first ;

For, in my conscience, I was the first man

That e'er receiv'd gift from him :

And does he think so backwardly of me now,

That I'll requite it last ? No :

180

So it may prove an argument of laughter

To the rest, and I 'mongst lords be thought a fool.

I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,

He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake ;

I had such a courage to do him good. But now re-
turn,

And with their faint reply this answer join ;

Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin.

[Exit.

Serv. Excellent ! Your lordship's a goodly vil-
lain. The devil knew not what he did, when he
made man politick ; he cross'd himself by't : and I
cannot think, but, in the end, the villainies of man
will set him clear. How fairly this lord strives to
appear foul ? takes virtuous copies to be wicked ;
like those that, under hot ardent zeal, would set
whole realms on fire.

Of such a nature is his politick love.

This was my lord's best hope ; now all are fled,

Save only the gods : Now his friends are dead,

Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards

Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd

200

Now

Now to guard sure their master.
 And this is all a liberal course allows;
 Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

TIMON'S Hall. Enter VARRO, TITUS, HORTENSIUS, LUCIUS, and other Servants of TIMON'S Creditors, who wait for his coming out.

Var. Well met; good morrow, Titus, and Hortensius.

Tit. The like to you, kind Varro.

Hor. Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

Luc. Ay, and, I think,

One business does command us all; for mine
 Is money.

Tit. So is theirs, and ours.

Enter PHILOTUS.

Luc. And sir Philotus too!

Phi. Good day at once.

Luc. Welcome, good brother. What do you think
 the hour?

Phi. Labouring for mine.

Luc. So much?

Phi. Is not my lord seen yet?

Luc. Not yet.

Phi.

Phi. I wonder on't ; he was wont to shine at seven.

Luc. Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him
You must consider, that a prodigal's course
Is like the sun's ; but not, like his, recoverable
I fear,

'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse ;
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet
Find little.

Phi. I am of your fear for that.

Tit. I'll shew you how to observe a strange event.
Your lord sends now for money. 230

Hor. Most true, he does.

Tit. And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,
For which I wait for money.

Hor. It is against my heart.

Luc. Mark, how strange it shows,
Timon in this should pay more than he owes :
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,
And send for money for 'em. 240

Hor. I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness :

I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth, 240
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

Var. Yes, mine's three thousand crowns : What's
yours ?

Luc. Five thousand mine.

Var. 'Tis much deep : and it should seem by the
sum,

Your master's confidence was above mine ;
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

E

Enter

Enter FLAMINIUS.

Tit. One of lord Timon's men.

Luc. Flaminius! sir, a word: Pray, is my lord Ready to come forth?

Flam. No, indeed, he is not. 250

Tit. We attend his lordship; pray, signify so much.

Flam. I need not tell him that; he knows, you are too diligent. [*Exit FLAMINIUS.*]

Enter FLAVIUS in a Cloak, muffled.

Luc. Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

Tit. Do you hear, sir?

Var. By your leave, sir,—

Flav. What do you ask of me, my friend?

Tit. We wait for certain money here, sir.

Flav. Ay, if money were as certain as your waiting, 260
'Twere sure enough.

Why then preferr'd you not your sums and bills,
When your false masters eat of my lord's meat?

Then they would smile, and fawn upon his debts,
And take down the interest in their gluttonous maws;
You do yourselves but wrong, to stir me up;
Let me pass quietly:

Believ't, my lord and I have made an end;
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

Luc. Ay, but this answer will not serve. 270

Flav.

Flav. If 'twill not serve, 'tis not so base as you;
For you serve knaves. [Exit.

Var. How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

Tit. No matter what; he's poor;
And that's revenge enough. Who can speak broader
Than he that has no house to put his head in?
Such may rail 'gainst great buildings.

Enter SERVILIUS.

Tit. O, here's Servilius; now we shall know
Some answer.

Serv. If I might beseech you, gentlemen, 280
To repair some other hour, I should
Derive much from it: for, take it on my soul,
My lord leans wondrously to discontent:
His comfortable temper has forsook him;
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

Luc. Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:
And, if he be so far beyond his health,
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,
And make a clear way to the gods.

Ser. Good gods! 290

Tit. We cannot take this for answer, sir.

Flam. [Within.] Servilius, help!—my lord! my
lord!

Enter TIMON, in a Rage.

Tim. What, are my doors oppos'd against my pas-
sage?
Have I been ever free, and must my house

Be my retentive enemy, my jail?
The place, which I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?

Luc. Put in now, Titus.

Tit. My lord, here is my bill,

Luc. Here's mine. 300

Var. And mine, my lord.

Caph. And ours, my lord,

Phi. All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em, cleave me to the
girdle.

Luc. Alas! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Five thousand crowns, my lord. 310

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.—

What yours?—and yours?

1 Var. My lord,—

2 Var. My lord,

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon
you! [Exit.

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive, our masters may throw
their caps at their money; these debts may be well
call'd desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[Exeunt.

Re-enter TIMON, and FLAVIUS.

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the
slaves;

Creditors!

Creditors!—devils.

Flav. My dear lord,—

Tim. What if it should be so?

Flav. My lord,—

Tim. I'll have it so:—My steward!

Flav. Here, my lord.

Tim. So fitly?—Go, bid all my friends again,
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius, all;
I'll once more feast the rascals.

Flav. O my lord,
You only speak from your distracted soul; 330
There is not so much left, to furnish out
A moderate table.

Tim. Be it not in thy care; go,
I charge thee, invite them all: let in the tide
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

The Senate-House. Senators, and ALCIBIADES.

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to't; the fault's
bloody;

'Tis necessary he should die:

Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise 'em. 339

Alc. Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

Alc. I am an humble suitor to your virtues;

For pity is the virtue of the law,
 And none but tyrants use it cruelly.
 It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy
 Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,
 Hath stept into the law, which is past depth
 To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.
 He is a man, setting his fate aside,
 Of comely virtues :

359

Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice
 (An honour in him, which buys out his fault);
 But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,
 Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,
 He did oppose his foe :
 And with such sober and unnoted passion
 He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,
 As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,
 Striving to make an ugly deed look fair : 360
 Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd
 To bring man-slaughter into form, and set quarrel-
 ling

Upon the head of valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were newly born :
 He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
 The worst that man can breathe ; and make his
 wrongs

His outsides ; to wear them like his raiment, care-
 lessly ;

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To

To bring it into danger, 370
 If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,
 What folly 'tis, to hazard life for ill?

Alc. My lord,—

1 *Sen.* You cannot make gross sins look clear;
 To revenge is no valour, but to bear.

Alc. My lords, then, under favour, pardon me,
 If I speak like a captain.—

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
 And not endure all threats; sleep upon it,
 And let the foes quietly cut their throats, 380

Without repugnancy? If there be
 Such valour in the bearing, what make we
 Abroad? why then, women are more valiant,

That stay at home, if bearing carry it;
 The ass, more captain than the lion; and the fellow,

Loaden with irons, wiser than the judge,
 If wisdom be in suffering. O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?

To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust; 390
 But, in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.

To be in anger, is impiety;
 But who is man, that is not angry?

Weigh but the crime with this.
 2 *Sen.* You breathe in vain.

Alc. In vain? his service done
 At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,

Were a sufficient briber for his life,
 1 *Sen.* What's that?

Alc.

Alc. Why, I say, my lords, he has done fair service, 400

And slain in fight many of your enemies :
How full of valour did he bear himself
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds ?

2 Sen. He has made too much plenty with 'em ; he
Is a sworn rioter : he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner :
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him : in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions : 'Tis inferr'd to us, 410
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 Sen. He dies.

Alc. Hard fate ! he might have died in war.
My lords, if not for any parts in him
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,
And be in debt to none), yet, more to move you,
Take my deserts to his, and join 'em both :
And, for I know, your reverend ages love
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all
My honours to you, upon his good returns. 420
If by this crime he owes the law his life,
Why, let the war receive't in valiant gore ;
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 Sen. We are for law, he dies ; urge it no more,
On height of our displeasure : Friend, or brother,
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

Alc. Must it be so ? it must not be. My lords,
I do beseech you, know me.

2 Sen.

2 *Sen.* How?

Alc. Call me to your remembrances. 430

3 *Sen.* What?

Alc. I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;
It could not else be, I should prove so base,
To sue, and be deny'd such common grace :
My wounds ake at you.

1 *Sen.* Do you dare our anger?

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;
We banish thee for ever.

Alc. Banish me ?

Banish your dotage ; banish usury, 440
That makes the senate ugly.

1 *Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain
thee,

Attend our weightier judgment.

And, not to swell our spirit,

He shall be executed presently. [Exeunt Senate.

Alc. Now the gods keep you old enough ; that you
may live

Only in bone, that none may look on you !

I am worse than mad : I have kept back their foes,

While they have told their money, and let out

Their coin upon large interest ; I myself, 450

Rich only in large hurts.—All those, for this ?

Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate

Pours into captains' wounds ? Ha ! banishment ?

It comes not ill ; I hate not to be banish'd ;

It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,

That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up

My

My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.
 'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;
 Soldiers as little should brook wrongs, as gods.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

TIMON'S House. *Enter divers Senators at several Doors.*

1 Sen. The good time of day to you, sir. 460

2 Sen. I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 Sen. Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encounter'd: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 Sen. It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 Sen. I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjur'd me beyond them, and I must needs appear. 471

2 Sen. In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 Sen. I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 Sen. Every man here's so. What would he have borrow'd of you?

1 Sen.

1 Sen. A thousand pieces. 480

2 Sen. A thousand pieces!

1 Sen. What of you?

3 Sen. He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

Enter TIMON, and Attendants.

Tim. With all my heart, gentlemen both;—And how fare you?

1 Sen. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 Sen. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship. 489

Tim. [*Aside.*] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly as on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 Sen. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I return'd you an empty messenger.

Tim. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 Sen. My noble lord,—

Tim. Ah, my good friend! what cheer? 499

[*The Banquet brought in.*]

2 Sen. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

Tim. Think not on't, sir.

2 Sen. If you had sent but two hours before,—

Tim. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.

—Come, bring in all together.

2 Sen.

2 Sen. All cover'd dishes!

1 Sen. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 Sen. Doubt not that, if money, and the season
can yield it. 510

1 Sen. How do you? What's the news?

3 Sen. Alcibiades is banish'd: Hear you of it?

Both. Alcibiades banish'd!

3 Sen. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 Sen. How? how?

2 Sen. I pray you, upon what?

Tim. My worthy friends, will you draw near?

3 Sen. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast
toward.

2 Sen. This is the old man still. 520

3 Sen. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Sen. It does: but time will—and so—

3 Sen. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he
would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be
in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let
the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place:
Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thank-
fulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves prais'd: but
reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to
each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for,
were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake
the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that
gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of*

villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods, make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing are they welcome.

542

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

[The Dishes uncovered are full of warm Water.

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

550

[Throwing Water in their Faces.

Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,
Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physick first,—thou too,—and thou;—

[Throws the Dishes at them.

Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—
What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,
Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.

560

Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of Timon, man, and all humanity! [Exit.

Re-enter the Senators.

1 Sen. How now, my lords?

2 Sen. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 Sen. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Sen. I have lost my gown.

1 Sen. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my jewel? 571

2 Sen. Did you see my cap?

3 Sen. Here 'tis.

4 Sen. Here lies my gown.

1 Sen. Let's make no stay.

2 Sen. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Sen. I feel't upon my bones.

4 Sen. One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones. [Exeunt.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Without the Walls of Athens. Enter TIMON,

Timon.

LET me look back upon thee, O thou wall,
That girdlest in those wolves! Dive in the earth,
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;

Obedience

Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,
 Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,
 And minister in their steads! to general filth
 Convert o'the instant, green virginity!
 Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;
 Rather than render back, out with your knives, 9
 And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal;
 Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,
 And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed,
 Thy mistress is o'the brothel! son of sixteen,
 Pluck the lin'd crutch from thy old limping sire,
 With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,
 Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,
 Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,
 Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,
 Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,
 Decline to your confounding contraries, 20
 And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,
 Your potent and infectious fevers heap
 On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,
 Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt
 As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty
 Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;
 That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,
 Sow all the Athenian bosoms; and their crop
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath; 30
 That their society, as their friendship, may
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,
 But nakedness, thou detestable town!

Take thou that too, with multiplying banns !
 Timon will to the woods ; where he shall find
 The unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all)
 The Athenians both within and out that wall !
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low ! 40
 Amen. [Exit.

SCENE II.

TIMON'S House. Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three
 Servants.

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where is our
 master ?

Are we undone ? cast off ? nothing remaining ?

Flav. Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you ?
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke !
 So noble a master fallen ! All gone ! and not
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,
 And go along with him ! 50

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs
 From our companion, thrown into his grave,
 So his familiars from his buried fortunes
 Slink all away ; leave their false vows with him,
 Like empty purses pick'd : and his poor self,
 A dedicated beggar to the air,

With

IV.

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50

With



TIMON of ATHENS.

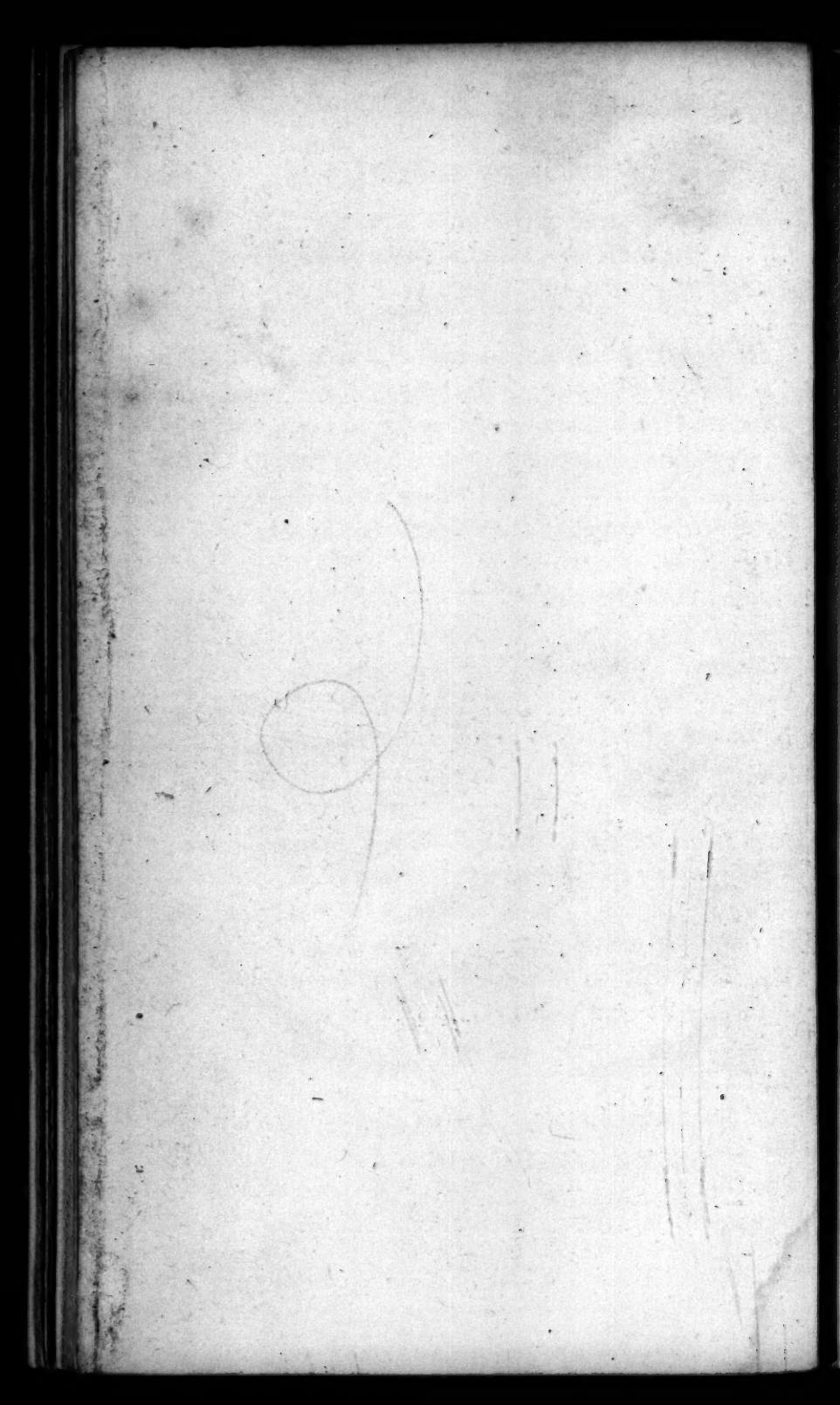
*Let me look back upon thee, O thou, woe!
That girdlest on those wretches*

Act 4.

Scene 1.

W. H. Stiles del.

Hall fecit.



With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

Enter other Servants.

Flav. All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

3 *Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery, 60
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part
Into this sea of air.

Flav. Good fellows all,
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes, 70
We have seen better days. Let each take some;

[*Giving them Money.*
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*
O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,
Since riches point to misery and contempt?
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live
But in a dream of friendship?
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends? 80
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,

F i i j

When

When man's worst sin is, he does too much good !
 Who then dares to be half so kind again ?
 For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.
 My dearest lord,—blest, to be most accurs'd,
 Rich, only to be wretched ;—thy great fortunes
 Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord !
 He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat
 Of monstrous friends ; nor has he with him to 90
 Supply his life, or that which can command it.
 I'll follow, and inquire him out :
 I'll ever serve his mind with my best will ;
 Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The Woods. Enter TIMON.

Tim. O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity ; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air ! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several for-
 tunes ;
 The greater scorns the lesser : Not nature, 100
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature.
 Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord ;
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour.
 It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,

The

IV.

90

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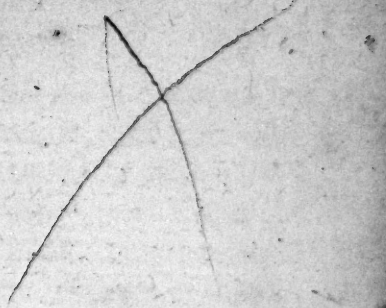
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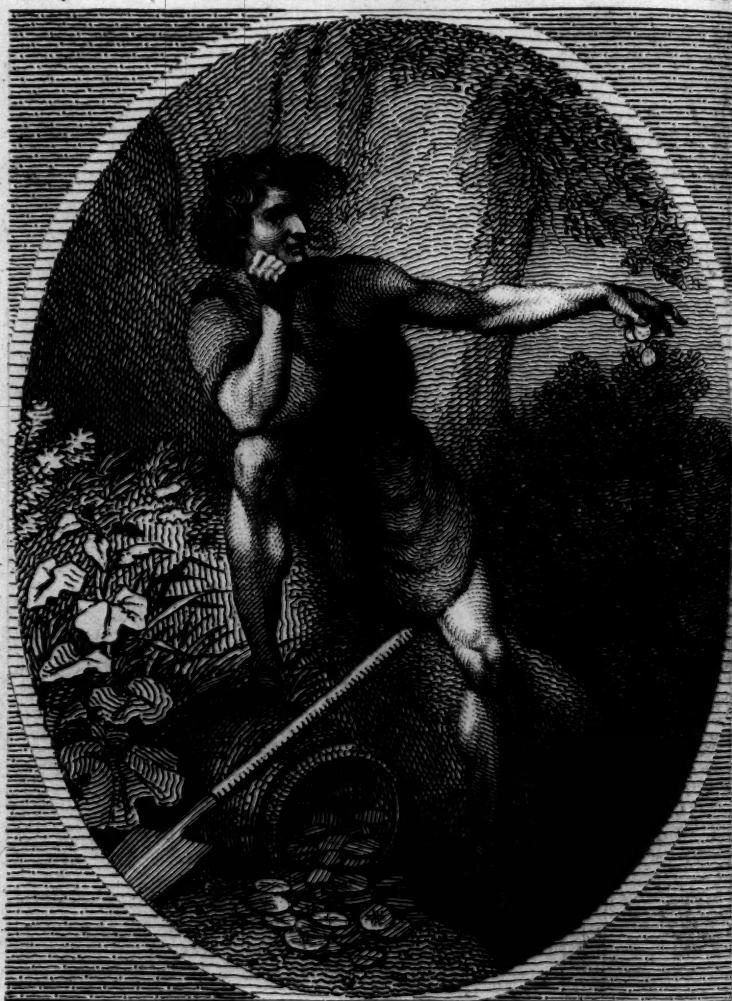
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Act 4

TIMON of ATHENS.

Scene 3.



Ramberg del.

Sharp sculp.

M. KEMBLE in TIMON.

London Printed for J. Bell British Library Strand Sept: 21st 1788.

The want that makes him leave. Who dares, who dares,

In purity of manhood stand upright,
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,
So are they all; for every grize of fortune
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

110

[*Digging the Earth.*]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate
With thy most operant poison! What is here?
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,
I am no idle votarist: Roots, you clear heavens!
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul,
fair;
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward,
valiant.

Ha! you gods! why this? What this, you gods?
Why this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:
This yellow slave
Will knit and break religions; bless the accurs'd;
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,
And give them title, knee, and approbation,
With senators on the bench; this is it,

130

That

That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;
 She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
 Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
 To the April day again. Come, damned earth,
 Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds
 Among the rout of nations, I will make thee
 Do thy right nature.—[*March afar off.*—Ha! a
 drum?—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,
 When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:— 140
 Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [*Keeping some Gold.*

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with Drum and Fife, in warlike
 manner, and PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.*

Alc. What art thou there? speak.

Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy
 heart,

For shewing me again the eyes of man!

Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
 That art thyself a man?

Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
 For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
 That I might love thee something.

Alc. I know thee well; 150
 But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

Tim. I know thee too; and more, than that I know
 thee,
 I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
 With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
 Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;

Then

Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubin look.

Phr. Thy lips rot off! 159

Tim. I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.

Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?

Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon;
There were no suns to borrow of.

Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?

Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.

Alc. What is it, Timon? 170

Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for
Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound
thee,

For thou art a man!

Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

Tim. Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

Timan. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the
world

Voic'd so regardfully? 180

Tim. Art thou Timandra?

Timan. Yes,

Tim.

Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves.
For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.

Timan. Hang thee, monster!

Alc. Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.— 190
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

Tim. I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone. 200

Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.

Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.

Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.

Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest;
and

Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

Alc. Why me, Timon?

Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.

Put up thy gold ; Go on,—here's gold,—go on ;

Be as a planetary plague, when Jove

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air : Let not thy sword skip one :

Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,

He is an usurer ; Strike me the counterfeit matron,

It is her habit only that is honest,

Herself's a bawd : Let not the virgin's cheek

Make soft thy trenchant sword ; for those milk-paps,

That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,

Are not within the leaf of pity writ,

Set them down horrible traitors : Spare not the babe,

Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their

mercy ;

Think it a bastard, whom the oracle

Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy threat shall cut,

And mince it sans remorse : Swear against objects ;

Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes ;

Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,

Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,

Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers :

Make large confusion ; and, thy fury spent,

Confounded be thyself ! Speak not, be gone.

Alc. Hast thou gold yet ? I'll take the gold thou

giv'st me,

Not all thy counsel.

Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse

upon thee !

Phr.

Phr. and *Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon:
Hast thou more?

Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. Held up, you sluts,
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,— 240
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,—spare your
oaths,

I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, six
months,

Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: where
still; 251

Paint 'till a horse may mire upon your face,
A pox of wrinkles!

Phr. and *Timan.* Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

Tim. Consumptions sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen, 260
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,

Down

Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away
Of him, that his particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate
ruffians bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you, 270
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Timon. More counsel, with more money,
bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have
given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare-
wel, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again,

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it. 280

Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike.

*Drum beats. Exeunt ALCIBIADES,
PHRYNIA, and TIMANDRA.*

Tim. [*Digging.*] That nature, being sick of man's
unkindness,

Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,

Teems, and feeds all ; whose self-same mettle,
 Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puffed,
 Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,
 The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,
 With all the abhorred births below crisp heaven, 296
 Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine ;
 Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,
 From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root !
 Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,
 Let it no more bring out ingrateful man !
 Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears ;
 Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face
 Hath to the marbled mansion all above
 Never presented !—O, a root,—Dear thanks ! 299
 Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas ;
 Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,
 And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,
 That from it all consideration slips !

Enter APEMANTUS.

More man ? Plague ! plague !

Apem. I was directed hither : Men report,
 Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

Tim. 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog
 Whom I would imitate : Consumption catch thee !

Apem. This is in thee a nature but affected ;
 A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung 310
 From change of fortune. Why this spade ? this place ?
 This slave-like habit ? and these looks of care ?
 Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft ;

Hug

Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,
By putting on the cunning of a carper.
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive
By that which has undone thee : hinge thy knee,
And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,
Blow off thy cap ; praise his most vicious strain, 320
And call it excellent : Thou wast told thus ;
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid wel-
come,

To knaves, and all approachers : 'Tis most just,
That thou turn rascal ; hadst thou wealth again,
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

Tim. Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

Apem. Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thy-
self ;

A madman so long, now a fool ; What, think'st
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,
Will put thy shirt on warm ? Will these moist trees,
That have out-liv'd the eagle, page thy heels, 331
And skip when thou point'st out ? will the cold
brook,

Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste
To cure thy o'er-night's surfeit ? Call the creatures,—
Whose naked natures live in all the spight
Of wreakful heaven ; whose bare unhoused trunks,
To the conflicting elements expos'd,
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee ;
O! thou shalt find—

Tim. A fool of thee : Depart. 340

G ij

Apem.

Apem. I love thee better now than e'er I did.

Tim. I hate thee worse.

Apem. Why?

Tim. Thou flatter'st misery.

Apem. I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

Tim. Why dost thou seek me out?

Apem. To vex thee.

Tim. Always a villain's office, or a fool's.

Dost please thyself in't?

Apem. Ay.

350

Tim. What! a knave too?

Apem. If thou didst put this sour cold habit on

To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou

Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,

Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery

Out-lives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:

The one is filling still, never complete;

The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,

Hath a distracted and most wretched being,

Worse than the worst, content.

360

Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

Tim. Not by his breath, that is more miserable.

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm

With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog.

Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded

The sweet degrees that this brief world affords

To such as may the passive drugs of it

Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself

In general riot; melted down thy youth

In different beds of lust; and never learn'd

370

The

The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd
 The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,
 Who had the world as my confectionary;
 The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men
 At duty, more than I could frame employment
 (That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves
 Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush
 Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare
 For every storm that blows); I to bear this,
 That never knew but better, is some burden: 380
 Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time
 Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate
 men?

They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?
 If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,
 Must be thy subject; who in spight, put stuff
 To some she beggar, and compounded thee
 Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—
 If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,
 Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

Apem. Art thou proud yet? 390

Tim. Ay, that I am not thee.

Apem. I, that I was no prodigal.

Tim. I, that I am one now:

Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,
 I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—
 That the whole life of Athens were in this!
 Thus would I eat it. [Eating a Root.

Apem. Here; I will mend thy feast.

[Offering him something.

G i i j

Tim.

Tim. First mend my company, take away thyself.

Apem. So I shall mend my own, by the lack of
thine. 400

Tim. 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd ;
If not, I would it were.

Apem. What wouldst thou have to Athens ?

Tim. Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt,
Tell them there I have gold ; look, so I have.

Apem. Here is no use for gold.

Tim. The best, and truest :
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

Apem. Where ly'st o' nights, Timon ?

Tim. Under that's above me. 410

Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus ?

Apem. Where my stomach finds meat ; or, rather,
where I eat it.

Tim. 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my
mind !

Apem. Where wouldst thou send it ?

Tim. To sauce thy dishes.

Apem. The middle of humanity thou never knew-
est, but the extremity of both ends : When thou wast
in thy guilt, and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too
much curiosity ; in thy rags thou knowest none, but
art despis'd for the contrary. There's a medlar for
thee, eat it. 423

Tim. On what I hate, I feed not.

Apem. Dost hate a medlar ?

Tim. Ay, though it look like thee.

Apem. An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou
should'st

should'st have lov'd thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, didst thou ever know belov'd?

Apem. Myself. 483

Tim. I understand thee; thou had'st some means to keep a dog.

Apem. What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

Tim. Women, nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

Apem. Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

Tim. Wouldst thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

Apem. Ay, Timon. 444

Tim. A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee, when, peradventure, thou wert accus'd by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou liv'dst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine ownself the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou wouldst be kill'd by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou wouldst be

be seiz'd by the leopard ; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life : all thy safety were remotion ; and thy defence, absence. What beast couldst thou be, that were not subject to a beast ? and what a beast art thou already, and seest not thy loss in transformation ? 464

Apem. If thou couldst please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here : The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

Tim. How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city ?

Apem. Yonder comes a poet, and a painter. The plague of company light upon thee ! I will fear to catch it, and give way : When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

Tim. When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus. 476

Apem. Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

Tim. 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon. A plague on thee !

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse !

Tim. All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

Apem. There is no leprosy, but what thou speak'st.

Tim. If I name thee.—

I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

Apem. I would my tongue could rot them off !

Tim. Away, thou issue of a mangy dog !
Choler does kill me, that thou art alive ;

I swoon

I swoon to see thee.

Apem. 'Would thou wouldst burst!

Tim. Away.

490

Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose

A stone by thee.

Apem. Beast!

Tim. Slave!

Apem. Toad!

Tim. Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going.*]

I am sick of this false world; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;

Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat

500

Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,

That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the Gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sine! thou bright defiler

Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!

Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,

Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow

That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,

That solder'st close impossibilities,

And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every

tongue,

510

To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!

Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue

Set them into confounding odds, that beasts

May have the world in empire!

Apem. 'Would 'twere so;—

But

But not 'till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

Tim. Throng'd to?

Apem. Ay.

Tim. Thy back, I pr'ythee.

Apem. Live, and love thy misery!

Tim. Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.

[Exit *APEMANTUS*.]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor
them.

Enter Thieves.

1 *Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is
some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remain-
der: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of
his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

2 *Thief.* It is nois'd, he hath a mass of treasure.

3 *Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he
care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covet-
ously reserve it, how shall's get it?

2 *Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis
hid.

1 *Thief.* Is not this he?

All. Where?

2 *Thief.* 'Tis his description.

3 *Thief.* He; I know him.

All. Save thee, Timon.

Tim. Now, thieves?

All. Soldiers, not thieves.

Tim. Both too; and women's sons.

All.

All. We are not thieves, but men that much do want.

Tim. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat.

Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots;
Within this mile break forth an hundred springs:
The oaks bear mast, the briers scarlet hips;
The bounteous huswife, nature, on each bush
Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

Thief. We cannot live on grass, on berries, water,
As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

Tim. Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes;

You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con,
That you are thieves profest; that you work not
In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft

In limited professions. Rascal thieves,

Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood o'the grape,

'Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth,

And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician;

His antidotes are poison, and he slays

More than you rob: take wealth and lives together;

Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't,

Like workmen: I'll example you with thievery.

The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction

Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief,

And her pale fire she snatches from the sun;

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves

The moon into salt tears; the earth's a thief,

That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen

From

From general excrement: each thing's a thief; 570
 The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
 Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away;
 Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats;
 All that you meet are thieves: To Athens, go,
 Break open shops; nothing can you steal,
 But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this
 I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!
 Amen. [Exit.]

3 *Thief*. He has almost charm'd me from my profession, by persuading me to it. 580

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[Exeunt.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Woods, and TIMON'S Cave. Enter FLAVIUS.

Flavius.

O you gods!

Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?

Full of decay and failing? O monument

And

And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!
 What an alteration of honour has
 Desperate want made!
 What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
 Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!
 How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,
 When man was wish'd to love his enemies: 10
 Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
 Those that would mischief me, than those that do!
 He has caught me in his eye: I will present
 My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,
 Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

Tim. Away! what art thou?

Flav. Have you forgot me, sir?

Tim. Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;
 Then, if thou grant'st thou art a man, I have
 Forgot thee. 20

Flav. An honest poor servant of yours.

Tim. Then I know thee not:
 I ne'er had honest man about me, I; all
 I kept were knaves, to serve in meat to villains.

Flav. The gods are witness,
 Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief
 For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

Tim. What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—
 then I love thee,

Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st

Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give, 30
 But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:
 Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with
 weeping!

Flav. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,
 To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth
 lasts,

To entertain me as your steward still.

Tim. Had I a steward
 So true, so just, and now so comfortable?
 It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.
 —Let me behold thy face.—Surely, this man
 Was born of woman.— 40

Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
 Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim
 One honest man,—mistake me not,—But one;
 No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—
 How fain would I have hated all mankind,
 And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,
 I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;
 For, by oppressing and betraying me,
 Thou might'st have sooner got another service: 50
 For many so arrive at second masters,
 Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,
 (For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure)
 Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,
 If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men deal
 gifts,

Expecting

Expecting in return twenty for one?

Flav. No, my most worthy master, in whose breast

Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:

You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:

Suspect still comes where an estate is least. 60

That which I shew, Heaven knows, is merely love,

Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,

Care of your food and living: and, believe it,

My most honour'd lord,

For any benefit that points to me,

Either in hope; or present, I'd exchange it

For this one wish, That you had power and wealth

To requite me, by making rich yourself.

Tim. Look thee, 'tis so!—thou singly honest man,

Here, take;—the gods out of my misery 70

Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:

But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;

Hate all, curse all: shew charity to none;

But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,

Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs

What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow 'em,

Debts wither 'em to nothing: Be men like blasted

woods,

And may diseases lick up their false bloods!

And so, farewell, and thrive.

Flav. O, let me stay, and comfort you, my master.

Tim. If thou hat'st curses, 81

Stay

Stay not ; but fly, whilst thou art blest and free :
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Enter Poet, and Painter.

Pain. As I took note of the place, it cannot be far where he abides.

Poet. What's to be thought of him ? Does the rumour hold for true, that he is so full of gold ?

Pain. Certain : Alcibiades reports it ; Phrynia and Timandra had gold of him : he likewise enrich'd poor straggling soldiers with great quantity : 'Tis said, he gave his steward a mighty sum. 91

Poet. Then this breaking of his has been but a try for his friends ?

Pain. Nothing else : you shall see him a palm in Athens again, and flourish with the highest. Therefore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this suppos'd distress of his : it will shew honestly in us ; and is very likely to load our purposes with what they travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of his having. 100

Poet. What have you now to present unto him ?

Pain. Nothing at this time but my visitation : only I will promise him an excellent piece.

Poet.

Poet. I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

Pain. Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' the time; it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgment that makes it.

Re-enter TIMON from his Cave, unseen.

Tim. Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as thyself.

Poet. I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

Tim. Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

Poet. Nay, let's seek him:
Then do we sin against our own estate,
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

Pain. True;
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.
Come.

Hijj

Tim.

Tim. I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,
Than where swine feed!
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plow'st the foam;
Settlest admir'd reverence in a slave:
To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!
Fit I meet them.

Poet. Hail! worthy Timon.

Pain Our late noble master.

140

Tim. Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

Poet. Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence
To their whole being! I am rapt, and cannot cover
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude
With any size of words.

150

Tim. Let it go naked, men may see't the better:
You, that are honest, by being what you are,
Make them best seen, and known.

Pain. He, and myself,
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,
And sweetly felt it.

Tim. Ay, you are honest men.

Pain. We are hither come to offer you our service,

Tim.

Tim. Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite
you? 160

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

Both. What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

Tim. You are honest men! You have heard that
I have gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men.

Pain. So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore
Came not my friend, nor I.

Tim. Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counter-
feit

Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

Pain. So, so, my lord. 170

Tim. Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy
fiction, [To the Poet.

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,
You take much pains to mend.

Both. Beseech your honour
To make it known to us.

Tim. You'll take it ill. 180

Both. Most thankfully my lord.

Tim. Will you, indeed?

Both. Doubt it not, worthy lord.

Tim. There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,
That mightily deceives you.

Both.

Both. Do we, my lord?

Tim. Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,
Keep in your bosom : yet remain assur'd,
That he's a made-up villain. 190

Pain. I know none such, my lord.

Poet. Nor I.

Tim. Look you, I love you well; I'll give you
gold,

Rid me these villains from your companies :
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,
Confound them by some course, and come to me,
I'll give you gold enough.

Both. Name them, my lord, let's know them.

Tim. You that way, and you this.—But two in
company,—

Each man apart,—all single, and alone,— 200

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.—

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter.*

Come not near him.—If thou wouldst not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye
slaves :

You have work for me, there is payment : Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that :—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SHAKESPEARE.



TIMON of ATHENS.

Out rascals dogs!

Act 3

Scene 2

N. Morum inv. del.

N. & Mire Sculp

X

SCENE III.

Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.

Flav. It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;

For he is set so only to himself, 210
That nothing, but himself, which looks like man,
Is friendly with him.

1 *Sen.* Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to the Athenians,
To speak with Timon.

2 *Sen.* At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,
That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him: Bring us to him,
And chance it as it may. 221

Flav. Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! lord Timon! Timon!
Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,
By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee:
Speak to them, noble Timon.

Enter TIMON.

Tim. Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak,
and be hang'd!

For each true word, a blister, and each false

Be as a cauterizing to the root o' the tongue,

Consuming

Consuming it with speaking !

230

1 *Sen.* Worthy Timon,—

Tim. Of none but such as you, and you of Timon.

2 *Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

Tim. I thank them ; and would send them back

the plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

1 *Sen.* O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,

Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought

On special dignities, which vacant lie : 240

For thy best use and wearing.

2 *Sen.* They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross :

And now the publick body,—which doth seldom

Play the recanter,—feeling in itself

A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal

Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;

And sends forth us, to make their sorrowed render,

Together with a recompence more fruitful

Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ; 250

Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,

As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,

And write in thee the figures of their love,

Ever to read them thine

Tim. You witch me in it ;

Surprize me to the very brink of tears :

Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes ;

And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

1 *Sen.*

1 *Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,
And of our Athens (thine, and ours) to take 260
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name
Live with authority;—so soon shall we drive back
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild;
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up
His country's peace.

2 *Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword
Against the walls of Athens.

1 *Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

Tim. Well, sir, I will; therefore I will, sir;
Thus,— 270

If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,
And take our goodly aged men by the beards,
Giving our holy virgins to the stain
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;
Then let him know,—and, tell him, Timon speaks it,
In pity of our aged, and our youth,
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,
And let him take't at worst; for their knives care
not, 280

While you have throats to answer: for myself,
There's not a whittle in the unruly camp,
But I do prize it at my love, before
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you
To the protection of the prosperous gods,
As thieves to keepers.

Flav.

Flav. Stay not, all's in vain.

Tim. Why, I was writing of my epitaph,
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend, 290
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,
And last so long enough!

1 *Sen.* We speak in vain.

Tim. But yet I love my country; and am not
One that rejoices in the common wreck,
As common bruit doth put it.

1 *Sen.* That's well spoke,

Tim. Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

1 *Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass
through them. 300

2 *Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphs
In their applauding gates.

Tim. Commend me to them;

And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes
That nature's fragil vessel doth sustain
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do
them;—

I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

2 *Sen.* I like this well, he will return again. 310

Tim. I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,

Tell

Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
From high to low throughout, that whoso please
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
And hang himself :—I pray you, do my greeting.

Flav. Trouble him no further, thus you still shall
find him.

Tim. Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion 321
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood,
Which once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end :
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men's works ; and death, their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

[*Exit TIMON.*

1 *Sen.* His discontents are unremovably 330
Coupled to nature.

2 *Sen.* Our hope in him is dead : let us return,
And strain what other means is left unto us
In our dear peril.

1 *Sen.* It requires swift foot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Walls of Athens. Enter two other Senators, with a Messenger.

1 Sen. Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files

As full as thy report?

Mes. I have spoke the least:

Besides, his expedition promises

Present approach. 340

2 Sen. We stand much hazard, if they bring not Timon.

Mes. I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—
Who, though in general part we were oppos'd,
Yet our old love made a particular force,
And made us speak like friends;—this man was
riding
From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,
With letters of entreaty, which imported
His fellowship i' the cause against your city,
In part for his sake mov'd.

Enter the other Senators.

1 Sen. Here come our brothers. 350

3 Sen. No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—

The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring

Doth

Doth choke the air with dust : In, and prepare;
Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

Changes to the Woods. Enter a Soldier, seeking

TIMON.

Sol. By all description, this should be the place.
Who's here ? speak, ho !—No answer ?—What is
this ?

Timon is dead, who hath out-stretch'd his span ;
Some beast read this ; there does not live a man.
Dead, sure ; and this his grave. What's on this
tomb ?

I cannot read ; the character I'll take with wax ; 360
Our captain hath in every figure skill ;
An ag'd interpreter, though young in days ;
Before proud Athens he's set down by this,
Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [Exit.

SCENE VI.

Before the Walls of Athens. Trumpets sound. Enter
ALCIBIADES, with his Powers.

Alc. Sound to this coward and lascivious town
Our terrible approach.

[Sound a Parley. The Senators appear upon the Walls.

I ij

'Till

'Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time
With all licentious measure, making your wills
The scope of justice; 'till now, myself, and such
As slept within the shadow of your power, 370
Have wander'd with our traverst arms, and breath'd
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;
And pury insolence shall break his wind,
With fear, and horrid flight.

1 *Sen.* Noble, and young,
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause to fear, 380
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,
To wipe out our ingrattitudes with loves
Above their quantity.

2 *Sen.* So did we woo
Transformed Timon to our city's love,
By humble message, and by promis'd means;
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve
The common stroke of war.

1 *Sen.* These walls of ours
Were not erected by their hands, from whom 390
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,
That these great towers, trophies, and schools should
fall

For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,
Who were the motives that you first went out;

Shame,

Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,
Into our city with thy banners spread :
By decimation, and a tithed death
(If thy revenges hunger for that food, 400
Which nature loaths), take thou the destin'd tenth;
And by the hazard of the spotted die,
Let die the spotted.

1 Sen. All have not offended;
For those that were, it is not square, to take,
On those that are, revenges; crimes, like lands,
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage :
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin, 380
Which in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall 410
With those that have offended : like a shepherd,
Approach the fold, and cull the infected forth,
But kill not altogether.

2 Sen. What thou wilt,
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 Sen. Set but thy foot
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope ;
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,
To say, thou'lt enter friendly. 390 420

2 Sen. Throw thy glove,
Or any token of thine honour else,
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,
And not as our confusion, all thy powers
Shall make their harbour in our town, 'till we

Have

Have seal'd thy full desire.

Alc. Then there's my glove;
Descend, and open your uncharged ports:
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears
With my more noble meaning,—not a man
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,
But shall be remedy'd by your public laws
At heaviest answer.

Both. 'Tis most nobly spoken.

Alc. Descend, and keep your words.

Enter a Soldier.

Sol. My noble general, Timon is dead;
Entomb'd upon the very hem o' the sea:
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression
Interpreteth for my poor ignorance.

[*ALCIBIADES reads the Epitaph.*]

*Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched soul bereft:
Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs
left!*

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here
thy gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:
Though

Though thou abhor'dst in us our human griefs,
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets
which

450

From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit
Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye
On thy low grave.—On :—Faults forgiven.—Dead
Is noble Timon ; of whose memory
Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,
And I will use the olive with my sword :
Make war breed peace ; make peace stint war ; make
each

Prescribe to other, as each other's leach.—

Let our drums strike.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE END.



10

1900

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. There is no text or other markings on the page.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

TIMON OF ATHENS,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—*SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.*

VIRG.

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Respectfully to the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales

MDCCCLXXVII



ANNOTATIONS
UPON
TIMON OF ATHENS.

TIMON of ATHENS.] Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakspeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who (like Kent in *K. Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece

itself, (though it appears to be the work of an academic), is a wretched one. The Personæ Dramatis are as follows :

The actors names.

Timon.

Laches, his faithful servant.

Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man.

Gelasimus, a cittie heyre.

Pseudocheus, a lying trevailer.

Demeas, an orator.

Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man.

Hermogenes, a fidler.

Abyssus, a usurer.

Lollo, a cuntrey clowne, Philargurus' sonne.

Stilpo,

Speusippus,

} Two lying philosophers.

Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus.

Obba, Tymon's butler,

Pædio, Gelasimus' Page.

Two serjeants.

A sailor.

Callimela, Philargurus' daughter.

Blatte, her prattling nurse.

SCENE, Athens.

STEEVENS.

ACT.

ACT I.

IN the old copy : *Enter Sc. Merchant and Mercer, &c.*

STEEVENS.

Line 1. Poet. Good day, Sir.] It would be less abrupt, to begin the play thus :

Poet. *Good day.*

Pain. *Good day, Sir : I am glad you're well.*

FARMER.

6. *But what particular rarity, &c.] Our author, it is observable, has made his poet in this play a knave. But that it might not reflect upon the profession, he has made him only a pretender to it, as appears from his having drawn him all the way, with a false taste and judgment. One infallible mark of which is, a fondness for every thing strange, surprizing, and portentous; and a disregard for whatever is common, or in nature. Shakspeare therefore has, with great delicacy of judgment, put his poetaster upon this inquiry.*

WARBURTON.

The learned commentator's note must shift for itself. I cannot but think that this passage is at present in confusion. The poet asks a question, and stays not for an answer, nor has his question any apparent drift or consequence. I would range the passage thus :

Poet. *Ay, that's well known.*

But what particular rarity? what so strange?

A iij

That

That manifold record not matches?

Pain. See!

Poet. *Magick of bounty, &c.*

It may not be improperly observed here, that as there is only one copy of this play, no help can be had from collation, and more liberty must be allowed to conjecture.

JOHNSON.

13. ———breath'd, *as it were,*

To an untirable and continue goodness.]

Breathed is inured by constant practice; so trained as not to be wearied. To *breathe* a horse, is to exercise him for the course.

JOHNSON.

———*continue*———] This word is used by many ancient English writers. Thus, by Chapman, in his version of the 4th book of the *Odyssey*:

“ Her handmaids join'd in a *continue* yell.”

STEEVENS.

15. *He passes.*] *i. e.* he exceeds, goes beyond common bounds. So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ Why this *passes*, master Ford.”

STEEVENS.

18. ———*touch the estimate*:———] Come up to the price.

JOHNSON.

19. *When we for recompence, &c.*] We must here suppose the poet busy in reading his own work; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the painter an account of.

WARBURTON.

27 *As a gum which oozes*] The only ancient copy reads: *Our poesie is as a gowne which uses.*

STEEVENS.

30. ———and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes.——] Thus the folio reads, and rightly. In later editions——*chases*.

WARBURTON.

This speech of the poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes*. This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions: but the images in the comparison are so ill-sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps the sense is, that having *touch'd on one subject, it flies off in quest of another*. The old copy seems to read:

Each bound it chases.——

The letters *f* and *s* are not always to be distinguished from each other, especially when the types have been much worn, as in the first folio. If *chases* be the true reading, it is best explained by the “——*se sequiturque fugit*——” of the Roman poet.

STEEVENS.

This

This jumble of incongruous images, seems to have been designed, and put into the mouth of the poet-aster, that the reader might appreciate his talents: his language therefore should not be considered in the abstract. HENLEY.

33. *Upon the heels, &c.*] As soon as my book has been presented to lord Timon. JOHNSON.

—presentment—] The patrons of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been all *Timons*.

"I did determine not to have dedicated my play to any body, because *forty shillings* I care not for, and above, few or none will bestow on these matters." Preface to a *Woman is a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612.

STEEVENS.

36. —*this comes off well and excellent.*] The meaning is: The figure rises well from the canvas. *C'est bien relevé.* JOHNSON.

What is meant by this term of applause I do not exactly know. It occurs again in the *Widow*, by B. Jonson, Fletcher, and Middleton:

"It comes off very fair yet."

Again, in *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616: "Put a good tale in his ear, so that it comes off cleanly, and there's a horse and man for us. I warrant thee." Again, in the first part of Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*:

"*Fla.* Faith, the song will seem to come off hardly.

"*Catz.* Troth, not a whit, if you seem to come off quickly."

STEEVENS.

38. —How this grace

Speaks his own standing?—] This relates to the attitude of the figure; and means that it stands judiciously on its own centre. And not only so, but that it has a graceful standing likewise. Of which the poet in *Hamlet*, speaking of another picture, says,

“A Station like the Herald, Mercury,

“New-lighted on a heav’n-kissing hill.”

Which lines Milton seems to have had in view, where he says of Raphael:

“At once on th’ eastern cliff of Paradise

“He lights, and to his proper shape returns.

“—Like Maia’s son he stood.” WARBURTON.

This sentence seems to me obscure, and, however explained, not very forcible. *This grace speaks his own standing*, is only, *The gracefulness of this figure shews how it stands*. I am inclined to think something corrupted.

The passage, to my apprehension at least, *speaks its own meaning*, which is, how the graceful attitude of this figure proclaims that it stands firm on its centre, or gives evidence in favour of its own fixure. *Grace* is introduced as bearing witness to *propriety*. A similar expression occurs in *Cymbeline*, act ii. scene iv.

“—never saw I figures

“So likely to report themselves.” STEEVENS.

41. —to the dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.] The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author’s time. The person who spoke for the puppets

was

was called an *interpreter*. See a note on *Hamlet*, act iii. scene v.

MALONE.

46. ———*artificial strife*] *Strife* is either the contest of art with nature,

“*Hic ille est Raphael, timuit, quo sospite vinci*

“*Rerum magna parens, Et moriente mori;*”

or it is the contrast of forms or opposition of colours.

JOHNSON.

That *artificial strife* means, as Dr. Johnson has explained it, *the contest of art with nature*, and not the *contrast of forms or opposition of colours*—may appear from our author's *Venus and Adonis*, where the same thought is more clearly expressed :

“Look when a *painter* would surpass the *life*,

“In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,

“His *art* with *nature's* workmanship at *strife*,

“As if the *dead* the *living* should exceed ;

“So, did this horse excell,” &c. MALONE.

So, under the print of Noah Bridges, by Faithorne :

“Faithorne, with nature at a noble *strife*,

“Hath paid the author a great share of life,” &c.

STEEVENS.

And Ben Jonson, on the head of Shakspeare by Droeshout :

“This figure that thou here seest put,

“It was for gentle Shakspeare cut :

“Wherein the *graver* had a *strife*

“With nature, to out-doo the *life*.” HENLEY.

49. ———*Happy men!*] I think we had better read :
——*Happy man!* It is the happiness of *Timon*, and
not

not of the senators, upon which the poet means to exclaim. STEEVENS.

The text is right. The poet envies or admires the felicity of the senators in being Timon's friends, and familiarly admitted to his table, to partake of his good cheer, and experience the effects of his bounty.

REMARKS.

51. ———*this confluence, this great flood of visitors.*]

“*Mane salutantum totis vomit ædibus undam.*”

JOHNSON.

55. *Halts not particularly,*——] My design does not stop at any single characters. JOHNSON.

56. *In a wide sea of wax:*——] Anciently they wrote upon waxen tables with an iron stile. HANMER.

I once thought with Hanmer, that this was only an allusion to the Roman practice of writing with a style on waxen tablets; but it appears that the same custom prevailed in England about the year 1395. It seems also to be pointed out by implication in many of our old collegiate establishments. See Warton's *Hist. of English Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 151. STEEVENS.

——*no levell'd malice*] To level is to aim, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or levelled at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

61. *I'll unbolt*——] I'll open, I'll explain.

JOHNSON.

63. —*glib and slipp'ry creatures,*] *Slippery is smooth, unresisting.* JOHNSON.

68. —*glass-fac'd flatterer*] That shows in his own look, as by reflection, the looks of his patron.

JOHNSON.

70. —*even he drops down, &c.*] Either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of *Apemantus*; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to *Timon* as to his followers. STEEVENS.

The poet, seeing that *Apemantus* paid frequent visits to *Timon*, naturally concluded that he was equally courteous with his other guests.

REMARKS.

76. —*rank'd with all deserts,*—] *Cover'd with ranks* of all kinds of men. JOHNSON.

78. *To propagate their states:*—] To advance or improve their various conditions of life. JOHNSON.

84. —*conceiv'd to scope,*] Properly imagined, appositely to the purpose. JOHNSON.

89. *In our condition.*] *Condition for art.*

WARBURTON.

94. *Rain sacrificial whisp'rings in his ear,*] The sense is obvious, and means, in general, *flattering him*. The particular kind of flattery, may be collected from the circumstance of its being offered up in *whispers*: which shews it was the calumniating those whom *Timon* hated or envied, or whose vices were opposite to his own. This offering up, to the person flattered, the murdered reputation of others, Shakspeare, with the ut-

most

most beauty of thought and expression, calls *sacrificial whisp'rings*, alluding to the victims offered up to idols.

WARBURTON.

95. ——— *through him*

Drink the free air.] *e. i.* catch his breath in affected fondness.

JOHNSON.

So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"His nostrils *drink the air*."

MALONE.

101. ——— *let him slip down,*] The old copy reads,

——— *let him sit down.*

The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

104. *A thousand moral paintings I can shew,*] Shakspeare seems to intend in this dialogue to express some competition between the two great arts of imitation. Whatever the poet declares himself to have shewn, the painter thinks he could have shewn better.

JOHNSON.

104. ——— *mean eyes*———] *i. e.* inferior spectators. So, in Wotton's *Letter to Bacon*, dated March the last, 1613: "Before their majesties, and almost as many other meaner eyes," &c.

TOLLET.

114 *Periods his comfort.*] To *period* is, perhaps, a verb of Shakspeare's introduction into the English language. I find it, however used, by Heywood, after him, in *A Maidenhead Well Lost*, 1634:

"How easy could I *period* all my care."

Again in the *Country Girl*, by T. B. 1647:

"To *period* our vain grievings."

STEEVENS.

117. ——— *must need me.*] *i. e.* when he is *compelled* to have need of my assistance.

STEEVENS.

123. 'Tis not enough, &c.] This thought is better expressed by Dr. Madden in his Elegy on archbishop Boulter,

"He thought it mean

"Only to help the poor to beg again."

JOHNSON.

125. —your honour!] The common address to a lord in our author's time, was *your honour*, which was indifferently used with your lordship. See any old letter, or dedication of that age.

STEEVENS.

148. *Therefore he will be, Timon:—*] The thought is closely expressed, and obscure: but this seems the meaning: *If the man be honest, my Lord, for that reason he will be so in this; and not endeavour at the injustice of gaining my daughter without my consent.*

WARBURTON.

So, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

"——May he continue

"Long in his highness' favour; and do justice

"For truth's sake and his conscience." STEEVENS.

172. —Never may

That state or fortune fall into my keeping,

Which is not ow'd to you!—] The meaning

is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as *owed* or due to you; held for your service, and at your disposal.

JOHNSON.

183. —pencil'd figures are

Even such as they give out.] Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be.

JOHNSON.

194. —unclew me quite.] To unclaw, is to unwind a ball of thread. To unclaw a man, is to draw out the whole mass of his fortunes. JOHNSON.

198. Are prized by their masters :—] Are rated according to the esteem in which their possessor is held. JOHNSON.

204. Enter Apemantus.] See this character of a cynick finely drawn by Lucian, in his *Auction of the Philosophers*; and how well Shakspeare has copied it.

WARBURTON.

208. When thou art Timon's dog,—] When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon, as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy of kindness and salutation.

When thou art Timon's dog,—] This is spoken δεικτικῶς, as Mr. Upton says some where :—striking his hand on his breast.

“Wote you who named me first the king's dogge?” says Aristippus in *Damon and Pythias*. FARMER.

237. Not so well as plain-dealing,—] Alluding to the proverb: “Plain dealing is a jewel, but they that use it die beggars.” STEEVENS.

260. That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—] This reading is absurd, and unintelligible. But, as I have restored the text, that I had so hungry a wit, to be a lord, it is satirical enough of conscience, viz. I would hate myself, for having no more wit than to covet so insignificant a title. In the same sense, Shakspeare uses lean-witted in his *Richard II*.

“ And thou a lunatick, *lean-witted* fool.”

WARBURTON.

The meaning may be, I should hate myself for *patiently enduring* to be a lord. This is ill enough expressed. Perhaps some happy critick may set it right. I have tried, and can do nothing, yet I cannot heartily concur with Dr. Warburton.

JOHNSON.

If I hazard one conjecture, it is with the smallest degree of confidence. By *an angry wit* Apemantus may mean *the poet*, who has been provoking him. The sense will then be this: *I should hate myself, because I could prevail on no captious wit (like him) to take the title in my stead.* The *Revisal* reads:

“ *That I had so wrong’d my wit to be a lord.*”

STEEVENS.

Perhaps the compositor has transposed the words, and they should be read thus:

Angry that I had no wit,—to be a lord.

Or,

Angry to be a lord,—that I had no wit.

BLACKSTONE.

268. *All of companionship.*] This expression does not mean barely that they all belong to one company, but that *they are all such as Alcibiades honours with his acquaintance, and sets on a level with himself.*

STEEVENS.

277. — *The strain of man’s bred out*

Into baboon and monkey.] Man is exhausted and degenerated; his *strain* or lineage is worn down into a monkey.

JOHNSON.

282. *Ere we depart,——*] *Depart* and *part* have the same meaning. So, in *K. John*,

“Hath willingly *departed* with a part.”

i. e. Hath willingly *parted* with a part of the thing in question.

STEEVENS.

305. *——no meed,——*] *Meed*, which in general signifies reward or recompence, in this place seems to mean *desert*. So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

“And yet thy body *meeds* a better grave.”

i. e. deserves. Again, in a comedy called *Look about you*, 1600:

“Thou shalt be rich in honour, full of speed;

“Thou shalt win foes by fear, and friends by *meed*.”

STEEVENS.

308. *All use of quittance.*] *i. e.* All the customary returns made in discharge of obligations.

WARBURTON.

342. *But yonder man is ever angry.*] The old copy reads:

But *yond* man is *very* angry.

Ever was introduced by Mr. Rowe.

MALONE.

349. *——I myself would have no power:]* I understand Timon's meaning to be: *I myself would have no power* to make thee silent, but I wish thou would'st let my mate make thee silent. Timon, like a polite landlord, disclaims *all power* over the meanest or most troublesome of his guests.

TYRWHITT.

351. *I scorn thy meat; 'twould choak me, for I should Ne'er flatter thee,——*] The meaning is, I could not swallow thy meat, for I could not pay for it

with flattery; and what was given me with an ill-will would stick in my throat.

JOHNSON.

354. ——— *so many dip their meat*

In one man's blood; ———] The allusion is to a pack of hounds, trained to pursuit, by being gratified with the blood of an animal which they kill; and the wonder is that the animal on which they are feeding cheers them to the chase.

JOHNSON.

365. ——— *wind-pipe's dangerous notes :*] The notes of the wind-pipe seem to be only the indications which shew where the wind-pipe is.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *wind-pipe* and *notes* savour strongly of a quibble.

STEEVENS.

367. *My lord, in heart; ———]* That is, *my lord's health with sincerity.*

JOHNSON.

So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ I will be never more *in heart* to you.”

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, act V. sc. ii.

“ ——— Dost thou not wish *in heart*,

“ The chain were longer, and the letter short.”

STEEVENS.

385. *Rich men sin, ———]* Dr. Farmer proposes to read *sing*.

401. ——— *for ever perfect.*] That is, arrived at the perfection of happiness.

JOHNSON.

405. ——— *How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title, from thousands, ———]* *Charitable* signifies, dear, endearing.

Milton

Milton hath used *charities* in a similar sense :

“ Relations dear, and all the *charities*

“ Of father, son, and brother——”

Alms, in English, are called *charities*, and from thence we may collect that our ancestors knew well in what the virtue of alms-giving consisted ; not in the *act*, but the *disposition*. WARBURTON.

406. ———*why have you, &c.*] The meaning is probably this ; Why are you distinguished from thousands by that title of endearment, was there not a particular connection and intercourse of tenderness between you and me. JOHNSON.

408. ———*I confirm you.*——] I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

411. ———*they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them : and*——] This passage I have restored from the old copy. STEEVENS.

420. *O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born !*] Tears being the effect of both joy and grief, supplied our author with an opportunity of conceit, which he seldom fails to indulge. Timon, weeping with a kind of tender pleasure, cries out, *O joy, e'en made away*, destroyed, turned to tears, before *it can be born*, before it can be fully possessed. JOHNSON.

421. *Mine eyes, &c.*] In the original edition the words stand thus : *Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks. To forget their faults, I drink to you.* Perhaps the true reading is this, *Mine eyes cannot hold out ; they water. Methinks, to forget their faults, I will drink to you.* Or if it may be explained without any change : *Mine eyes*

eyes cannot hold out water, that is, cannot keep water from breaking in upon them. JOHNSON.

423. ——— *to make them drink*, ———] Hammer reads,
———— *to make them drink thee* :

and is again followed by Dr. Warburton, I think, without sufficient reason. The covert sense of *Ape-mantus* is, *what thou lovest, they get*. JOHNSON.

425. ——— *like a babe* ———] That is, a *weeping babe*.
JOHNSON.

To look for *babies* in the eyes of another, is no uncommon expression.

So, in *Love's Mistress*, by Heywood, 1636:

“ Joy'd in his looks, look'd *babies* in his eyes.”

Again, in *The Christian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

“ She makes him sing songs to her, looks fortunes in his fists, and *babies* in his eyes.”

Does not Lucullus dwell on Timon's metaphor by referring to circumstances preceding the birth; and mean that joy was conceived in their eyes, and sprung up there, like the motion of a babe in the womb?

TOLLET.

440. In former copies:

There *taste, touch*, all *pleas'd from thy table rise*,
They *only now*, ———] The *five* senses are talked of by Cupid, but three of them only are made out; and those only in a very heavy unintelligible manner. It is plain therefore we should read:

Th' ear, *taste, touch, smell, pleas'd from thy table*
rise,

These *only now*, &c.

i. e. the five senses, Timon, acknowledge thee their patron; four of them, viz. the *hearing, taste, touch,* and *smell*, are all feasted at thy board; and these ladies come with me to entertain your *sight* in a masque. Massinger, in his *Duke of Millaine*, copied the passage from Shakspeare; and apparently before it was thus corrupted; where, speaking of a banquet, he says :

——— *All that may be had*

To please the eye, the ear, taste, touch, or smell,

Are carefully provided.——— WARBURTON.

446. *They dance! They are mad women.*

Like madness, is the glory of this life,

As this pomp shews to a little oil, and root.] The

glory of this life is very near to madness, as may be made appear from this pomp, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on oil and roots. When we see by example how few are the necessaries of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity.

JOHNSON.

They dance!——] I believe *They dance* to be a marginal note only; and perhaps we should read,

These are mad women.

TYRWHITT.

454. —— *of their friends' gift?*] That is, given them by their friends. JOHNSON.

462. —— *mine own device;*] The mask appears to have been design'd by Timon to surprise his guests.

JOHNSON.

A mask of this kind may be seen in Strutt's *horda Angel-cynnan*, Vol. III. plate xi. HENLEY.

464. *My lord,—*] This answer seems rather to belong to one of the ladies. It was probably only mark'd *L* in the copy. JOHNSON.

In the old copy this speech is given to the 1 *Lord*. I have ventured to change it to the 1 *Lady*, as the author of the Revisal, and Mr. Edwards, as well as Dr. Johnson, concur in the emendation. There may not, however, be sufficient reason for the change; especially if the preceding line, “ I am to thank you for it,” be addressed to the *lords* by whom this masque appears to have been contrived. STEEVENS.

—*even at the best.*] *Take us even at the best*, means, you have seen the best we can do. They are supposed to be hired dancers, and therefore there is no impropriety in such a confession. STEEVENS.

476. ———*he'd be cross'd then, an he could.*] The poet does not mean here, that he would be *cross'd* in humour, but that he would have his hand *cross'd* with money, if he could. He is playing on the word, and alluding to our old silver penny, used before K. Edward the first's time, which had a *cross* on the reverse with a crease, that it might be more easily broke into halves and quarters, half-pence and farthings. From this penney, and other pieces, was our common expression derived, *I have not a cross about me*; i. e. not a piece of money. THEOBALD.

477. ———*eyes behind* ;] To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

478. ———*for his mind.*] For nobleness of soul. JOHNSON.

484. ———to

Advance *this jewel*;——] To prefer it; to raise it to honour by wearing it. JOHNSON.

536. *I tell you true.*——] The other modern editions :

I'll tell you.—— JOHNSON.

539. ——'tis not enough to give;

Methinks, *I could deal kingdoms*——] *i. e.* I could dispense them on every side with an ungrudging distribution, like that with which I could deal out cards. STEEVENS.

546. *In defiled land,*——] This is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, *that his estate lies in a pitch'd field*. Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies, *that his estate lies in defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published,

I defy land,—— JOHNSON.

We should read——“*Ay, [I] defiled land, my lord;*” for so the passage stands in the first folio. “*I defy land,*” is the corrupt reading of the second folio.

MALONE.

550. *All to you.*——] *i. e.* all good wishes, or all happiness to you. So, *Macbeth*:

“*All to all.*”

STEEVENS.

555. *Serving of becks,*——] To *serve a beck*, means, to pay a courtly obedience to a nod. Thus, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

“And

“ And with a low *beck*

“ Prevent a sharp check.”

Again, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

“ Then I to every soul again,

“ Did give a *beck* them to retain.”

In *Ram-alley* or *Merry Tricks*, 1611, I find the same word :

“ I had my winks, my *becks*, treads on the toe.”

Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630 :

“ ——wanton looks,

“ And privy *becks*, savouring incontinence.”

Again, in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597 :

“ And he that with a *beck* controuls the heavens.”

It happens that the word *beck* has no less than four distinct significations. In Drayton's *Polyolbion*, it is enumerated among the appellations of *small streams of water*. In Shakspeare's *Antony and Cleopatra*, it has its common meaning—a *sign of invitation made by the hand*. In *Timon*, it appears to denote a *bow*, and in Lilly's play, a *nod of dignity or command*, as well as in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594 :

“ Yea Sylla with a *beck* could break thy neck.”

Again, in the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

“ For what, O Lord, is so possible to man's judgment

“ Which thou canst not with a *beck* perform incontinent ?”

STEEVENS.

See Surrey's Poems, p. 29.

“ And with a *becke* full lowe he bowed at her feete.”

TYRWHITT.

556. *I doubt, whether their legs, &c.]* He plays upon the word *leg*, as it signifies a *limb* and a *bow* or *act of obeisance*.

JOHNSON.

565. — *I fear me, thou*

Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:] i. e. be ruin'd by his securities entered into. WARBURTON.

574. *Thy heaven—]* The pleasure of being flattered.

JOHNSON.

ACT II.

Line 7. — *TWENTY—]* Perhaps, *twain*.

FARMER.

10. — *No porter at his gate;*

But rather one that smiles, and still invites] Sternness was the characteristick of a porter. There appeared at Killingworth castle, “ a *porter*, tall of parson, big of lim, and *stearn* of countinauns.”

FARMER.

17. — *be not ceas'd]* *i. e. stopp'd.* So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

“ Why should Tiberius' liberty be *ceased*.”

Again, in the *Valiant Welchman*, 1615:

“ —pity thy people's wrongs,

“ And *cease* the clamours both of old and young.”

STEEVENS.

18. — *nor then silenc'd,—]* The old copy reads—
when.

STEEVENS.

32. ———*a naked gull,*] A gull is a bird as remarkable for the poverty of its feathers, as a phœnix is supposed to be for the richness of its plumage.

STEEVENS.

33. Which *flashes, &c.*] *Which*, the pronoun relative, relating to *things*, is frequently used, as in this instance, by Shakspeare, instead of *who*, the pronoun relative, applied to *persons*. The use of the former instead of the latter is still preserved in the Lord's prayer.

STEEVENS.

43. ———*Never mind*

Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.] Of this mode of expression, conversation affords many examples: "I was always to be blamed, whatever happened." "I am in the lottery, but I was always to draw blanks."

JOHNSON.

48. *Good even, Varro:—*] It is observable, that this *good evening* is before dinner; for Timon tells Alcibiades, that they will *go forth again as soon as dinner's done*, which may prove that by *dinner* our author meant not the *cæna* of ancient times, but the mid-day's repast. I do not suppose the passage corrupt: such inadvertencies neither author nor editor can escape.

There is another remark to be made. Varro and Isidore sink a few lines afterwards into the servants of Varro and Isidore. Whether servants, in our author's time, took the names of their masters, I know not. Perhaps it is a slip of negligence. JOHNSON.

In the old copy it stands: *Enter Caphis, Isidore, and Varro.—*

STEEVENS.

Good

Good even, or, as it is sometimes less accurately written, *Good den*, was the usual salutation from *noon*, the moment that *Good-morrow* became improper. This appears plainly from the following passage. *Romeo and Juliet*, act II. sc. iv.

“ Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

“ *Mercutio*. God ye *good den*, fair gentlewoman.

“ Nur. Is it *good den* ?

“ *Merc*. 'Tis no less I tell you ; for the hand of the dial is now upon *noon*.”

So, in Hamlet's greeting to Marcellus. Act I. scene i. Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, not being aware, I presume, of this wide sense of *Goodeven*, have altered it to *Good morning* ; without any necessity, as from the course of the incidents, precedent and subsequent, the day may well be supposed to be turn'd of *noon*.

TYRWHITT.

56. ———*we'll forth again,*] *i. e.* to hunting. It may be here observed, that in our author's time it was the custom to hunt as well after dinner as before. Thus in *Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, we find, that Queen Elizabeth always, while there, hunted in the afternoon. So, in *Tancred and Gismunda*, 1592, Act II. sc. i.

“ He means *this evening* in the park to hunt.”

REED.

66. *That with your other noble parts you'll suit,*] *i. e.* that you will behave on this occasion in a manner consistent with your other noble qualities.

STEEVENS.

84. ——— *of broken bonds,*] The first folio reads:

——— *of debt; broken bonds.*

STEEVENS.

94. *Enter Apemantus, and a Fool.*] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularity.

JOHNSON.

107. ——— *Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds, &c.*]

This is said so abruptly, that I am inclined to think it misplaced, and would regulate the passage thus:

Caph. *Where's the fool now?*

Apem. *He last ask'd the question.*

All. *What are we, Apemantus?*

Apem. *Asses.*

All. *Why?*

Apem. *That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves. Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want! Speak, &c.*

Thus every word will have its proper place. It is likely that the passage transposed was forgot in the copy, and inserted in the margin, perhaps a little beside the proper place; which the transcriber wanting either skill or care to observe, wrote it where it now stands.

JOHNSON.

117. *She's e'en setting on water to scald, &c.*] The old name for the disease got at Corinth was the *bren-*
ning,

ning, and a sense of *scalding* is one of the first symptoms.

JOHNSON.

The same thought appears in the *Old Law*, by Massinger :

“ —look parboil'd

“ As if they came from Cupid's *scalding*-house.”

STEEVENS.

It was anciently the practice, and in inns perhaps still continues, to scald off the feathers of poultry, instead of plucking them. Chaucer hath referred to it, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, 6820 :

“ Without *scalding* they hem *pulle*.” HENLEY.

118. 'Would we could see you at Corinth.] A cant name for a bawdy-house, I suppose, from the dissoluteness of that ancient Greek city; of which Alexander ab Alexandro has these words: “CORINTHI super mille *prostitutæ in templo Veneris assiduæ degere, & inflammata libidine quæstui meretricio operam dare, & velut sacrorum ministræ Deæ famulari solebant.*” Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*, says: “ Or searching for me at the Bordellos, where, it may be, he has lost himself, and raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatic old prelatess, with all her young *Corinthian* laity, to enquire for such a one.”

WARBURTON.

121. —my master's page.] In the first passage the Fool speaks of his *master*, in the second of his *mistress*. In the old copy it is *master* in both places. It should rather, perhaps, be *mistress* in both, as it is in a following and a preceding passage :

C iij

“ All.

"*All.* How does your *mistress*?"

"*Fool.* My *mistress* is one, and I am her fool."

STEEVENS.

161. ———*than's artificial one*—] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.

JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden-house.

STEEVENS.

204. ———*and at length*

How goes *our reckoning*?] It is common enough to propose, interrogatively, that of which neither the speaker nor the hearer has any doubt.

JOHNSON.

215. *With riotous feeders*;] *Feeders* are servants, whose low debaucheries are practised in the *offices* of a house. See a note on *Anthony and Cleopatra*, act III. sc. xi. "——one who looks on *feeders*." It appears that what we now call *offices*, were anciently called *houses of office*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, late edit. v. 8140:

"*Houses of office* stuffed with plentee

"*Ther mayst thou see of deinteous vittaille.*"

STEEVENS.

218. ———*a wasteful cock*] Is what we call a *waste pipe*; a pipe which is continually running, and thereby prevents

prevents the overflow of cisterns and other reservoirs, by carrying off their superfluous water. This circumstance served to keep the idea of Timon's unceasing prodigality in the mind of the steward, while its remoteness from the scenes of luxury within the house, was favourable to meditation.

COLLINS.

231. *No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart ;*

Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflection, that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures.

STEEVENS.

236. *And try the argument—]* *Argument* for nature.

WARBURTON.

How *argument* should stand for nature I do not see. But the licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far fetched expositions. *Argument* may mean *content*, as the *arguments* of a book ; or for *evidences* and *proofs*.

JOHNSON.

260. *—I knew it the most general way]* *General* is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time.

JOHNSON.

271. *—intending—]* Is *regarding*, *turning their notice* to other things.

JOHNSON.

To *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the same meaning. So, in the *Spanish Curate* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

" Good sir, *intend* this business." STEEVENS.

272. *—and these hard fractions,]* Flavius, by *fractions*,

tions,

tions, means *broken hints, interrupted sentences, abrupt remarks.*

JOHNSON.

273. — *half-caps,* —] A *half-cap* is a *cap* slightly moved, not put off.

JOHNSON.

— *cold-moving nods,*] *Cold-moving* is the same as *coldly-moving*. So—*perpetual-sober god*, for *perpetually sober*; *lazy-pacing clouds*—*loving-jealous*—*flattering-sweet*, &c.—Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition.

MALONE.

277. *Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:*] *Hereditary*, for by natural constitution. But some distempers of natural constitution being called *hereditary*, he calls their ingratitude so.

WARBURTON.

280. *And nature as it grows again toward earth,*

Is fashion'd for the journey, dull and heavy. —]

The same thought occurs in *The Wife for a Month*, of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ *Beside, the fair soul's old too, it grows covetous,*

“ *Which shews all honour is departed from us,*

“ *And we are earth again.* ”

STEEVENS.

289. *Bid him suppose, some good necessity*

Touches his friend, —] Good, as it may afford *Ventidius* an opportunity of exercising his bounty, and relieving his friend, in return for his former kindness: —or, some *honest* necessity, not the consequence of a *villanous and ignoble bounty*. I rather think this latter is the meaning.

MALONE.

ACT. III.

Line 8. — *VERY* respectively welcome, &c.] *i. e.* respectfully.

STEEVENS.

45. — *three solidares* —] I believe this coin is from the mint of the poet.

STEEVENS.

49. *And we alive, that liv'd?* —] *i. e.* And we who were alive then, alive now. As much as to say, *in so short a time.*

WARBURTON.

54. *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. In the *Shepherd's Calendar*, however, Lazarus declares himself to have seen in hell "a great number of wide cauldrons and kettles, full of boyling lead and oyle, with other hot metals molten, in the which were plunged and dipped the covetous men and women, and to fullfill and replenish them of their insatiate covetise."

Again, in an ancient bl. let. ballad, entitled *The Dead Man's Song* :

"And ladles full of melted gold

"Were poured downe their throates."

STEEVENS.

57. *It turns in less than two nights?* —] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk.

JOHNSON.

59. *Unto his honour* —] Thus the old copy. What *Flaminius* seems to mean is, — This slave (to the honour of his character) has, &c.

STEEVENS.

63. ———of nature] *Flaminius* considers that nutriment which *Lucullus* had for a length of time received at *Timon's* table, as constituting a great part of his animal system.

STEEVENS.

77. ———to borrow so many talents,——] Such is the reading of the old copy. *So many* is not an uncommon colloquial expression for an indefinite number. The stranger might not know the exact sum.

STEEVENS.

88. ———yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me,——] *Lucius* has just declared, that he had fewer presents from *Timon* than *Lucullus* had received, who therefore ought to have been the first to assist him. Yet, says he, had *Timon* mistook him, or overlooked that circumstance, and sent to me, I should not have denied, &c.

STEEVENS.

107. *If his occasion were not virtuous,*] The meaning may be;—If he did not want it for a good use.

JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explication is certainly right.—We had before,

“Some good necessity touches his friend.”

MALONE.

108. ———half so faithfully.] *Faithfully*, for fervently.

WARBURTON.

114. ———that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?——] By purchasing what brought me but little honour, I have lost the more honourable opportunity of supplying the wants of my friend. Dr. Farmer, however, suspects a quibble between *honour* in its common acceptation,

tation,

tation, and *honour* (i. e. the *lordship* of a place) in a legal sense. See Jacobs' Law Dictionary. STEEVENS.

145. —in *repect* of his,] i. e. considering *Timon's* claim for what he asks. Warburton.

—in *respect* of his,] i. e. in *respect* of his fortune, what *Lucius* denies to *Timom* is in proportion to what *Lucius* possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

Does not *his*, refer to the *lip* of *Timon*?—Though *Lucius* himself drink from a silver cup which was *Timon's* gift to him, he refuses to *Timon*, in return, drink from any cup. HENLEY.

155. *I would have put my wealth into donation,
And the best half should have return'd to him,]*

Hanmer reads,

*I would have put my wealth into partition,
And the best half should have attorn'd to him.*

Dr. Warburton receives *attorn'd*. The only difficulty is in the word *return'd*, which, since he had received nothing from him, cannot be used but in a very low and licentious meaning. JOHNSON.

Had his necessity made use of me, I would have put my fortune into a condition to be alienated, and the best half of what I had gained myself, or received from others, should have found its way to him. Either such licentious exposition must be allowed, or the passage must remain in obscurity, as some readers may not chuse to receive Hanmer's emendation.

There is, however, such a word as *attorn'd*. See Holinshed's *Reign of K. Richard II.* p. 418: "—they plainly

plainly told him they would not *attune* to him, nor be under his jurisdiction," &c. The following lines in *Hamlet*, act ii. scene ii. persuade me that my explanation of—*put my wealth into donation*—is very doubtful:

"Put your dread pleasures more into *command*

"Than to entreaty."

Again, in *Cymbeline*, act iii. scene iv.

"And mad'st me *put into contempt* the suits

"Of princely fellows," &c.

Perhaps the stranger means to say, I would have treated my wealth as a present originally received from him, and on this occasion have return'd him the half of that whole for which I supposed myself to be indebted to his bounty.

STEEVENS.

162. *And now Ventidius is wealthy too,*

Whom he redeem'd from prison:—] This circumstance likewise occurs in the anonymous unpublished comedy of *Timon*:

"O yee ingrateful! have I freed yee

"From bonds in prison, to requite me thus,

"To trample ore mee in my misery?"

MALONE.

166. *They have all been touch'd,——*] i. e. *tried*, alluding to the *touchstone*.

JOHNSON.

172. The original reading is,

——his friends, like physicians

Thrive, give him over:] Perhaps the following passage in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy* is the best comment:

"——Phy-

“——Physicians thus

“*With their hands full of money, use to give o’er*

“Their patients.”

The passage will then mean:——“His friends, like physicians, thrive by his bounty and fees, and either *relinquish, and forsake him*, or give his case up as desperate.” *To give over* in the *Taming of the Shrew* has no reference to the irremediable condition of a patient, but simply means to leave, to forsake, to quit;

“And therefore let me be thus bold with you

“*To give you over* at this first encounter,

“Unless you will accompany me thither.”

STEEVENS.

The passage quoted by Mr. Steevens from *The Dutchess of Malfy*, is a strong confirmation of the old reading; for Webster appears both in that and in another piece of his (*The White Devil*) to have frequently imitated Shakspeare.

MALONE.

185. *I had such a courage——*] Such an ardour, such an eager desire.

JOHNSON.

188. *Excellent, &c.*] I suppose the former part of this speech to have been originally written in verse, as well as the latter; though the players having printed it as prose (omitting several syllables necessary to the metre) it cannot now be restored without such additions as no editor is at liberty to insert in the text.

STEEVENS.

189. —*The devil knew not what he did,——*] I cannot but think that the negative *not* has intruded into this passage,

D

passage, and the reader will think so too, when he reads Dr. Warburton's explanation of the next words.

JOHNSON.

193. — *will set him clear ;* —] The meaning, I think, is this :—The devil did not know what he was about [or how much his reputation for wickedness would be diminished] when he made man crafty : he thwarted himself [by thus raising up rivals to contend with him in iniquity, and at length to surpass him ;] and I cannot but think that at last the enormities of mankind will rise to such a height, as to make even Satan himself, in comparison, appear (what he would least of all wish to be) spotless and innocent.

Clear is in many other places used by our author and the contemporary writers, for *innocent*.

MALONE.

194. — *takes virtuous copies to be wicked ; like those, &c.*] This is a reflection on the puritans of that time. These people were then set upon the project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples ; which makes him say, that *under zeal* for the word of God, they *would set whole realms on fire*. So Sempronius pretended to that warm affection and generous jealousy of friendship, that is affronted, if any other be applied to before it. At best the similitude is an awkward one : but it fitted the *audience*, though not the *speaker*.

WARBURTON.

203. — *keep his house.*] *i. e.* keep within doors for fear of duns.

JOHNSON.

204. ———*Lucius,*——] *Lucius* is here again for the servant of *Lucius*. JOHNSON.

222. ———*a prodigal's course*
Is like the sun's;——] That is, like him in blaze and splendour.

“*Soles occidere & redire possunt.*” Catul.

JOHNSON.

239. *I am weary of this charge,*——] That is, of this commission, of this employment. JOHNSON.

246. *Else, surely, his had equall'd.*] Should it not be, *Else, surely, mine had equall'd.* JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage is: *Your master, it seems, had more confidence in lord Timon than mine, otherwise his (i. e. my master's) debt (i. e. the money due to him from Timon) would certainly have been as great as your master's (i. e. as the money which Timon owes to your master); that is, my master being as rich as your's, could and would have advanced Timon as large a sum as your master has advanced him, if he (my master) had thought it prudent to do so.*

REMARKS.

278. *Enter Servilius.*] It may be observed that Shakspeare has unskilfully filled his Greek story with Roman names. JOHNSON.

304. *Knock me down with 'em,*——] *Timon* quibbles. They present their written *bills*; he catches at the word, and alludes to the *bills*, or battle-axes, which the ancient soldiery carried, and were still used by the watch in Shakspeare's time. See the scene between *Dogberry*, &c. in *Much ado about Nothing*. STEEVENS.

327. *Lucius, Lucullus, &c.*] The old copy reads:
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius Vllorxa : all.

STEEVENS.

349. *He is a man, &c.*] I have printed these lines
 after the original copy, except that, for *an honour*, it is
 there, *and honour*.

JOHNSON.

———*setting his fate aside,*] *i. e.* putting this action of
 his, which was pre-determined by fate, out of the
 question.

STEEVENS.

356. ———*and unnoted passion*

He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,] I
 would rather read :

———*and unnoted passion*

He did behave, ere was his anger spent.

Unnoted passion means, I believe, an uncommon com-
 mand of his passion, such a one as has not hitherto
 been observed. *Behave his anger* may, however, be
 right. In Sir W. Davenant's play of the *Just Italian*,
 1630, *behave* is used in as singular a manner :

“ How well my stars *behave* their influence.”

Again :

“ ——— You an Italian, sir, and thus

“ *Behave* the knowledge of disgrace!”

In both these instances, to *behave* is to *manage*.

STEEVENS.

359. *You undergo too strict a paradox,*] You under-
 take a paradox too hard.

JOHNSON.

382. ———*what make we*

Abroad? ———] *What do we, or what have we*
to do in the field?

JOHNSON.

385. *The ass, more captain than the lion; &c.*] I would regulate and point these lines thus :

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
And not endure all threats? sleep on't, and let
The foes quietly cut their throats, without
Repugnancy? If there be such valour
In the bearing, what make we abroad! why
Then, women are more valiant that stay
At home; if bearing carry it, the ass
More captain than the lion, and the felon, &c.

As the words—*more captain* than the lion—are found in the old copy, on what principle can they be changed, however harsh the phrase may sound to our ears?—That it was the author's, appears, I think, not only from the introduction to this speech of Alcibiades:—

“ My lord, then under favour pardon me

“ If I speak like a *captain*.”——

but from Shakspeare's 66th Sonnet, where the word *captain* is used with at least as much harshness as in the text :

“ And captive good attending *captain* ill.”

Again, in another of his Sonnets :

“ Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,

“ Or *captain* jewels in the carkanet.” MALONE.

390. —*sinn'd extremest gust* ;] I believe *gust* means *rashness*. The allusion may be to a sudden *gust of wind*. STEEVENS.

391. —*by mercy, 'tis most just*.] The meaning, I think is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a merciful*

and lenient interpretation of the laws, is considered as justifiable. MALONE.

404. —with 'em ;—] The folio, *with him*.

JOHNSON.

405. *He has made too much plenty with 'em ; he
Is a sworn rioter ; he has a sin
That often drowns him, and takes his valour pri-
soner.]* I would rather regulate these lines

thus :

He has made too much plenty with them ; he's
A sworn rioter : he has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner.

The expression, *a sworn rioter*, seems to be similar to that of *sworn brothers*. See Mr. Whalley's note on *King Henry V. Act I.* MALONE.

418. —your reverend ages love

Security,—] He charges them obliquely with being usurers. JOHNSON.

433. —I should prove so base,] *Base*, for dishonour'd. WARBURTON.

436. *Do you dare our anger ?*

'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect ;] This reading may pass, but perhaps the author wrote :

—our anger ?

'Tis few in words, but spacious in effect. JOHNSON.

444. *And not to swell our spirit,] Not to swell our spirit*, I believe, means, *not to put ourselves into any tumour of rage*; take our definitive resolution. So, in *King Henry VIII. act III. sc. i.*

“ The hearts of princes kiss obedience,

“ So

"So much they love it: but, to stubborn spirits,
"They *swell* and grow as terrible as storms."

STEEVENS.

463. *Upon that were my thoughts tiring,—*] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON.

525. *—your diet shall be in all places alike.—*] See a note on the *Winter's Tale*, Act I. sc. i. STEEVENS.

548. *Is your perfection—*] *Perfection* for exact or perfect likeness. WARBURTON.

Your perfection is the highest of your excellence.

JOHNSON.

551. *—Live loath'd, and long,*] This thought has occurred twice before:

"—let not that part

"Of nature my lord paid for, be of power

"To expel sickness, but *prolong his hour*:"

Again:

"Gods keep you *old enough*," &c. STEEVENS.

554. *—time's flies,*] Flies of a season. JOHNSON.

555. *—minute-jacks!*] A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street. See Sir John Hawkins's note on a passage in *Richard III*. STEEVENS.

556. *—the infinite malady*] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

ACT

ACT IV.

Line 1. —YET *confusion*—] Hanmer reads, *let confusion*; but the meaning may be, *though by such confusion all things seem to hasten to dissolution, yet let not dissolution come, but the miseries of confusion continue.*

JOHNSON.

42. *Enter Flavius,*] Nothing contributes more to the exaltation of Timon's character than the zeal and fidelity of his servants. Nothing but real virtue can be honoured by domesticks; nothing but impartial kindness can gain affection from dependents.

JOHNSON.

74. *O, the fierce wretchedness*—] I believe *fierce* is here used for *hasty, precipitate*. Perhaps it is employed in the same sense by Ben Jonson in his *Poetaster*:

“And Lupus, for your *fierce* credulity,

“One fit him with a large pair of ears.”

In another play our author has *fierce vanities*. In all instances it may mean *glaring, conspicuous, violent*. So, in Ben Johnson's *Bartholomew Fair*, the Puritan says:

“Thy hobby-horse is an idol, a *fierce* and rank idol.”

STEEVENS.

82. —*Strange, unusual blood,*] In the *Yorkshire Tragedy*, 1609, attributed to Shakspeare, *blood* seems to be used for *inclination, propensity*:

“For'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden.”

Strange

Strange, unusual blood, may therefore mean, strange unusual disposition.

STEEVENS.

96. —thy sister's orb] That is, the moon's, this sublunary world.

JOHNSON.

101. —Not nature,

To whom all sores lay siege, —] The meaning I take to be this: *Brother, when his fortune is enlarged, will scorn brother; for this is the general depravity of human nature, which, besieged as it is by misery, admonished as it is by want and imperfection, when elevated by fortune, will despise beings of nature like its own.*

JOHNSON.

106. It is the pastor lards the brother's sides,

The want that makes him leave. —] Dr.

Warburton found the passage already changed thus:

It is the pasture lards the beggar's sides, —

The want that makes him lean.

And upon this reading of no authority, raised another equally uncertain.

Alterations are never to be made without necessity. Let us see what sense the genuine reading will afford. Poverty, says the poet, *bears contempt hereditary, and wealth native honour.* To illustrate this position; having already mentioned the case of a poor and rich brother, he remarks, that this preference is given to wealth by those whom it least becomes; *it is the pastour that greases or flatters the rich brother, and will grease him on till want make him leave.* The poet then goes on to ask, *Who dares to say this man, this pastour, is a flatterer;* the crime is universal; through all the world

world *the learned pate*, with allusion to the pastour, *ducks to the golden fool*. If it be objected, as it may justly be, that the mention of a pastour is unsuitable, we must remember the mention of *grace* and *cherubims* in this play, and many such anachronisms in many others. I would therefore read thus :

It is the pastour lards the brother's sides,

'Tis want that makes him leave.

The obscurity is still great. Perhaps a line is lost. I have at least given the original reading. JOHNSON.

I am strongly inclined to Dr. Warburton's emendation. In *As you like It* we have—"good pasture makes fat sheep;" and in *King Richard II.* quarto, 1615, as also in the folio, we again find *pastors* printed by mistake for *pastures*:

"——— and bedew

"Her *pastors'* grasse with faithful English blood."

Leave in the old copy is only *leane* with the *n* inverted. it was rightly corrected in the second folio.

MALONE.

Perhaps Shakspeare wrote *pasterer*, for I meet with such a word in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617, "Alexander before he fell into the Persian delicacies, refused those cooks and *pasterers* that Ada queen of Caria sent to him." There is likewise a proverb among Ray's collection, which seems to afford much the same meaning as this passage in Shakspeare. "Every one basteth the fat hog, while the lean one burneth."

STEEVENS.

110. ——— *for every grize of fortune*] Grize for step or degree. POPE.

117. ——— *fang mankind!* ———] *i. e.* seize, gripe. This verb is used by Decker in his *Match me at London*, 1631:

“ ——— bite any catchpole that *fangs* for you.”

STEEVENS.

121. ——— *no idle votarist:* ———] No insincere or inconstant suppliant. *Gold* will not serve me instead of roots. JOHNSON.

——— *you clear heavens!*] This may mean either ye cloudless skies, or ye deities exempt from guilt. Shakspeare mentions the *clearest gods* in *K. Lear*; and in *Acolastus*, a Comedy, 1540, a stranger is thus addressed, “ Good stranger or alyen, *clere* guest,” &c. Again, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

“ Then Collatine again by Lucrece side,

“ In his *clear* bed might have reposed still.”

i. e. his uncontaminated bed.

STEEVENS.

124. ——— *Why this*

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;] Aristophanes, in his *Plutus*, act V. sc. ii. makes the priest of Jupiter desert his service to live with Plutus. WARBURTON.

126. *Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:*] *i. e.* men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away a pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. WARBURTON.

129. —[*the hoar leprosy*—] So in P. Holland's Translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. xxviii. c. 12:

"the *foul white leprie* called *elephantiasis*."

STEEVENS.

132. *That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;*]
Waped or *wappen'd* signifies both sorrowful and terrified, either for the loss of a good husband, or by the treatment of a bad. But gold, he says, can overcome both her affection and her fears.

WARBURTON.

In the comedy of the *Roaring Girl*, by Middleton and Decker, 1611, I meet with a word very like this, which the reader will easily explain for himself, when he has seen the following passage:

"Moll. And there you shall *wap* with me.

"Sir B. Nay, *Moll*, what's that *wap*?

"Moll. *Wappening* and niggling is all one, the
"rogue my man can tell you."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Masque of Gypsies Metamorphosed*:

"Boarded at Tappington,

"Bedded at *Wappington*."

Again, in *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610: "*Niggling* is company-keeping with a woman; this word is not used now, but *wapping*, and thereof comes the name *wapping-morts* for whores."

It must not, however, be concealed, that Chaucer, in the *Complaint of Annelida*, line 217, uses the word with the sense in which Dr. Warburton explains it:

"My *sewertye* in *waped* countenance."

Wappened, according to the quotations I have already given, would mean—*The widow whose curiosity and passions had been already gratified*. So in *Hamlet* :

“ The instances that second marriage move,

“ Are base respects of *thrift*, but none of love.”

And if the word *defunct*, in *Othello*, be explained according to its primitive meaning, the same sentiment may be discovered there. There may, however, be some corruption in the Text. After all, I had rather read—*weeping widow*. So in the ancient black letter ballad entitled *The little Barley Corne* :

“ ’Twill make a *weeping widow* laugh,

“ And soon incline to pleasure.” STEEVENS.

The following passage in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* induces me to think that *wappen’d* means *stale* :

“ ———We come towards the gods

“ Young and *unwapper’d*, not halting under crimes

“ Many and stale.”

I suppose we should have read *unwappen’d*, or perhaps in the text we ought to read—the *wapper’d widow*.

MALONE.

I believe, *unwapper’d* means undebilitated by veneration, *i. e.* not *halting under crimes many and stale*.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Tyrwhitt explains *wap’d* in the line cited from Chaucer by *stupidified*; a sense which accords with the other instances adduced by Mr. Steevens, as well as with Shakspeare.—The *wappen’d widow*, is one who is no longer alive to those pleasures, the desire of which was her first inducement to marry. HENLEY.

135. *To the April day again.*—] That is, to the *Wedding day*, called by the poet, satirically, *April day*, or *fool's day*. JOHNSON.

The *April day* does not relate to the *widow*, but to the other *deceased female*, who is represented as the *outcast of an hospital*. She it is whom gold *embalms and spices* to the *April day again*: i. e. gold restores her to all the *freshness and sweetness* of youth. Such is the power of gold, that it will

“ —make black, white ; foul, fair ;

“ Wrong, right ;” &c.

A quotation or two may perhaps support this interpretation. Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 262. edit. 1633: “Do you see how the spring time is full of flowers, decking itself with them, and not aspiring to the fruits of autumn ? What lesson is that unto you, but that in the *April of your age* you should be like April.”

Again, in Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, 1607, “He is a young man, and in the *April of his age*.” Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, chap. iii. calls youth “the *April of man's life*.” Shakspeare's Sonnet, entitled *Love's Cruelty*, has the same thought :

“ Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee

“ Calls back the lovely *April* of her prime.”

Daniel's 31st sonnet has, “—the *April* of my years.” Master Fenton “smells *April* and May.” TOLLET.

138. *Do thy right nature.*—] Lie in the earth where nature laid thee. JOHNSON.

Thou'rt quick,] Thou hast life and motion in thee. JOHNSON.

160. *I will not kiss thee ;—*] This alludes to an opinion in former times, generally prevalent, that the venereal infection transmitted to another, left the infector free. I will not, says Timon, take the rot from thy lips by kissing thee. JOHNSON.

Thus the *Humourous Lieutenant* says:

“ He has some wench, or such a toy to kiss over,

“ Before he go : ’would I had such another,

“ *To draw this foolish pain down.*” STEEVENS.

171. ———*If*

Thou wilt not promise, &c.] That is, however thou may’st act, since thou art man, hated man, I wish thee evil. JOHNSON.

183. *Be a whore still ! They love thee not, that use thee ;*

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust :

Make use of thy salt hours, &c.] There is here a slight transposition. I would read :

———*They love thee not that use thee,*

Leaving with thee their lust ; give them diseases,

Make use of thy salt hours, season the slaves

For tubs and baths ;——

JOHNSON.

187. *To the tub-fast, and the diet.*] The author alludes to the lues venerea, and its effects. At that time the cure of it was performed either by guaiacum, or mercurial unctions : and in both cases the patient was kept up very warm and close ; that in the first application the sweat might be promoted ; and lest in the other, he should take cold, which was fatal. “The regimen for the course of guaiacum (says Dr. Freind

in his *History of Physick*, vol. II. p. 380.) was at first strangely circumstantial; and so rigorous, that the patient was put into a dungeon in order to make him sweat; and in that manner, as Fallopius expresses it, the bones, and the very man himself, was macerated." Wiseman says, in England they used a *tub* for this purpose, as abroad, a cave, or oven, or dungeon. And as for the unction it was sometimes continued for thirty-seven days (as he observes, p. 375.) and during this time there was necessarily an extraordinary *abstinence* required. Hence the term of the *tub-fast*.

WARBURTON.

In Jasper Maine's *City Match*, 1639:

" ——— You had better match a ruin'd bawd,

" One ten times cur'd by sweating, and the *tub*."

The *diet* was likewise a customary term for the regimen prescribed in these cases. So, in *Springs to catch Woodcocks*, a collection of Epigrams, 1606:

" Priscus gave out, &c. ———

" Priscus had tane the *diet* all the while."

Again, in another Collection of ancient Epigrams called the *Mastive*, &c.

" She took not *diet* nor the sweat in season."

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the burning Pestle*:

" ——— whom I in *diet* keep,

" Send lower down into the cave,

" And in a *tub* that's heated smoaking hot," &c.

Again, in the same play:

" ——— caught

" ——— caught us, and put us in a tub,

" Where we this two months sweat, &c.

" This bread and water hath our diet been," &c.

STEEVENS.

Of the tub mentioned in this note there is a print in *Holmes's Storehouse of Armory and Blazon*, with an account of it in book III. chap. xi. p. 421. which the reader, whose curiosity is alive to such subjects, may be referred to.

M. C. T.

218. *Be as a plenatory plague, when Jove*

Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison

In the sick air: ———] This is wonderfully

sublime and picturesque.

WARBURTON.

We meet with the same image again in *King Richard II.*

" ——— or suppose,

" Devouring Pestilence hangs in our air."

MALONE.

224. ——— exhaust their mercy;] *Exhaust* here signifies literally to *draw forth*.

JOHNSON.

225. ——— bastard ———] An allusion to the tale of *Oedipus*.

JOHNSON.

227. *Swear against objects;*] So in our author's 152d sonnet:

" Or made them swear against the thing they see."

STEEVENS.

229. *And to make whores a bawd.]* i. e. enough to make a whore leave whoring, and a bawd leave making of whores.

JOHNSON.

243. *The immortal gods that hear you,——*] The same thought is found in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act i. scene iii.

“Though you with swearing shake the throned gods.”

Again, in the *Winters Tale*:

“Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths.” STEEVENS.

244. *I'll trust to your conditions:——*] You need not swear to continue whores, I will trust to your inclinations. JOHNSON.

248. *And be no turn-coats:——*] By an old statute, those women who lived in a state of prostitution, were, amongst other articles concerning their dress, enjoined to wear their garments with the *wrong-side outward*, on pain of forfeiting them. Perhaps there is in this passage a reference to it. HENLEY.

248. ——— *Yet may your pains, six months, Be quite contrary:——*] I believe this means, ——— *Yet for half the year at least, may you suffer such punishment as is inflicted on harlots in houses of correction.*

STEEVENS.

249. ——— *thatch your poor thin roofs, &c.]* About the year 1595, when the fashion became general in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to wander, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbs's *Anatomy of Abu-*

ses, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. To this fashion the writers of Shakspeare's age do not appear to have been reconciled. So, in *A Mad World my Masters*, 1608: "——to wear perriwigs made of another's hair, is not this against kind?"

Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf*:

"And with large sums they stick not to procure

"Hair from the dead, yea, and the most unclean;

"To help their pride they nothing would disdain."

Again, in Shakspeare's 68th Sonnet:

"Before the golden tresses of the dead,

"The right of sepulchres, were shorn away

"To live a second life on second head,

"Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay."

Warner, in his *Albion's England*, 1602, b. ix. c. 47, is likewise very severe on this fashion. Stowe informs us, that "women's perriwigs were first brought into England about the time of the massacre of Paris."

STEEVENS.

258. —men's spurring.—] The disease that enfeebled their shins would have this effect.

STEEVENS.

260. Nor sound his quilllets shrilly:—] Quilllets are subtilties. So, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608: "——a quillet well applied!"

STEEVENS.

——hoar the flamen,] Give the flamen the hoary leprosy. So, in Webster's *Dutchess of Malfy*, 1623:

"——shew like leprosy,

"The whiter the fouler."

And before, in this play,

"Make the hoar leprosy ador'd."

STEEVENS.

264. — *that his particular to foresee,*] The metaphor is apparently incongruous, but the sense is good. To *foresee his particular*, is to *provide for his private advantage*, for which he leaves the right scent of public good. In hunting, when hares have cross'd one another, it is common for some of the hounds to *smell from the general weal, and foresee their own particular*. Shakspeare, who seems to have been a skilful sportsman, and has alluded often to falconry, perhaps alludes here to hunting. JOHNSON.

271. *And ditches grave you all!*] To *grave* is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. So, in Lord Surrey's Translation of the fourth book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

"Cinders (think'st thou) mind this? of *graved* ghostes?"

To *ungrave* was likewise to turn out of a grave. Thus, in Marston's *Sophonisba*:

"—and me, now dead,

"Deny a grave: hurl us among the rocks

"To staunch beasts hunger: therefore, thus *un-grav'd*,

"I seek slow rest."

STEEVENS.

278. *Yes, thou spok'st well of me.*] Shakspeare, in this, as in many other places, appears to allude to the sacred writings: "Woe unto him of whom all men speak well!" MALONE.

285. *Whose womb unmeasurable, infinite breast,*] This image is taken from the ancient statues of Diana Ephesia Multimammia, called παναίολος Φύσις πάντων Μητήρ; and is a very good comment on those extraordinary figures. See Montfauçon, *l' Antiquité expliquée*. l. iii. c. 15. Hesiod, alluding to the same representations calls the earth, ΓΑΙ' ΕΡΥΣΤΕΡΝΟΣ WARBURTON.

Whose infinite breast means no more than *whose boundless surface*. Shakspeare probably knew nothing of the statue to which the commentator alludes. STEEVENS.

289. — *eyeless venom'd worm,*] The serpent which we, from the smallness of his eyes, call the *blind worm*, and the Latins, *cæcilia*. JOHNSON.

290. — *below crisp heaven,*] We should read *cript*, i. e. vaulted, from the Latin *crypta*, a vault.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Upton declares for *crisp*, curled, bent, hollow.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare means *curl'd*, from the appearance of the clouds. In the *Tempest*, Ariel talks of riding

“On the *curl'd* clouds.”

Chaucer in his *House of Fame*, says,

“Her here that was *oundie* and *crisp*.”

i. e. wavy and curled. Again, in the *Philosophers Satires*, by Robert Anton.

“Her face as beauteous as the *crisp'd* morn.”

STEEVENS.

294. *Ensear thy fertile and conceptionous womb,*] So, in *K. Lear*:

“Dry

"Dry up in her the organs of encrease."

STEEVENS.

295. *Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!*] This is an absurd reading. Shakspeare wrote,

———*bring out to ungrateful man!*

i. e. fruits for his sustenance and support; but let it rather teem with monsters to his destruction. Nor is it to be pretended, that this alludes to the fable; for he is speaking of what the earth now brings forth; which thought he repeats afterwards:

"Dry up thy harrow'd veins, and plow-torn leas," &c.

WARBURTON.

It is plain that *bring out* is *bring forth*, with which the following lines correspond so plainly, that the commentator might be suspected of writing his note without reading the whole passage.

JOHNSON.

Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Johnson seem to have been aware of the import of this passage. It was the great boast of the Athenians that they were *αυτοχθόνες*; *sprung from the soil on which they lived*; and it is in allusion to this, that the terms *common mother* and *bring out*, are applied to the ground.

HENLEY.

298. —the *marbled mansion*—] So, Milton, b. iii. l. 564:

"Through the pure *marble air*"—— STEEVENS.

309. *This is in thee a nature but affected;*

A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung

From change of Fortune.——] The first and

second folio read *infected*, and *change of future*. Rowe made the alteration.

MALONE.

316. —the cunning of a carper.] Cunning here seems to signify counterfeited appearance. JOHNSON.

The *cunning of a carper*, is the insidious art of a critick. "Shame not these woods," says *Apemantus*, "by coming here to find fault." *Maurice Kyffin* in the preface to his translation of Terence's *Andria*, 1588, says, "Of the *curious carper* I look not to be favoured." Again, *Ursula* speaking of the sarcasms of *Beatrice*, observes,

"Why sure, such *carping* is not commendable."

330. —moist trees,] *Hannibal* reads very elegantly, —moss'd trees. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the same epithet in *As you like it*, act iv.

"Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age." STEEVENS.

331. —outliv'd the eagle—] *Aquila Senectus* is a proverb. I learn from *Turberville's* book of falconry, 1575, that the great age of this bird has been ascertained from the circumstance of its always building its eyrie, or nest, in the same place. STEEVENS.

338. Answer mere nature,—] So, in *K. Lear*, act ii.

"And with presented nakedness outface

"The winds," &c. STEEVENS.

356. —is crown'd before:] Arrives sooner at high wish; i. e. at the completion of its wishes. JOHNSON.

360. Worse than the worst, content.] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content. JOHNSON.

362. —by his breath,——] It means, I believe, by his *counsel*, by his *direction*. JOHNSON.

——by his breath,——I believe, is meant *his sentence*. To *breathe* is as licentiously used by Shakspeare in the following instance from *Hamlet*:

“Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,

“The youth you *breathe* of, guilty,” &c.

STEEVENS.

363. *Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm
With favour never clasp'd;——*] In a collection of sonnets entitled *Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepherd*, by William Smith, 1596, nearly the same image is found:

“Doth any live that ever had such hap

“That all their actions are of none effect?

“Whom *Fortune* never dandled in her lap,

“But as an abject still doth me reject.”

MALONE.

364. —but bred a dog.] Alluding to the word *Cynick*, of which sect *Apemantus* was. WARBURTON.

365. *Had'st thou, like us,——*] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

There is in a letter, written by the earl of Essex, just before his execution, to another nobleman, a passage somewhat resembling this, with which, I believe

every

every reader will be pleased, though it is so serious and solemn that it can scarcely be inserted without irreverence.

"God grant your lordship may quickly feel the comfort I now enjoy in my unfeigned conversion, but that you may never feel the torments I have suffered for my long delaying it. *I had none but deceivers to call upon me, to whom I said, if my ambition could have entered into their narrow breasts, they would not have been so humble; or if my delights had been once tasted by them, they would not have been so precise. But your lordship hath one to call upon you, that knoweth what it is you now enjoy; and what the greatest fruit and end is of all contentment that this world can afford. Think, therefore, dear earl, that I have staked and buoyed all the ways of pleasure unto you, and left them as sea-marks for you to keep the channel of religious virtue. For shut your eyes never so long, they must be open at the last, and then you must say with me, there is no peace to the ungodly.*"

JOHNSON.

365. — *first-swath* —] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child.

JOHNSON.

So, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1625:

"No more their cradles shall be made their tombs,

"Nor their soft *swaths* become their winding-sheets."

STEEVENS.

366. *The sweet degrees* —] Thus the folio. The modern editors have, without authority, read *Through*,

&c. but this neglect of the preposition was common to many other writers of the age of Shakspeare.

STEEVENS.

371. —precepts of respect,—] Of obedience to laws.

JOHNSON.

Respect, I believe, means the *qu'en dira-t-on?* the regard of Athens, that strongest restraint on licentiousness: the *icy precepts*, i. e. that cool hot blood.

STEEVENS.

372. —But myself,] The connection here requires some attention. *But* is here used to denote opposition; but what immediately precedes is not opposed to that which follows. The adversative particle refers to the two first lines,

Thou art a slave, whom fortune's tender arm

With favour never claspt; but bred a dog,

——But myself,

Who had the world as my confessionary, &c.

The intermediate lines are to be considered as a parenthesis of passion.

JOHNSON.

A similar thought occurs in the metrical romance of *William and the Werwolf*, preserved in the library of King's College, Cambridge:

“For heretofore of hardnesse hadest thou never

“But were brought forth in blisse as swich a
burde ought

“Wyth alle maner gode metes, and to misse them
now

“It were a botles bale,” &c. p. 26. b.

STEEVENS.

377. ———with one winter's brush, &c.] So, in Massinger's *Maid of Honour*:

"O summer friendship,

"Whose flatt'ring leaves that shadow'd us in our

"Prosperity, with the least gust drop off

"In the autum of adversity." STEEVENS.

384. ———that poor rag,] So, in *Richard III.* Margaret calls Gloster *rag* of honour; and in the same play, the overweening *rags* of France are mentioned.

STEEVENS.

389. *Thou had'st been knave, and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to shew how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which *Timon* tells *Apemantus*, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns. Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of *Timon* from that of *Apemantus*, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble.

JOHNSON.

Knave is here to be understood of a man who endeavours to recommend himself by a hypocritical appearance of attention, and superfluity of fawning officiousness; such a one as is called in *K. Lear*, a *finical superserviceable rogue*.—If he had had virtue enough to

Fij

attain

attain the profitable vices, he would have been profitably vicious.

STEEVENS.

399. — *take away thyself.*] This thought seems to have been adopted from Plutarch's life of Antony. It stands thus in Sir Tho. North's translation, "*Ape-mantus* said unto the other; O, here is a trimme banquet *Timon*. *Timon* answered againe, yea, said he, so thou wert not here."

STEEVENS.

421. — *for too much curiosity;—*] i. e. for too much finical delicacy.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has explained the word justly. So, in Jervas Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1606, "—for all those eye-charming graces, of which with such *curiosity* she had boasted." So, in *Hobby's* translation of *Castiglione's* Cortegiano, 1556, "A waiting gentlewoman should flee *affection* or *curiosity*." *Curiosity* is here inserted as a synonymous *affection*, which means *affetation*. *Curiosity* likewise seems to have meant *capriciousness*. So, in Green's *Mamillia*, 1593, "Pharicle hath shewn me some curtesy, and I have not altogether requited him with *curiosity*; he hath made some shew of love, and I have not wholly seemed to mislike."

STEEVENS.

426. *Ay, though it look like thee.*] *Timon* here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered,

Yes, for it looks like thee.

The

The old edition, which always gives the pronoun instead of the affirmative particle, has it,

I, though it look like thee.

JOHNSON.

454. ———*the unicorn, &c.*] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him. *Gesner Hist. Animal.*

HANMER.

See a note on *Julius Caesar*, act ii. sc. i. STEEVENS.

459. *thou wert german to the lion,*] This seems to be an allusion to Turkish policy:

“Bears, like the *Turk*, no brother near the throne.” *Pope.*

STEEVENS.

461. ———*were remotion;*] *i. e.* removal from place to place. So, in *K. Lear*:

“’Tis the *remotion* of the duke and her.”

STEEVENS.

477. *Thou art the cap, &c.*] The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit.

JOHNSON.

479. *A plague on thee!*

Apem. Thou art too bad to curse!] In the former editions, this whole verse was placed to *Apemantus*: by which absurdity, he was made to curse *Timon*, and immediately to subjoin that he was too bad to curse.

THEOBALD.

504. 'Twixt natural son and sire!—]

Διὰ τέτον ἐκ ἀδελφοί

τέτον ἐ τοῦτος. *Anac.*

JOHNSON.

507. *Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow*

That lies on Dian's lap!—] The imagery

is here exquisitely beautiful and sublime.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton might have said—Here is a very elegant turn given to a thought more coarsely expressed in *K. Lear*:

“——you simpering dame,

“Whose face *between her forks* presages snow.”

STEEVENS.

511. *Thou touch of hearts !]* *Touch*, for *touchstone*.

STEEVENS.

523. *More things like men?—]* This line, in the old edition, is given to *Apemantus*, but apparently belongs to *Timon*.

JOHNSON.

525. *Enter Thieves.]* The old copy reads,—*Enter the Banditti.*

STEEVENS.

544. ——*you want much of meat.]* Thus both the player and poetical editor have given us this passage; quite *sand-blind*, as honest Launcelot says, to our author's meaning. If these poor thieves wanted *meat*, what greater want could they be cursed with, as they could not live on grass, and berries, and water? but I dare warrant the poet wrote,

——*you much want of meet.*

i. e. Much of what you *ought to be*; much of the qualities *befitting* you as human creatures. THEOBALD.

Such

Such is Mr. Theobald's emendation, in which he is followed by Dr. Warburton. Sir T. Hanmer reads, ———— *you want much of meat.*

The thieves tell him, that they are *men that much do want*. Here is an ambiguity between *much want* and *want of much*. Timon takes it on the wrong side, and tells them that their *greatest want* is, that, like other men, *they want much of meat*; then telling them where meat may be had, he asks, *Want? why want?*

JOHNSON.

545. ———— *the earth hath roots, &c.]*

Vile olus, Et duris harentia mora rubetis

Pugnantis stomachi composuere famem:

Flumine vicino stultus sitit.

I do not suppose these to be imitations, but only to be similar thoughts on similar occasions. JOHNSON.

553. ———— *Yet thanks I must you con,]* To *con thanks* is a very common expression among our old dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

556. *In limited professions.——]* *Limited*, for legal.

WARBURTON.

562. ———— *since you profess to do't,——]* The old copy has,

——— *since you protest to do't——* MALONE.

567. *The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves*

The moon into salt tears;——] The sea

melting the moon into tears is, I believe, a secret in philosophy, which nobody but Shakspeare's deep editors ever dreamed of. There is another opinion, which 'tis more reasonable to believe that our author may allude

allude to, viz. that the saltness of the sea is caused by several ranges, or *mounds* of rock-salt under water, with which *resolving* liquid the sea was impregnated. This I think a sufficient authority for changing *moon* into *mound*. WARBURTON.

I am not willing to receive *mounds*, which would not be understood but by him that suggested it. The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the *surges* of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea, all rob, and are robbed. JOHNSON.

He says, that the *sun*, the *moon*, and the *sea* rob one another by turns, but the *earth* robs them all: the seas, *i. e.* *liquid surge*, by supplying the *moon* with moisture, robs her in her turn of the *soft* tears of dew which the poets always fetch from this planet. *Soft* for *salt* is an easy change. In this sense Milton speaks of her *moist* continent. *Par. Lost*, b. v. l. 422. And, in *Hamlet*, Horatio says,

“——the *moist* star

“Upon whose influence Neptune’s empire stands.”

STEEVENS.

The *moon* is the governess of the floods, “but cannot be resolved by the surges of the sea.” This seems incontestable, and therefore an alteration of the text appears to be necessary. I propose to read,

——whose *liquid surge* resolves

The main into salt tears;——

i. e.

i. e. resolves the *main land* or the continent into sea. In Bacon, as also in Shakspeare's *K. Lear*, act iii. scene i. *main* occurs in this signification, and the earth is mentioned in the preceding line, as here it is in the same verse :

" Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,

" Or swell the curled waters 'bove the *main*."

This thought is like that in *Ovid's Metamorphosis*, lib. xv.

" ———resolutaque tellus

" In liquidas rorescit aquas :"

which Sandys thus translates,

" Resolved earth to water rarifies."

Earth melting to sea is not an uncommon idea in our poets. So, in *Ben Jonson*, edit. 1756, vol. v. p. 381.

" Melt earth to sea, sea flow to air."

So, in Shakspeare's *K. Henry IV.* part ii. act ii. scene i.

" The continent melt itself into the sea." I might add that in Chaucer, *mon*, which is very near to the traces of the old reading, seems to mean the globe of the earth, or a map of it, from the French, *monde*, the world ; but I think *main* is the true reading here, and might easily be mistaken for *moon* by a hasty transcriber, or a careless printer, who might have in their thoughts the *moon*, which is mentioned in a preceding line.

TOLLET.

If it be asked :—In what consists the theft of the *moon* from the *sun* more than in reflecting his light ?—we shall at once be supplied with an easy solution of the old and true reading : for as *the moon snatches her*
pale

pale fire from the sun, so, the sea's liquid surge resolves the moon into salt tears by communicating to every drop dashed from its head a part of that light which, on its glassy side, had composed her reflected image.

In *Hamlet*, the verb *resolve* is used precisely in the same manner.

“O that this too solid flesh would melt,

“Thaw, and *resolve* itself into a dew!”

HENLEY.

I cannot say for a certainty whether *Albumazar* or this play was first written, as *Timon* made its earliest appearance in the folio, 1623. Between *Albumazar* and the *Alchemist* there has been likewise a contest for the right of eldership. The original of *Albumazar* was an Italian comedy called *Lo Astrologo*, written by Battista Porta, the famous physiognomist of Naples, and printed at Venice in 1606. The translator is said to have been a Mr. Tomkins, a Fellow of Trinity College. The *Alchymist* was brought on in 1610, which is four years before *Albumazar* was performed for the entertainment of K. James; and Ben Jonson in his title-page boldly claims the merit of having introduced a new subject and new characters on the stage:

———*petere inde coronam*

Unde prius nulli velarint tempora musæ.

The play of *Albumazar* was not entered on the books of the Stationers' Company till April 28, 1615. In *Albumazar*, however, such examples of thievery likewise occur:

“The

" *The world's a theatre of theft: Great rivers*
 " *Rob smaller brooks; and them the ocean.*
 " *And in this world of ours, this microcosm,*
 " *Guts from the stomach steal; and what they spare*
 " *The meseraicks filch, and lay't i' the liver;*
 " *Where (lest it should be found) turn'd to red nectar,*
 " *'Tis by a thousand thievish veins convey'd,*
 " *And hid in flesh; nerves, bones, muscles, and sinews,*
 " *In tendons, skin, and hair; so that the property*
 " *Thus alter'd, the theft can never be discovered.*
 " *Now all these pilf'ries, couch'd, and compos'd in*
 " *order,*
 " *Frame thee and me; Man's a quick mass of thievery."*

STEEVENS.

Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie*, 1589,
 quotes some one of a "reasonable good facilitie in
 translation, who finding certaine of Anacreon's odes
 very well translated by Ronsard the French poet—
 comes our minion, and translates the same out of
 French into English:" and his strictures upon him
 evince the publication. Now, this identical ode is to
 be met with in Ronsard! and as his works are in few
 hands, I will take the liberty of transcribing it.

" *La terre les eaux va boivant,*
 " *L'arbre la boit par sa racine,*
 " *La mer salée boit le vent,*
 " *Et le soleil boit la marine.*
 " *Le soleil est beu de la lune,*
 " *Tout boit soit en haut ou en bas:*

" *Suivant*

“ Suivant ceste regle commune,

“ Pourquoi donc ne boirons-nous pas ? ”

Edit. fol. p. 507.

FARMER.

569. — *by a composure* —] i. e. composition,
compost. STEEVENS.

581. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises
us ; not to have us thrive in our mystery.] The reason of
his advice, says the thief, is malice to mankind, not
any kindness to us, or desire to have us thrive in our
mystery. JOHNSON.

586. Let us first see peace in Athens, &c.] This and
the concluding little speech have in all the editions
been placed to one speaker: But, it is evident, the
latter words ought to be put in the mouth of the second
thief, who is repenting, and leaving off his trade.

WARBURTON.

ACT V.

Line 9. *How* rarely does it meet —] Rarely for
fity ; not for seldom. WARBURTON.

10. When man was wish'd —] *Wish'd* means recom-
mended. REED.

11. Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!]

The

The sense is, *Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief, under false pretensions of kindness.* The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb; *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself.* This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage. JOHNSON.

24. *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a servant and a rascal. JOHNSON.

31. ——— *eyes do never give,*

But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:] Eyes never flow (to give is to dissolve as saline bodies in moist weather) but by lust or laughter. JOHNSON.

38. *It almost turns my dangerous nature wild.] To turn wild is to distract.* An appearance so unexpected, says Timon, *almost turns my savageness to distraction.* Accordingly, he examines with nicety lest his phrenzy should deceive him:

Let me behold thy face. Surely this man

Was born of woman.

And to this suspected disorder of mind he alludes:

Perpetual-sober, gods! ———

Ye powers whose intellects are out of the reach of perturbation. JOHNSON.

55. *If not an usuring ———]* Timon asks—*Has not thy kindness some covert design? Is it not proposed with a view to gain an equivalent in return, or rather to gain a great deal more than thou offerest? Is it not at least the offspring of avarice, if not of something worse, of usury?* MALONE.

72. — *from men;*] Away from human habitations.

JOHNSON.

84. *Enter Poet, and Painter.*] The Poet and the Painter were within view when Apemantus parted from Timon, and might then have seen Timon, since Apemantus, standing by him, could see them: But the scenes of the thieves and steward have passed before their arrival, and yet passed, as the drama is now conducted, within their view. It might be suspected that some scenes are transposed, for all these difficulties would be removed by introducing the Poet and Painter first, and the thieves in this place. Yet I am afraid the scenes must keep their present order; for the Painter alludes to the thieves when he says, *he likewise enriched poor straggling soldiers with great quantity.* This impropriety is now heightened by placing the thieves in one act, and the Poet and Painter in another: but it must be remembered, that in the original edition this play is not divided into separate acts, so that the present distribution is arbitrary, and may be changed if any convenience may be gained, or impropriety obviated by alteration. JOHNSON.

In the immediately preceding scene, Flavius, Timon's steward, has a conference with his master, and receives gold from him. Between this and the present scene, a single minute cannot be supposed to pass; and yet the Painter tells his companion:—*'Tis said he gave his steward a mighty sum.*—Where was it said? Why in Athens, whence, it must therefore seem, they

are

are but newly come. Here then should be fixed the commencement of the fifth Act, in order to allow time for Flavius to return to the city, and for rumour to publish his adventure with Timon. But how are we in this case to account for Apemantus's announcing the approach of the Poet and the Painter in the last scene of the preceding act, and before the thieves appear? It is possible, that when this play was abridged for representation, all between this passage, and the entrance of the Poet and Painter, may have been omitted by the players, and these words put into the mouth of Apemantus to introduce them; and that when it was published at large, the interpolation was unnoticed. Or, if we allow the Poet and the Painter to see Apemantus, it may be conjectured that they did not think his presence necessary at their interview with Timon, and had therefore returned back into the city.

REMARKS.

I concur with Mr. Reed, who observes: "I am afraid many of the difficulties which the commentators on our author have employed their abilities to remove, arise from the negligence of Shakspeare, who appears to have been less attentive to the connection of his scenes, than a less hasty writer may be supposed to have been." On this occasion Mr. Reed hath changed the beginning of the act, as he conceived some impropriety might be obviated by the alteration. The same regulation had been before adopted by a preceding editor.

109. ———the deed of saying is——] *The deed* of saying, though a harsh expression, is perfectly intelligible, and much in Shakspeare's manner.—*The doing of that which we have said we would do, the accomplishment and performance of our promise, is, except among the lower classes of mankind, quite out of use.* So, in *Hamlet*;

“As he, in his peculiar act and force,

“May give his *saying deed*.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“——In my true heart

“I find she names my very *deed of love*.”

MALONE.

117. ———*It must be a personating of himself:——*] *Personating*, for representing simply. For the subject of this projected satire was Timon's *case*, not his *person*.

WARBURTON.

128. *When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,*] An anonymous correspondent sent me this observation: “As the shadow of the earth's body, which is round, must be also conical over the hemisphere which is opposite to the sun, should we not read *black-coned*? See *Paradise Lost*, book IV.”

To this observation I might add a sentence from Philemon Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*, b. ii. “Neither is the night any thing else but the shade of the earth. Now the figure of this shadow resembleth a pyramis pointed forward, or a top turned upside down.”

I believe, nevertheless, that Shakspeare, by this expression,

pression, meant only as Night, which is as obscure as a dark corner. In *Measure for Measure*, Lucio calls the Duke, "a duke of dark corners." STEEVENS.

152. *Let it go naked, men may see't the better:]* The humour of this reply is incomparable. It insinuates not only the highest contempt of the flatterer in particular, but this useful lesson in general, that the images of things are clearest seen through a simplicity of phrase; of which in the words of the precept, and in those which occasioned it, he has given us examples. WARBURTON.

167. — *a counterfeit.*] It has been already observed, that a *portrait* was so called in our author's time. STEEVENS.

190. — *a made-up villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him: a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

195. — *in a draught,*] That is, *in the jakes*.

JOHNSON.

199. — *But two in company,* —] This is an imperfect sentence, and is to be supplied thus:

But two in company spoils all.

WARBURTON.

This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain. JOHNSON.

But, in the North, signifies, *without*. See a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iv. sc. x.

This passage may likewise receive some illustrations

from another in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*. "My master is a kind of knave; but that's all one, if he be but *one knave*." The sense is, each man is a *double villain*; i. e. a villain with more than a single share of guilt. See Dr. Farmer's note on the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, &c. Again, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Go, and a knave with thee."

Again, in *The Storye of King Darius*, 1565, an interlude:

"——if you needs will go away,

"Take *two knaves* with you by my faye."

There is a thought not unlike this in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher—"Take to your chamber when you please, there goes a black one with you, lady."

STEEVENS.

229. ——a cauterizing——] The old copy reads, *cantherizing*: the poet might have written, *cancerizing*.

STEEVENS.

244. And *now*——] So Hammer. The old editions have,

Which *now*—— JOHNSON.

247. *Of its own fall*,——] *Falling off* in the quotation is *defection*. The Athenians *had sense*, that is felt the danger of their own fall, by the arms of Alcibiades.

JOHNSON.

——restraining aid to Timon;] I think it should be *refraining aid*, that is, with-holding aid that should have been given to Timon.

JOHNSON.

248. ———sorrowed render,] Thus the old copy.
Render is confession. So in *Cymbeline*, act IV. sc. iv :

“ ———may drive us to a render,

“ Where we have liv’d.” STEEVENS.

250. *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;]*
This which was in the former editions can scarcely be right, and yet I know not whether my reading will be thought to rectify it. I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompence that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure. A little disorder may perhaps have happened in transcribing, which may be reformed by reading :

———*Ay, ev’n such heaps*

And sums of love and wealth, down by the dram,

As shall to thee——— JOHNSON.

262. *Allow’d with absolute power,—]* Allowed is licensed, privileged, uncontrolled. So of a buffoon, in *Love’s Labour lost*, it is said, that he is *allowed*, that is, at liberty to say what he will, a privileged scoffer.

JOHNSON.

282. *There’s not a whittle in th’ unruly camp,)* A whittle is still in the midland counties the common name for a pocket clasp knife, such as children use. Chaucer speaks of a “*Sheffield whittell*.”

STEEVENS.

Not of a clasp, but a *sheath-knife*, carried in a side-pocket.

289. — *My long sickness*] The disease of life begins to promise me a period. JOHNSON.

311. *I have a tree, &c.*] Perhaps Shakspeare was indebted to Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's prologue* for this thought. He might however have found it in *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*. Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

314. — *in the sequence of degree,*] Methodically, from highest to lowest. JOHNSON.

323. — *embossed froth*] When a deer was run hard and foamed at the mouth, he was said to be *emboss'd*. The thought is from *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, Tom. I. Nov. 28. STEEVENS.

334. *In our dear peril.*] *Dear* may in this instance signify *immediate*. It is an enforcing epithet with not always a distinct meaning. To enumerate the seemingly various senses in which it may be supposed to have been used by our author, would at once fatigue the reader and myself. STEEVENS.

358. *Some beast read this; here does not live a man.*] Some beast *read* what? The soldier had yet only seen the rude pile of earth heap'd up for Timon's grave, and not the *inscription* upon it. We should read,

Some beast rear'd this; —

The soldier seeking, by order, for Timon, sees such an irregular mole, as he concludes must have been the workmanship of some beast inhabiting the woods; and such a cavity as must either have been so over-arched, or happened by the casual falling in of the ground.

WARBURTON.

Notwithstanding

Notwithstanding this remark, I believe the old reading to be the right. *The soldier had only seen the rude heap of earth.* He had evidently seen something that told him *Timon was dead*; and what could tell that but his tomb? The tomb he sees, and the inscription upon it, which not being able to read, and finding none to read it for him, he exclaims peevishly, *some beast read this*, for it must be read, and in this place it cannot be read by man.

There is something elaborately unskilful in the contrivance of sending a soldier, who cannot read, to take the epitaph in wax, only that it may close the play by being read with more solemnity in the last scene.

JOHNSON.

The author of THE REMARKS, dissatisfied with Dr. Johnson's explanation, says: "—it is evident, that the soldier, when he first sees the heap of earth, does not know it to be a tomb. He concludes Timon must be dead because he receives *no answer*. It is likewise evident, that when he utters the words *some beast*, &c. he has not seen the inscription. And Dr. Warburton's emendation is therefore not only just and happy, but absolutely necessary. *What can this heap of earth be?* says the soldier; *Timon is certainly dead, some beast must have erected this, for there does not live a man to do it. Yes, he is dead, sure enough, and this must be his grave. What is the writing upon it?*

371. —travest arms—] Arms across.

JOHNSON.

372.

372. ——— *the time is flush,*] A bird is *flush* when his feathers are grown, and he can leave the nest. *Flush* is *mature*. JOHNSON.

373. *When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,*
Cries, of itself, No more :——] The marrow was supposed to be the original of strength. This image is from a camel kneeling to take up his load, who rises immediately when he finds he has as much laid on as he can bear. WARBURTON.

Pliny says, that the camel will not carry more than his accustomed and usual load. *Holland's Translation*, b. VIII. c. xviii. REED.

383. *Above their quantity.*] *Their* refers to *rages*.

WARBURTON.

405. ——— *not square*———] Not regular, not equitable. JOHNSON.

428. ——— *uncharged ports :*] That is, *unguarded gates*. JOHNSON.

432. ——— *not a man*

Shall pass his quarter,——] Not a soldier shall quit his station, or be let loose upon you ; and, if any commits violence, he shall answer it regularly to the law. JOHNSON.

445. *caitiffs left !*] This epitaph is found in Sir Tho. North's translation of Plutarch, with the difference of one word only, viz. *wretches* instead of *caitiffs*. STEEVENS.

450. ——— *our brains flow,*———] but we may read, *our brines flow*.

So,

So, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, 1606 :

" I shed not the tears of my *brain*."

Again, in the *Miracles of Moses*, by Drayton :

" But he from *rocks* that fountains can command,

" Cannot yet stay *the fountains of his brain*."

STEEVENS.

So likewise in the prophet Jeremiah :—" O that mine eyes were waters, and my head a fountain of tears !"

HENLEY.

453. *On* :—*Faults forgiven*.—I suspect that we ought to read

On thy low grave.—*One* fault's forgiven.—

Dead

Is noble Timon, &c.

One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to Timon) is forgiven, *i. e.* exempted from punishment by the death of the injured person. TYRWHITT.

I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is right, and deserves a place in the text. *On* and *one* were anciently sounded alike, and in the plays of Fletcher and Massinger are perpetually confounded. Hence the transcriber's ear might have been easily deceived.

MALONE.

458. —*leach*.] *i. e.* physician.

STEEVENS.

THE END.

So, in Sir Giles's company, I don't
 "I should not the least of my friends;
 "in the Miracles of Man, by Dr. Johnson;
 "But he from words that fountain can command,
 "Cannot yet stay the fountain of his brain."

So likewise in the prophet Jeremiah:—"O that
 "my eyes were waters, and my hand a fountain of
 "living water."

On—Faults forgiven.—I suspect that we
 "On my low grave.—One fault's forgiven."

Dead
 "Is noble Timon, &c.
 "One fault (viz. the ingratitude of the Athenians to
 "him) is forgiven, &c. exempted from punishment
 "the death of the injured person."

TYRWHITT.
 "I have no doubt that Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is
 "right, and deserves a place in the text. On and one
 "are anciently sounded alike, and in the plays of
 "Shakespeare and Massinger are frequently confounded.
 "Hence the transcript's error might have been easily de-

MAJOR.
 "I am a physician."

THE END.

Bell's Edition.

KING LEAR,

B Y

WILL. SHAKSPERE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT of

SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEEVENS,

And revised from the last Editions.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the Stage, immortal SHAKSPERE rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth confess'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast,

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the direction of,
JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND.

MDCCLXXXV.

THE NEW YORK

KING LEAR

WILL. SHAKSPEARE:

Printed Complete from the TEXT
SAM. JOHNSON and GEO. STEVENS.

And revised from the last Edition.

—————

When I have seen the world, I have seen
The world is full of fools, and fools are
The only creatures that will follow
The lead of a madman, and will follow
The lead of a madman, and will follow
The lead of a madman, and will follow
The lead of a madman, and will follow
The lead of a madman, and will follow

—————

—————

—————

—————

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—————

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE Fable AND Composition OF

KING LEAR.

THE story of this tragedy had found its way into many ballads and other metrical pieces; yet Shakspeare seems to have been more indebted to the *True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella*, 1605 (which I have already published at the end of a collection of the quarto copies), than to all the other performances together. It appears from the books at Stationers' Hall, that some play on this subject was entered by Edward White, May 14, 1594. "A booke entituled, *The moste famous Chronicle Hystorie of Leire, King of England, and his three Daughters.*" A piece with the same title is enter'd again, May 8, 1605; and again Nov. 26, 1607. See the extracts from these Entries at the end of the Prefaces, &c. From *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1586, Shakspeare has, however, taken the hint for the behaviour of the Steward, and the reply of Cordelia to her father concerning her future marriage. The episode of Gloster and his sons must have been borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*, as I have not found the least trace of it in any other work.

The reader will also find the story of *K. Lear*, in the second book and 10th canto of Spenser's *Faery Queen*, and in the 15th chapter of the third book of Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602.

The whole of this play, however, could not have been written till after 1603. Harsnet's pamphlet, to which it contains so many references, was not published 'till that year.

STEEVENS.

Camden, in his *Remains* (p. 306. ed. 1674.), tells a similar story to this of *Leir* or *Lear*, of Ina king of the West-Saxons; which, if the thing ever happened, probably was the real origin of the Fable. See under the head of *Wise Speeches*. PERCY.

The tragedy of *Lear* is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of Shakspeare. There is, perhaps, no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed; which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of *Lear's* conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And, perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate *Lear's* manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of Guinea or Madagascar. Shakspeare, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times
more

more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, English and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. Warton, who has in the *Adventurer* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of Edmund destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of Gloster's eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatic exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by Edmund to the simplicity of the action, is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters, to impress this important moral, that villany is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, Shakspeare has suffered the virtue of Cordelia to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange, to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who

blames Tate for giving Cordelia success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that, in his opinion, *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. Dennis has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided. Cordelia, from the time of Tate, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by Cordelia's death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play 'till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the critics concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in Lear's disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. Mr. Murphy, a very judicious critic, has evinced, by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes with great justice, that Lear would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of Edmund, which is derived, I think, from Sidney, is taken originally from Geoffry of Monmouth, whom Holingshed generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of Shakspeare's nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted Lear's madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen Shakspeare. JOHNSON.

*A lamentable SONG of the Death of King LEIR and
his three Daughters.*

King Leir once ruled in this land,
With princely power and peace;
And had all things with heart's content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,
Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his graec
Could shew the dearest love :
For to my age you bring content,
Quoth he, then let me hear
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear.

To whom the eldest thus began ;
Dear father, mind, quoth she,
Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall render'd be :
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain.

And so will I, the second said ;
Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake :
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love ;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove.

In doing so, you glad my soul,
The aged king reply'd ;
But what say'st thou, my youngest girl,
How is thy love ally'd ?

My love (quoth young Cordelia then)
Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show.

And wilt thou shew no more, quoth he,
Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find:
Henceforth I banish thee my court,
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

Thy elder sisters loves are more
Than well I can demand,
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdome and my land,
My pompal state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day.

Thus flatt'ring speeches won renown
By these two sisters here:
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear:
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wand'ring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpity'd, gentle maid,
Through many an English town.

Until

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old king Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd;
And living in queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee:
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three:
Nay, one she thought too much for him:
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

Am I rewarded thus, quoth he,
In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?

I'll go unto my Gonorell;
 My second child, I know,
 Will be more kind and pitiful,
 And will relieve my woe.

Full fast he hies then to her court;
 Where when she hears his moan
 Return'd him answer, That she griev'd
 That all his means were gone:
 But no way could relieve his wants;
 Yet if that he would stay
 Within her kitchen, he should have
 What scullions gave away.

When he had heard with bitter tears,
 He made his answer then;
 In what I did let me be made
 Example to all men.
 I will return again, quoth he,
 Unto my Ragan's court;
 She will not use me thus, I hope,
 But in a kinder sort.

Where when he came, she gave command
 To drive him thence away:
 When he was well within her court,
 (She said) he would not stay.
 Then back again to Gonorell
 The woeful king did hie,
 That in her kitchen he might have
 What scullion boys set by.

But

But there of that he was deny'd,
Which she had promised late :
For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate,
Thus 'twixt his daughters, for relief
He wander'd up and down ;
Being glad to feed on beggar's food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords :
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Crew frantic mad ; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread :
To hills, and woods, and wat'ry founts,
He made his hourly moan,
'Till hills, and woods, and senseless things,
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Even thus possess'd with discontents,
He passed o'er to France,
In hope from fair Cordelia there
To find some gentler chance.

Most virtuous dame! which when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief:

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind,
So freely gave consent,
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossess king Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear:
Where she, true-hearted noble queen,
Was in the battle slain:
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who dy'd indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battle move;
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted;
But on her bosom left his life,
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles when they saw
 The ends of these events,
 The other sisters unto death
 They doomed by consents;
 And being dead their crowns they left
 Unto the next of kin:
 Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
 And disobedient sin.

JOHNSON.

Dramatis Personae.

MEN.

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
King of France.
Duke of Burgundy.
Duke of Cornwall.
Duke of Albany.
Earl of Gloster.
Earl of Kent.
 EDGAR, *Son to Gloster.*
 EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloster.*
 CURAN, *a Courtier.*
Physician.
Fool.
 OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
A Captain, employed by Edmund.
Gentleman, Attendant on Cordelia.
A Herald.
Old Man, Tenant to Gloster.
Servants to Cornwall.

WOMEN.

GONERIL, }
 REGAN, } *Daughters to Lear.*
 CORDELIA, }

*Knights attending on the King, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers,
 and Attendants.*

SCENE, *Britain.*



KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

King LEAR's Palace. Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Kent.

I THOUGHT, the king had more affected the duke of Albany, than Cornwall.

Glo. It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity in neither can make choice of either's moiety.

Kent. Is not this your son, my lord?

Glo. His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't.

Kent. I cannot conceive you.

Glo. Sir, this young fellow's mother could: where-upon she grew round-wombed; and had, indeed, sir,

Bij

a son

a son for her cradle, ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

Kent. I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper. 18

Glo. But I have, sir, a son by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account, though this knave came somewhat saucily into the world before he was sent for: yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

Edm. No, my lord.

Glo. My lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

Edm. My services to your lordship. 29

Kent. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

Edm. Sir, I shall study deserving.

Glo. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again:—The king is coming.

[*Trumpets sound within.*]

Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL,
REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.

Lear. Attend the lords of France and Burgundy,
Gloster.

Glo. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOSTER, and EDMUND.]

Lear. Mean time we shall express our darker purpose.

The

The map there.—Know, that we have divided;
In three, our kingdom: and 'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age;
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of Corn-
wall,

41

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,
We have this hour a constant will to publish
Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife
May be prevented now. The princes, France and
Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,
Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn,
And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my daughters
(Since now we will divest us, both of rule,
Interest of territory, cares of state),
Which of you, shall we say, doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge.—Goneril,
Our eldest-born, speak first.

50

Gon. Sir, I
Do love you more than words can wield the matter,
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honour:
As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found.
A love that makes breath poor, and speech unable;
Beyond all manner of so much I love you.

60

Cor. What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.

[Aside.

B i i j

Lear.

Lear. Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: To thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

Reg. I am made of that self metal as my sister,
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart 71
I find, she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys,
Which the most precious square of sense possesses;
And find, I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

Cor. Then poor Cordelia! [Aside.
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's 80
More pond'rous than my tongue.

Lear. To thee, and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least; to whose young love
The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,
Strive to be interest'd; what can you say, to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

Cor. Nothing, my lord.

Lear. Nothing? 90

Cor. Nothing.

Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.

Cor.

Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth : I love your majesty
According to my bond ; nor more, nor less.

Lear. How, how, Cordelia ? mend your speech a
little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

Cor. Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me : I
Return those duties back as are right fit, 100
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say,
They love you, all ? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall
carry

Half my love with him, half my care, and duty :
Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,
To love my father all.

Lear. But goes thy heart with this ?

Cor. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. So young, and so untender ? 110

Cor. So young, my lord, and true.

Lear. Let it be so—Thy truth then be thy dower :
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun ;
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night ;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist, and cease to be ;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity and property of blood,
And as a stranger to my heart and me

Hold

Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous
Scythian, 120

Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,
As thou, my sometime daughter.

Kent. Good my liege—

Lear. Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—

[*To CORDELIA,*

So be my grave my peace, as here I give 130
Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—Who
stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall, and Albany,
With my two daughters dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Preeminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode 139
Make with you by due turns. Only we shall retain
The name, and all the addition to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the Crown.*

Kent. Royal Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,

Lov'd

Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers—

Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the
shaft. 149

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,
When *Lear* is mad. What wouldst thou do, old
man?
Think'st thou that duty should have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honour's
bound,

When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doom;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness: answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least;
Nor are those empty-hearted, whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness. 160

Lear. Kent, on thy life, no more.

Kent. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies: nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive.

Lear. Out of my sight!

Kent. See better, *Lear*; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.

Lear. Now, by Apollo—

Kent. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain. 170

Lear. O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*]

Alb. Corn. Dear sir, forbear.

Kent:

Kent. Do ; kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift ;
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,
I'll tell thee, thou dost evil.

Lear. Hear me, recreant !
On thine allegiance hear me !—
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow
(Which we durst never yet), and, with strain'd pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power. 181
(Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),
Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee, for provision
To shield thee from disasters of the world ;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom : if, on the tenth day following,
Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death : Away ! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revok'd. 190

Kent. Why, fare thee well, king : since thus thou
wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
[To CORDELIA.
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
And your large speeches may your deeds approve,

[To REGAN, and GONERIL.
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes ! bids you all adieu ;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [Exit.

Re-enter

Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE, BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

Glo. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

Lear. My lord of Burgundy, 200

We first address towards you, who with this king
Have rivall'd for our daughter; What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

Bur. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offer'd,
Nor will you tender less.

Lear. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;
But now her price is fall'n: Sir, there she stands;
If aught within that little, seeming substance, 211
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,
And nothing more, may fitly like your grace,
She's there, and she is your's.

Bur. I know no answer.

Lear. Sir, will you, with those infirmities she
owes,
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd with our
oath,
Take her, or leave her?

Bur. Pardon me, royal sir; 220
Election makes not up on such conditions.

Lear. Then leave her, sir; for, by the power that
made me,

I tell

I tell you all her wealth.—For you, great king,
[To FRANCE.

I would not from your love make such a stray,
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech you
To avert your liking a more worthier way,
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd
Almost to acknowledge her's.

France. This is most strange!

229

That she, who even but now was your best object,
The argument of your praise, balm of your age,
The best, the dearest; should in this trice of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to dismantle
So many folds of favour! Sure, her offence
Must be of such unnatural degree,
That monsters it, or your fore-vouch'd affection
Fall into taint: which to believe of her,
Must be a faith, that reason without miracle
Should never plant in me.

Cor. I yet beseech your majesty
(If for I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not; since what I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak), that you make known
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness,
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour:
But even for want of that, for which I am richer;
A still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
That I am glad I have not, though, not to have it,
Hath lost me in your liking.

250

Lear. Better thou

Hadst

Hadst not been born, than not to have pleas'd me
better.

France. Is it no more but this, & a tardiness in
nature,

Which often leaves the history unspoke,
That it intends to do?—My lord of Burgundy,
What say you to the lady? Love is not love,
When it is mingled with regards, that stand
Aloof from the entire point. Will you have her?
She is herself a dowry.

Bur. Royal Lear, 260

Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,
Dutchess of Burgundy.

Lear. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

Bur. I am sorry then, you have so lost a father,
That you must lose a husband.

Cor. Peace be with Burgundy!

Since that respects of fortune are his love,
I shall not be his wife.

France. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being
poor; 270

Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:
Be it lawful, I take up what's cast away.
Gods, gods! 'tis strange, that from their cold'st
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:

Not all the dukes of wat'rish Burgundy
 Shall buy this unpriz'd precious maid of me.—
 Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind : 280
 Thou lovest here, a better where to find.

Lear. Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for
 we
 Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
 That face of her's again:—Therefore be gone,
 Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
 Come, noble Burgundy.

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, &c.]

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.

Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
 Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
 And, like a sister, am most loth to call 290
 Your faults, as they are nam'd. Use well our father;
 To your professing bosoms I commit him:
 But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
 I would prefer him to a better place.
 So farewell to you both.

Reg. Prescribe not us our duties.

Gon. Let your study
 Be to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
 At fortune's alms: You have obedience scanted, 299
 And well are worth the want that you have wanted.

Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides,
 Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.
 Well may you prosper!

France. Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt* FRANCE, and CORDELIA.]

Gon.

Gon. Sister, it is not a little I have to say, of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think, our father will hence to-night.

Reg. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us. 309

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always lov'd our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but, therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and cholerick years bring with them. 321

Reg. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: If our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat. 330

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster. Enter EDMUND, with a Letter.

Edm. Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound: Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-shines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? Wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well compact,
My mind as generous, and my shape as true,
As honest madam's issue? Why brand they us
With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base!
Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take 341
More composition and fierce quality,
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,
Go to the creating of a whole tribe of fops,
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well then,
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land!
Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund,
As to the legitimate: Fine word—legitimate!
Well, my legitimate, if this letter speed,
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base 350
Shall top the legitimate. I grow; I prosper:—
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Kent banish'd thus! And France in choler parted!

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd his power!

Confin'd to exhibition! All this done

Upon the gad!—Edmund! How now? what news?

Edm. So please your lordship, none.

—[*Putting up the Letter.*]

Glo. Why so earnestly seek you to put up that letter?

Edm. I know no news, my lord.

Glo. What paper were you reading? 360

Edm. Nothing, my lord.

Glo. No? What needed then that terrible dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: Come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

Edm. I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your over-looking.

Glo. Give me the letter, sir. 370

Edm. I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

Glo. Let's see, let's see.

Edm. I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste of my virtue.

C i i j

Glo.

Glo. reads.] *This policy, and reverence of age, makes the world bitter to the best of our times; keeps our fortunes from us, 'till our oldness cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffered. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep 'till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, Edgar.* — *Hum.* — *Conspiracy!* — *Sleep, 'till I wak'd him,—you should enjoy half his revenue!* — *My son Edgar!* Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in? — *When came this to you? Who brought it?* 389

Edm. It was not brought me, my lord, there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the easement of my closet.

Glo. You know the character to be your brother's?

Edm. If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not.

Glo. It is his.

Edm. It is his hand, my lord; but, I hope, his heart is not in the contents.

Glo. Hath he never heretofore sounded you in this business? 401

Edm. Never, my lord: But I have often heard him maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect age, and fathers declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

Glo. O villain, villain! — His very opinion in the letter!

letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, detested brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him:—Abominable villain!—Where is he? 410

Edm. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother, 'till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you should run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence of danger. 420

Glo. Think you so?

Edm. If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

Glo. He cannot be such a monster.

Edm. Nor is not, sure.

Glo. To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom; I would unstate myself, to be in a due resolution. 432

Edm. I will seek him, sir, presently: convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

Glo. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend 433

tend no good to us : Though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects : love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide : in cities, mutinies ; in countries, discord ; in palaces, treason ; and the bond crack'd 'twixt son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction ; there's son against father : the king falls from bias of nature ; there's father against child. We have seen the best of our time : Machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves ! — Find out this villain, Edmund ; it shall lose thee nothing ; do it carefully : — And the noble and true-hearted Kent banish'd ! his offence, honesty ! — Strange ! strange ! [Exit.

Edm. This is the excellent foppery of the world ! that, when we are sick in fortune (often the surfeit of our own behaviour), we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains by necessity ; fools, by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and treachers, by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by an enforced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on : An admirable evasion of whore-master man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star ! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail ; and my nativity was under *ursa major* ; so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous. — Tut, I should have been

that

that I am, had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—— 467

Enter EDGAR.

and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy: My cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam.—O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! fa, sol, la, me——

Edg. How now, brother Edmund? What serious contemplation are you in?

Edm. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.

Edg. Do you busy yourself with that? 477

Edm. I promise you, the effects he writes of, succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state, menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breeches, and I know not what.

Edg. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

Edm. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

Edg. Why, the night gone by.

Edm. Spake you with him?

Edg. Ay, two hours together. 489

Edm. Parted you in good terms? Found you no displeasure in him, by word, or countenance?

Edg. None at all.

Edm.

Edm. Bethink yourself, wherein you may have offended him: and at my entreaty, forbear his presence, until some little time hath qualified the heat of his displeasure; which at this instant so rageth in him, that with the mischief of your person it would scarcely allay.

Edg. Some villain hath done me wrong, 499

Edm. That's my fear. I pray you, have a continent forbearance, 'till the speed of his rage goes slower: and, as I say, retire with me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly bring you to hear my lord speak: Pray you, go; there's my key:—If you do stir abroad, go arm'd.

Edg. Arm'd, brother?

Edm. Brother, I advise you to the best; go arm'd; I am no honest man, if there be any good meaning towards you: I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it: Pray you, away, 511

Edg. Shall I hear from you anon?

Edm. I do serve you in this business.—

[*Exit* EDGAR.]

A credulous father, and a brother noble,
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty
My practices ride easy!—I see the business.—
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:
All with me's meet, that I can fashion fit. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE III.

The Duke of ALBANY's Palace. Enter GONERIL, and Steward.

Gon. Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool? 521

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. By day and night! he wrongs me; every hour
He flashes into one gross crime or other,
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
His knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
On every trifle:—When he returns from hunting,
I will not speak with him; say, I am sick:—
If you come slack of former services,
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. 530

Stew. He's coming, madam; I hear him.

[Horns within.]

Gon. Put on what weary negligence you please,
You and your fellows; I'd have it come to question:
If he dislike it, let him to my sister,
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
Not to be over-rul'd. Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities,
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks, as flatteries when they are seen abus'd.
Remember what I have said. 541

Stew. Very well, madam.

Gon.

Gon. And let his knights have colder looks among
you ;

What grows of it, no matter ; advise your fellows so :
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
That I may speak :—I'll write straight to my sister,
To hold my very course :—Prepare for dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

An open Place before the Palace. Enter KENT, disguised.

Kent. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue 550
For which I raz'd my likeness.—Now, banish'd Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemn'd,
(So may it come!) thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labours.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, Knights, and Attendants.

Lear. Let me not stay a jot for dinner ; go, get it
ready.

How now, what art thou?

Kent. A man, sir.

Lear. What dost thou profess? What would'st
thou with us? 559

Kent. I do profess to be no less than I seem ; to
serve him truly, that will put me in trust ; to love
him

him that is honest ; to converse with him that is wise, and says little ; to fear judgment ; to fight, when I cannot choose ; and to eat no fish.

Lear. What art thou ?

Kent. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

Lear. If thou be as poor for a subject, as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What would'st thou ? 570

Kent. Service.

Lear. Whom would'st thou serve ?

Kent. You.

Lear. Dost thou know me, fellow ?

Kent. No, sir ; but you have that in your countenance, which I would fain call master.

Lear. What's that ?

Kent. Authority.

Lear. What services canst thou do ? 579

Kent. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly : that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualify'd in ; and the best of me is diligence.

Lear. How old art thou ?

Kent. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing ; nor so old, to dote on her for any thing : I have years on my back forty-eight.

Lear. Follow me ; thou shalt serve me : if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner !—Where's my knave ? my fool ? Go you, and call my fool hither : 591

D

Enter

Enter Steward.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

Stew. So please you—— *[Exit.*

Lear. What says the fellow there? Call the clot-pole back.—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.—How now? where's that mungrel?

Knight. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

Lear. Why came not the slave back to me, when I call'd him?

Knight. Sir, he answer'd me in the roundest manner, he would not. 601

Lear. He would not!

Knight. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears, as well in the general dependants, as in the duke himself also, and your daughter.

Lear. Ha! say'st thou so?

Knight. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent, when I think your highness is wrong'd. 612

Lear. Thou but remember'st me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity, than as a very pretence and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him these two days.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France,

sir, the fool hath much pin'd away. 620

Lear. No more of that; I have noted it well.—
Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with
her.—Go you, call hither my fool.—

Re-enter Steward.

O, you sir, you sir, come you hither: Who am I,
sir?

Stew. My lady's father.

Lear. My lady's father! my lord's knave: you
whoreson dog! you slave! you cur! —

Stew. I am none of these, my lord; I beseech you,
pardon me. 629

Lear. Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal?

[Striking him.]

Stew. I'll not be struck, my lord.

Kent. Nor tript neither; you base foot-ball player.

[Tripping up his Heels.]

Lear. I thank thee, fellow; thou serv'st me, and
I'll love thee.

Kent. Come, sir, arise, away; I'll teach you dif-
ferences; away, away: If you will measure your
lubber's length again, tarry: but away: go to;
Have you wisdom? so. — *[Pushes the Steward out.]*

Lear. Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee:
there's earnest of thy service. *[Giving KENT Money.]*

Enter Fool.

Fool. Let me hire him too; — Here's my coxcomb.

[Giving KENT his Cap.]

Dij

Lear.

Lear. How now, my pretty knave? how dost thou? 643

Fool. Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. Why? For taking one's part that is out of favour: Nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch cold shortly: There, take my coxcomb: Why, this fellow has banish'd two of his daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle? 'Would I had two coxcombs, and two daughters! 653

Lear. Why, my boy?

Fool. If I gave them all my living, I'd keep my coxcombs myself: There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

Lear. Take heed, sirrah; the whip.

Fool. Truth's a dog that must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when the lady brach may stand by the fire and stink. 661

Lear. A pestilent gall to me!

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech. [To KENT.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it, nuncle:—

Have more than thou showest,

Speak less than thou knowest,

Lend less than thou owest,

Ride more than thou goest,

Learn

Learn more than thou trowest, 670
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

Kent. This is nothing, fool.

Fool. Then it is like the breath of an unfee'd
lawyer; you gave me nothing for't:—Can you make
no use of nothing, nuncle? 679

Lear. Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out
of nothing.

Fool. Pr'ythee, tell him, so much the rent of his land
comes to; he will not believe a fool. [To *Kent*.

Lear. A bitter fool!

Fool. Dost thou know the difference, my boy, be-
tween a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

Lear. No, lad, teach me.

Fool. That lord, that counsel'd thee

To give away thy land,

Come place him here by me— 690

Or do thou for him stand:

The sweet and bitter fool

Will presently appear;

The one in motley here,

The other found out there.

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

Kent. This is not altogether fool, my lord. 699

Fool. No, 'faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching. — Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns.

Lear. What two crowns shall they be?

Fool. Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. When thou clevest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back over the dirt: Thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. 713

Fools ne'er had less grace in a year; [Singing.

For wise men are grown foppish;

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

Lear. When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah? 719

Fool. I have used it, nuncle, ever since thou mad'st thy daughters thy mothers: for when thou gavest them the rod, and put'st down thine own breeches,

Then

Then they for sudden joy did weep, [Singing.

And I for sorrow sung,

That such a king should play bo-peep,

And go the fools among.

Pr'ythee, nuncle, keep a school-master that can teach thy fool to lie; I would fain learn to lie. 728

Lear. If you lie, sirrah, we'll have you whipt.

Fool. I marvel, what kin thou and thy daughters are: they'll have me whipt for speaking true, thou'lt have me whipt for lying; and, sometimes, I am whipt for holding my peace. I had rather be any kind of thing, than a fool: and yet I would not be thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing in the middle: Here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

Lear. How now, daughter? what makes that frontlet on?

Methinks, you are too much of late i' the frown.

Fool. Thou wast a pretty fellow, when thou had'st no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure: I am better than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art nothing.—Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; [*To GONERIL.*] so your face bids me, though you say nothing. Mum, mum, 744

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,

Weary of all, shall want some.—

That's a sheal'd peascod!

[*Pointing to LEAR.*

Gon.

Gon. Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd fool,
 But other of your insolent retinue
 Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth 750
 In rank and not-to-be-endured riots. Sir,
 I had thought, by making this well known unto you,
 To have found a safe redress; but now grow fearful,
 By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
 That you protect this course, and put it on
 By your allowance; which if you should, the fault
 Would not 'scape censure, nor the redresses sleep;
 Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
 Might in their working do you that offence,
 Which else were shame, that then necessity 760
 Would call discreet proceeding.

Fool. For you trow, nuncle,

The hedge sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
 That it had its head bit off by its young.

So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling.

Lear. Are you our daughter?

Gon. Come, sir,
 I would, you would make use of that good wisdom
 Whereof I know you are fraught; and put away
 These dispositions, which of late transform you
 From what you rightly are. 771

Fool. May not an ass know when the cart draws the
 horse?—Whoop, Jug, I love thee.

Lear. Does any here know me?—Why this is not

Lear:

Does

Does Lear walk thus? speak thus?—Where are his eyes?

Either his notion weakens, or his discernings
Are lethargy'd—Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.—
Who is it that can tell me who I am?—Lear's shadow?
I would learn that: for by the marks
Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason, 780
I should be false persuaded I had daughters.—
Your name, fair gentlewoman?

Gon. Come, sir;

This admiration is much o' the favour
Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you should be wise:
Here do you keep a hundred knights and squires;
Men so disorder'd, so debauch'd, and bold,
That this our court, infected with their manners,
Shews like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust 791
Make it more like a tavern, or a brothel,
Than a grac'd palace. The shame itself doth speak
For instant remedy: Be then desir'd
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,
A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
And know themselves and you.

Lear. Darkness and devils!— 800

Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee;
Yet have I left a daughter,

Gon.

Gon. You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble

Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

Lear. Woe, that too late repents—O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—

[To ALBANY.]

Ingratitude! thou marble-hearted fiend,

More hideous, when thou shew'st thee in a child,

Than the sea-monster!

Alb. Pray, sir, be patient.

Lear. Detested kite! thou liest. *[To GONERIL.]*

My train are men of choice and rarest parts,

That all particulars of duty know;

And in the most exact regard support

The worships of their name.—O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia shew!

Which, like an engine, wrench'd my frame of nature

From the fixt place; drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[Striking his Head.]

And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people!

Alb. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant

Of what hath mov'd you.

Lear. It may be so, my lord.—

Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!

Suspend

Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful !
Into her womb convey sterility ;
Dry up in her the organs of increase ; 830
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her ! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen ; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her !
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth ;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks ;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt ; that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child !—Away, away ! [Exit.

Alb. Now, gods, that we adore, whereof comes
this ? 841

Gon. Never afflict yourself to know the cause ;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

Lear. What, fifty of my followers at a clap !
Within a fortnight !

Alb. What's the matter, sir ?

Lear. I'll tell thee ;—Life and death ! I am asham'd
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus :

[To GONERIL.

That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and fogs upon
thee ! 851

The

The untented woundings of a father's curse
 Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,
 Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck you out;
 And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
 To temper clay.—Ha! is it come to this?
 Let it be so:—Yet I have left a daughter,
 Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable;
 When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails
 She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find, 860
 That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think
 I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, and Attendants.

Gon. Do you mark that, my lord?

Alb. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
 To the great love I bear you——

Gon. Pray you, content.—What, Oswald, ho!
 You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master.

[*To the Fool.*

Fool. Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and take
 the fool with thee.

A fox, when one has caught her, 870

And such a daughter,

Should sure to the slaughter,

If my cap would buy a halter;

So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*

Gon. This man hath had good counsel:—A hun-
 dred knights!

'Tis politic, and safe, to let him keep

At

At point, a hundred knights. Yes, that on every
 dream,
 Each buz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike,
 He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
 And hold our lives at mercy.—Oswald, I say!—

Alb. Well, you may fear too far. 881

Gon. Safer than trust too far:

Let me still take away the harms I fear,
 Not fear still to be taken. I know his heart:
 What he hath utter'd, I have writ my sister:
 If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
 When I have shew'd the unfitness— How now,
 Oswald?

Enter Steward.

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

Stew. Ay, madam.

Gon. Take you some company, and away to horse:
 Inform her full of my particular fear; 891
 And thereto add such reasons of your own,
 As may compact it more. Get you gone;
 And hasten your return. No, no, my lord,

[*Exit Steward.*
 This milky gentleness, and course of your's,
 Though I condemn it not, yet, under pardon,
 You are much more at task for want of wisdom,
 Than prais'd for harmful mildness,

Alb. How far your eyes may pierce, I cannot
 tell;

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. 900

E

Gon.

Gon. Nay, then—

Alb. Well, well; the event.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

A Court-Yard before the Duke of ALBANY's Palace.

Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.

Lear. Go you before to Gloster with these letters: acquaint my daughter no further with any thing you know, than comes from her demand out of the letter: If your diligence be not speedy, I shall be there before you.

Kent. I will not sleep, my lord, 'till I have delivered your letter. [*Exit.*]

Fool. If a man's brains were in his heels, wer't not in danger of kibes? 911

Lear. Ay, boy.

Fool. Then, I pr'ythee, be merry; thy wit shall not go slip-shod.

Lear. Ha, ha, ha!

Fool. Shalt see, thy other daughter will use thee kindly: for though she's as like this as a crab is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

Lear. Why, what canst thou tell, boy?

Fool. She will taste as like this, as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell, why one's nose stands 't' the middle of one's face? 922

Lear. No.

Fool. Why, to keep one's eyes on either side one's nose;

nose ; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

Lear. I did her wrong.—

Fool. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell ?

Lear. No.

Fool. Nor I neither ; but I can tell why a snail has a house. 931

Lear. Why ?

Fool. Why, to put his head in ; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

Lear. I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready ?

Fool. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven, is a pretty reason.

Lear. Because they are not eight? 940

Fool. Yes, indeed : Thou would'st make a good fool.

Lear. To take it again perforce!—Monster ingratitude!

Fool. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

Lear. How's that ?

Fool. Thou should'st not have been old, before thou hadst been wise.

Lear. O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven ! Keep me in temper ; I would not be mad!— 950

Enter Gentleman.

How now ! Are the horses ready ?

E i j

Gent.

Gent. Ready, my lord.

Lear. Come, boy.

Fool. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Castle belonging to the Earl of Gloster. Enter

EDMUND, and CURAN, meeting.

Edmund.

SAVE thee, Curan.

Cur. And you, sir. I have been with your father; and given him notice, that the duke of Cornwall, and Regan his dutchess, will be here with him to-night.

Edm. How comes that?

Cur. Nay, I know not: you have heard of the news abroad; I mean, the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments.

Edm. Not I; Pray you, what are they?

Cur. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

Edm. Not a word.

Cur. You may then, in time. Fare you well, sir.

[*Exit.*]

Edm.

Edm. The duke be here to-night? The better! Best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business!
My father hath set guard to take my brother:
And I have one thing, of a queazy question,
Which I must act:—Briefness, and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word;—descend:—Brother, I say;—

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches:—O sir, fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night:—
Have you not spoken 'gainst the duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' the haste,
And Regan with him; Have you nothing said
Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.

Edg. I am sure on't, not a word.

Edm. I hear my father coming—Pardon me:—
In cunning, I must draw my sword upon you:—
Draw: Seem to defend yourself: Now quit you well.
Yield:—come before my father;—Light, ho, here!—
Fly, brother;—Torches! torches!—So, farewell.—

[Exit EDGAR.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[Wounds his Arm.]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—Father! father!
Stop, stop! No help?

E iij—

Enter

Enter GLOSTER, and Servants with Torches.

Glo. Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

Edm. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword
out,

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand his auspicious mistress—

Glo. But where is he?

Edm. Look, sir, I bleed.

Glo. Where is the villain, Edmund?

Edm. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he
could—

Glo. Pursue him, ho!—Go after.—By no
means,—what?

Edm. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him, the revenging gods

'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;

Spoke, with how manifold and strong a bond

The child was bound to the father;—Sir, in fine,

Seeing how lothly opposite I stood

To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,

With his prepared sword, he charges home

My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:

But when he saw my best alarm'd spirits,

Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to the encounter,

Or whether gasted by the noise I made,

Full suddenly he fled.

Glo. Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;

And found—Dispatch.—The noble duke my master,

My

My worthy arch and patron, comes to-night :
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he, which finds him, shall deserve our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to the stake ;
He, that conceals him, death.

Edm. When I dissuaded him from his intent,
And found him pight to do it, with curst speech 70
I threaten'd to discover him : He replied,
Thou unpossessing bastard ! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would the repusal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faith'd ? No : What I should deny
(As this I would ; ay, though thou didst produce
My very character), I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damned practice :
And thou must make a dullard of the world,
If they not thought the profits of my death 80
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it. [Trumpets within.]

Glo. O strange, fasten'd villain !
Would he deny his letter, said he ? — I never got him :
Hark, the duke's trumpets ! I know not why he
comes : —

All ports I'll bar ; the villain shall not scape ;
The duke must grant me that : besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom
May have due note of him : and of my land —
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means 90
To make thee capable.

Enter

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.

Corn. How now, my noble friend? since I came
hither

(Which I can call but now), I have heard strange
news.

Reg. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short,
Which can pursue the offender. How does my lord?

Glo. O, madam, my old heart is crack'd, is crack'd!

Reg. What, did my father's godson seek your
life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

Glo. O, lady, lady, shame would have it hid!

Reg. Was he not companion with the riotous
knights

That tend upon my father?

Glo. I know not, madam:
It is too bad, too bad.—

Edm. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.

Reg. No marvel then, though he were ill affected;
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have the expence and waste of his revenues.

I have this present evening from my sister
Been well inform'd of them; and with such cautions,
That, if they come to sojourn at my house,
I'll not be there.

Corn. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shewn your father
A child-like office.

Edm. 'Twas my duty, sir.

Glo.

Glo. He did bewray his practice ; and receiv'd
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

Corn. Is he pursu'd ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Corn. If he be taken, he shall never more 120
Be fear'd of doing harm : make your own purpose,
How in my strength you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant
So much commend itself, you shall be ours ;
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need ;
You we first seize on.

Edm. I shall serve you, sir, I
Truly, however else.

Glo. For him I thank your grace.

Corn. You know not why we came to visit you—

Reg. Thus out of season ; threading dark-ey'd 131
night.

Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize,
Wherein we must have use of your advice :—
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home ; the several messengers
From hence attend dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom ; and bestow
Your needful counsel to our businesses,
Which crave the instant use. 140

Glo. I serve you, madam :
Your graces are right welcome. [Exit.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter KENT and Steward, severally.

Stew. Good even to thee, friend : Art of this house ?

Kent. Ay.

Stew. Where may we set our horses ?

Kent. I' th' mire.

Stew. Pr'ythee, if thou love me, tell me.

Kent. I love thee not.

Stew. Why, then I care not for thee.

Kent. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

Stew. Why dost thou use me thus ? I know thee not.

Kent. Fellow, I know thee.

Stew. What dost thou know me for ?

Kent. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats, a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy worsted-stocking knave ; a lily-liver'd, action-taking knave ; a whoreson, glass-gazing, super-serviceable, finical rogue ; one-trunk-inheriting slave ; one that would'st be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pandar, and the son and heir of a mungrel bitch : one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deny'st the least syllable of thy addition.

Stew. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus

to rail on one, that is neither known of thee, nor knows thee?

Kent. What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou know'st me? Is it two days ago, since I tript up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: Draw you whoreson cullionly barber-monger, draw.

[Drawing his Sword.]

Stew. Away; I have nothing to do with thee.

Kent. Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king; and take vanity, the puppet's part, against the royalty of her father: Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways. 181

Stew. Help, ho! murder! help!

Kent. Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike. *[Beating him.]*

Stew. Help, ho! murder! murder!

Enter EDMUND, CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Edm. How now? What's the matter? Part.

Kent. With you, goodman boy, if you please; come, I'll flesh you; come on, young master.

Glo. Weapons! arms! What's the matter here?

Corn. Keep peace, upon your lives; 190
He dies, that strikes again: What is the matter?

Reg. The messengers from our sister and the king.

Corn. What is your difference? speak.

Stew. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

Kent.

Kent. No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour,
You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee;
A tailor made thee.

Corn. Thou art a strange fellow:
A tailor make a man? 199

Kent. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter, or a painter,
could not have made him so ill, though they had
been but two hours at the trade.

Corn. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

Steaz. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have
spar'd,

At suit of his grey beard——

Kent. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!
—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread
this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall
of a jakes with him.—Spare my grey beard, you
wagtail! 210

Corn. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence?

Kent. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

Corn. Why art thou angry?

Kent. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain.
Too intricate t'undoose: sooth every passion
That in the nature of their lords rebels;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods; 220
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters;
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—

A plague

A plague upon your epileptic visage!
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool!
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

Corn. What, art thou mad, old fellow?

Glo. How fell you out? say that.

Kent. No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.

Corn. Why dost thou call him knave? What's his
offence?

Kent. His countenance likes me not.

Corn. No more, perchance, does mine, on his, or
her's.

Kent. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain;
I have seen better faces in my time;
Than stand on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

Corn. This is some fellow,
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect
A saucy roughness; and constrains the garb,
Quite from his nature: He cannot flatter, ho!—
An honest mind and plain—he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness
Harbour more craft, and more corrupter ends,
Than twenty silly ducking observants,
That stretch their duties nicely.

Kent. Sir, in good sooth, or in sincere verity,
Under the allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire

On flickering Phœbus' front——

Corn. What mean'st thou by this?

Kent. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguil'd you, in a plain accent, was a plain knave; which, for my part, I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to it.

Corn. What was the offence you gave him?

Stew. I never gave him any: 260
It pleas'd the king his master, very late,
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, conjunct, and flattering his displeasure,
Tript me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,
And put upon him such a deal of man, that
That worthy'd him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdu'd;
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

Kent. None of these rogues, and cowards, 270
But Ajax is their fool.

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks, ho!
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart,
We'll teach you——

Kent. Sir, I am too old to learn:
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;
On whose employment I was sent to you:
You shall do small respect, shew too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master,
Stocking his messenger. 280

Corn. Fetch forth the stocks:——

As I have life and honour, there shall he sit 'till noon.

Regan. 'Till noon! 'till night, my lord; and all night too.

Kent. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog, You should not use me so.

Reg. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[*Stocks brought out.*]

Corn. This is a fellow of the self-same colour Our sister speaks of:—Come, bring away the stocks.

Glo. Let me beseech your grace not to do so: His fault is much, and the good king his master Will check him for't: your purpos'd low correction Is such, as basest and the meanest wretches, For pilferings and most common trespasses, Are punish'd with: the king must take it ill, That he, so slightly valu'd in his messenger, Should have him thus restrain'd.

Corn. I'll answer that.

Reg. My sister may receive it much more worse, To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted, For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—— 300

[*KENT is put in the Stocks.*]
Come, my good lord: away.

[*Exeunt REGAN, and CORNWALL.*]

Glo. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,

Whose disposition, all the world well knows, Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd: I'll entreat for thee.

Kent. Pray, do not, sir: I have watch'd, and travell'd hard;

Fij

Some

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at heels:

Give you good morrow!

Glo. The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.

[*Exit.*]

Kent. Good king, that must approve the common
saw!

310

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,

[*Looking up to the Moon.*]

That by thy comfortable beams I may

Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees miracles;

But misery,—I know, 'tis from Cordelia;

[*Reading the Letter.*]

Who hath most fortunately been inform'd

Of my obscured course;—*and shall find time*

From this enormous state—seeking to give

Losses their remedies;—All weary and o'er-watch'd,

Take 'vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold

321

This shameful lodging.

Fortune, good night; smile once more; turn thy

wheel!

[*He sleeps.*]

SCENE III.

A Part of the Heath. Enter EDGAR.

Edg. I heard myself proclaim'd;

And, by the happy hollow of a tree,

Escap'd

Escap'd the hunt. No port is free; no place,
 That guard, and most unusual vigilance,
 Does not attend my taking. While I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,
 That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime with filth;
 Blanket my loins; elf all my hair in knots;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds, and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortify'd bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes, and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity. — Poor Turlygood! poor
 Tom!

That's something yet;—Edgar I nothing am.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.

Earl of GLOSTER's Castle. Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange, that they should so depart from home,

Fiiij

And

And not send back my messenger.

Gent. As I learn'd,
The night before there was no purpose in them
Of this remove.

Kent. Hail to thee, noble master! 350

Lear. How! mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?

Kent. No, my lord.

Fool. Ha, ha! look! he wears cruel garters!
Horses are ty'd by the heads; dogs, and bears, by
the neck; monkies by the loins, and men by the legs:
when a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears
wooden nether-stocks.

Lear. What's he, that hath so much thy place
mistook
To set thee here?

Kent. It is both he and she, 360
Your son and daughters.

Lear. No.

Kent. Yes.

Lear. No, I say.

Kent. I say, yea.

Lear. No, no; they would not.

Kent. Yes, they have.

Lear. By Jupiter, I swear, no.

Kent. By Juno, I swear, ay.

Lear. They durst not do't; 370

They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than
murder,

To do upon respect such violent outrage:

Resolve

Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou might'st deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that shew'd
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,
Stew'd in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress, salutations;
Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission,
Which presently they read: on whose contents,
They summon'd up their meiny, straight took horse;
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceiv'd, had poison'd mine
(Being the very fellow which of late
Display'd so saucily against your highness),
Having more man than wit about me, I drew;
He rais'd the house with loud and coward cries:
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.

Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly
that way.

Fathers, that wear rags,
Do make their children blind;
But fathers, that bear bags,
Shall see their children kind.

Fortune,

Fortune, that arrant whore, 400
Ne'er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many dolours
from thy dear daughters, as thou canst tell in a year.

Lear. O, how this mother swells up toward my
heart!

Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element's below!—Where is this daughter?

Kent. With the earl, sir, here within.

Lear. Follow me not; stay here. [Exit.

Gent. Made you no more offence than what you
speak of?

Kent. None. 410

How chance the king comes with so small a train?

Fool. An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that
question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

Kent. Why, fool?

Fool. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach
thee there's no labouring in the winter. All that fol-
low their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men;
and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell
him that's stinking. Let go thy hold, when a great
wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with
following it; but the great one that goes up the
hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man
gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I
would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool
gives it. 425

That,

That, sir, which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack, when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.

But I will tarry; the fool will stay, 130
And let the wise man fly:

The knave turns fool, that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

Kent. Where learn'd you this, fool?

Fool. Not i' the stocks, fool.

Re-enter LEAR, with GLOSTER.

Lear. Deny to speak with me? They are sick?
they are weary?

They have travell'd hard to-night? Mere fetches;
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.

Glo. My dear lord, 440
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fixt he is
In his own course.

Lear. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—
Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

Lear. Inform'd them! dost thou understand me,
man?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall; the
 dear father 450
 Would with his daughter speak, commands her
 service :

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—
 Fiery! the fiery duke!—Tell the hot duke, that—
 No, but not yet:—may be, he is not well;
 Infirmary doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves,
 When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body: I'll forbear;
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit 460
 For the sound man.—Death on my state! wherefore

[*Looking on KENT.*
 Should he sit here? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the duke and her
 Is practice only. Give me my servant forth:
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now, presently; bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 'Till it cry, *Sleep to death!*

Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [*Exit.*

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but,
 down, 470

Fool. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the
 eels, when she put them i' the paste alive; she rapt
 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down,*
wantons, down! 'Twas her brother, that, in pure
 kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.

Enter

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.

Lear. Good morrow to you both.

Corn. Hail to your grace! [KENT is set at Liberty.

Reg. I am glad to see your highness.

Lear. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason I have to think so: if thou should'st not be glad, 480

I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,

Sepulch'ring an adultress.—O, are you free?

[To KENT.

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,

Thy sister's naught: O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture, here—

[Points to his Heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe,

Of how deprav'd a quality—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience; I have hope,

You less know how to value her desert,

Than she to scant her duty. 490

Lear. Say? How is that?

Reg. I cannot think, my sister in the least

Would fail her obligation; If, sir, perchance,

She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,

'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,

As clears her from all blame. 500

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;

Nature in you stands on the very verge

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led 510

By some discretion, that discerns your state

Better

Better than you yourself : Therefore, I pray you,
That to our sister you do make return ;

Say, you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness ?

Do you but mark how this becomes the house ?

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old ;

Age is unnecessary : on my knees I beg ; [Kneeling.

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.

Reg. Good sir, no more ; these are unsightly tricks :
Return you to my sister. 511

Lear. Never, Regan :

She hath abated me of half my train ;

Look'd black upon me ; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart : —

All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall

On her ingrateful top ! Strike her young bones,

You taking airs, with lameness !

Corn. Fie, sir, fie !

Lear. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding
flames 520

Into her scornful eyes ! Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride !

Reg. O the blest gods !

So will you wish on me, when the rash mood is on.

Lear. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;

Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give

Thee o'er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce ; but thine

Do comfort, and not burn : 'Tis not in thee

To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train, 530

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' the kingdom thou hast not forgot,
Wherein I thee endow'd.

Reg. Good sir, to the purpose. [*Trumpets within.*]

Lear. Who put my man i' the stocks?

Corn. What trumpet's that? 540

Enter Steward.

Reg. I know't, my sister's: this approves her
letter,

That she would soon be here.—Is your lady come?

Lear. This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows:—
Out, varlet, from my sight!

Corn. What means your grace?

Lear. Who stock'd my servant? *Regan*, I have
good hope
Thou did'st not know on't.—Who comes here? O
heavens,

Enter GONERIL.

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old, 550
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!—
Art not asham'd to look upon this beard?— [*To GON.*]
O, *Regan*, wilt thou take her by the hand?

G

Gon.

Gon. Why not by the hand, sir? How have I offended?

All's not offence, that indiscretion finds,
And dotage terms so.

Lear. O, sides, you are too tough!

Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?

Corn. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserv'd much less advancement. 560

Lear. You! did you?

Reg. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, 'till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me;
I am now from home, and out of that provision
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

Lear. Return to her, and fifty men dismiss'd?
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air; 570
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl—
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot;—Return with her?
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
To this detested groom. [*Looking on the Steward.*]

Gon. At your choice, sir.

Lear. Now I pr'ythee, daughter, do not make me
mad; 580

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:

Well

We'll no more meet, no more see one another :—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
 Or, rather, a disease that's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine : thou art a bile,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it :
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove : 590
 Mend, when thou canst ; be better, at thy leisure :
 I can be patient ; I can stay with Regan,
 I, and my hundred knights.

Reg. Not altogether so, sir ;
 I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided
 For your fit welcome : Give ear, sir, to my sister ;
 For those that mingle reason with your passion,
 Must be content to think you old, and so—
 But she knows what she does.

Lear. Is this well spoken now ? 600

Reg. I dare avouch it, sir : What, fifty followers ?
 Is it not well ? What should you need of more ?
 Yea, or so many ? sith that both charge and danger
 Speak 'gainst so great a number ? How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity ? 'Tis hard ; almost impossible.

Gon. Why might not you, my lord, receive at-
 tendance
 From those that she calls servants, or from mine ?

Reg. Why not, my lord ? If then they chanc'd to
 slack you,

G i j

We

We could control them : If you will come to me
 (For now I spy a danger), I entreat you 611
 To bring but five and twenty ; to no more
 Will I give place, or notice.

Lear. I gave you all—

Reg. And in good time you gave it.

Lear. Made you my guardians, my depositaries ;
 But kept a reservation to be follow'd
 With such a number : What, must I come to you
 With five and twenty, Regan ? said you so ?

Reg. And speak it again, my lord ; no more with
 me. 620

Lear. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-
 favour'd,

When others are more wicked ; not being the worst,
 Stands in some rank of praise :—I'll go with thee ;

[To GONERIL.

Thy fifty yet doth double five and twenty,
 And thou art twice her love.

Gon. Hear me, my lord ;
 What need you five and twenty, ten, or five,
 To follow in a house, where twice so many
 Have a command to tend you ?

Reg. What need one ? 630

Lear. O, reason not the need : our basest beggars
 Are in the poorest thing superfluous :
 Allow not nature more than nature needs,
 Man's life is cheap as beast's : thou art a lady ;
 If only to go warm were gorgeous,
 Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st ;
 Which

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for true
need—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience I need!

You see me here, you gods; a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both! 640

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger!

O, let not women's weapons, water-drops,

Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural hags,

I will have such revenges on you both,

That all the world shall—I will do such things—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be

The terrors of the earth. You think, I'll weep:

No, I'll not weep:— 650

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart

Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,

Or e'er I'll weep:—O, fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt LEAR, GLOSTER, KENT, and Fool.*]

Corn. Let us withdraw, 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm and Tempest heard.*]

Reg. This house is little; the old man and his people
Cannot be well bestow'd.

Gon. 'Tis his own blame; he hath put himself from
rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

Reg. For his particular, I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower. 660

Gon. So am I purpos'd.

Where is my lord of Gloster?

Giiij

Re-enter

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Corn. Follow'd the old man forth :—he is return'd.

Glo. The king is in high rage.

Corn. Whither is he going ?

Glo. He calls to horse : but will I know not whither.

Corn. 'Tis best to give him way ; he leads himself.

Gon. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.

Glo. Alack, the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle ; for many miles about 670
There's scarce a bush.

Reg. O, sir, to wilful men,
The injuries, that they themselves procure,
Must be their school-masters : Shut up your doors ;
He is attended with a desperate train ;
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear.

Corn. Shut up your doors, my lord ; 'tis a wild
night ;

My Regan counsels well : come out o' the storm 679

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Heath. A Storm is heard, with Thunder and Lightning. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman, meeting.

Kent.

Who's there, beside foul weather ?

Gent. One minded like the weather, most un-
quietly.

Kent.

Kent. I know you ; Where's the king ?

Gent. Contending with the fretful element :

Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,
That things might change, or cease : tears his white
hair ;

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of :
Strives in his little world of man to out-scorn 10
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain.

This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would
couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,
And bids what will take all.

Kent. But who is with him ?

Gent. None but the fool ; who labours to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.

Kent. Sir, I do know you :

And dare, upon the warrant of my note, 20
Commend a dear thing to you. There is division,
Although as yet the face of it be cover'd

With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and Cornwall ;
Who have (as who have not, that their great stars
Throne and set high ?) servants, who seem no less ;
Which are to France the spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state ; what hath been seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of the dukes ;

Or the hard rein which both of them have borne
Against the old kind king ; or something deeper, 30

Whereof,

Whereof, perchance, these are but furnishings;—
[But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret fee
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To shew their open banner—Now to you;
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow 40
The king hath cause to plain.

I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance, offer
This office to you.]

Gent. I will talk further with you.

Kent. No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains: If you shall see Cordelia
(As fear not but you shall), shew her this ring; 50
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

Gent. Give me your hand: Have you no more to
say?

Kent. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king (in which your pain
That way; I'll this), he that first lights on him,
Holla the other.

[*Excunt severally.*]

SCENE

1.

10

30

to

t;

in

ly.

NE



KING LEAR.

Lear *Blow, winds, & crack your cheeks!*

Act 3

Scene 2

P. J. Louthborough inv.

J. B. Tiliard sc.

London Printed for J. Bell, British Library Strand, June 16th 1788.

SCENE II.

Another Part of the Heath. Storm still. Enter LEAR, and Fool.

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage!
blow!

You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout 60
'Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the
cocks!

You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunder-bolts,
Singe my white head! And thou all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's moulds; all germens spill at once,
That make ingrateful man!

Fool. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is
better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle,
in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night
pities neither wise men nor fools. 71

Lear. Rumble thy belly full! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription; why then let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd 80
Your

Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul!

Fool. He that has a house to put's head in, has a
good head-piece.

*The cod-piece that will house,
Before the head has any ;
The head and he shall louse ;—
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry, woe!
And turn his sleep to wake.*

93

—for there was never yet fair woman, but she made
mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

Lear. No, I will be the pattern of all patience,
I will say nothing.

Kent. Who's there?

Fool. Marry, here's grace, and a cod-piece; that's
a wise man,* and a fool.

Kent. Alas sir, are you here? things that love
night,

100

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves: Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never

Remember

Remember to have heard : man's nature cannot carry
The affliction, nor the fear.

Lear. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes, 111
Unwhipt of justice : Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
Thou perjur'd, and thou simular man of virtue
That art incestuous : Caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life !—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and cry
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

Kent. Alack, bare-headed ! 120
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel ;
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest ;
Repose you there : while I to this hard house
(More hard than is the stone whereof 'tis rais'd ;
Which even but now, demanding after you,
Deny'd me to come in), return, and force
Their scantied courtesies.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.—
Come on, my boy : How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?
I am cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow ?
The art of our necessities is strange, 131
That can make vile things precious. Come, your
hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I have one part in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Fool.

Fool. *He that has a little tiny wit—
 With heigh, ho, the wind and the rain—
 Must make content with his fortunes fit ;
 For the rain it raineth every day.*

Lear. True, my good boy.—Come bring us to this hovel. [Exit.

Fool. This is a brave night to cool a courtezan. 141
 I'll speak a prophecy ere I go :

When priests are more in word than matter ;
 When brewers mar their malt with water ;
 When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors :
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.—
 When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, nor no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues ;
 Nor cut-purses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field ;
 And bawds, and whores, do churches build ;—
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.

This prophecy Merlin shall make ; for I live before
 his time. [Exit.

SCENE III.

An Apartment in GLOSTER's Castle. Enter GLOSTER, and EDMUND.

Glo. Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this unnatural dealing: When I desir'd their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of their perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him. 164

Edm. Most savage, and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing: There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'tis dangerous to be spoken.—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed: we must incline to the king. I will seek him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: If he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. If I die for it, as no less is threaten'd me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is some strange thing toward, Edmund; pray you, be careful. [Exit.

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke Instantly know; and of that letter too:— 181
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me

H

That

That which my father loses ; no less than all :
The younger rises, when the old doth fall. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

*A Part of the Heath, with a Hovel. Enter LEAR,
KENT, and Fool.*

Kent. Here is the place, my lord ; good my lord,
enter :

The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [Storm still.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart ? 190

Kent. I'd rather break mine own : Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth. When the
mind's free,

The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there—Filial ingratitude ! 200
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to't ?—But I will punish home :—

No,

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—
In such a night as this! O Regan! Goneril!—
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you
all—

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that—

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder 211
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in:—
In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless
poverty—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads, and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp; 220
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And shew the heavens more just.

Edg. [*Within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half!
Poor Tom!

Fool. Come not in here, nuncle, here's a spirit.
Help me, help me! [*The Fool runs out from the Hovel.*]

Kent. Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

Hij

Fool.

Fool. A spirit, a spirit? he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw?

Come forth.

230

Enter EDGAR, disguised as a Madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this? — 235

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge: made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do, de, do de, do de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes:—There could I have him now—and there—and there—and there again, and there. [Storm still.]

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass!— 249

Could'st thou save nothing? Did'st thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous
air

Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd
nature

To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—

Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers

Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?

Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot 260

Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock-hill;—

Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and
madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend: Obey thy pa-
rents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit
not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart
on proud array:—Tom's a cold.

Lear. What hast thou been? 270

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind;
that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the
lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness
with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and
broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one, that slept
in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it: Wine
lov'd I deeply; dice dearly; and, in woman, out-
paramour'd the Turk: False of heart, light of ear,
bloody of hand; Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf
in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not

H i i j

the

the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, Sessy; let him trot by. [Storm still.]

Lear. Why thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncover'd body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings!—Come; unbutton here.— [Tearing off his Clothes.]

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in.—Now a little fire in a wild field, were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, and all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire. 302

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet*: he begins at curfew, and walks 'till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

*Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;*

Bid

Bid her alight, 310

And her troth plight,

And, Aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter GLOSTER, with a Torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? What is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom; that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water-newt; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for sallets; swallows the old rat, and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear—— 325

But mice, and rats, and such small deer,

Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower:—Peace, Smolkin; peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; 330
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile,

That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me ; my duty cannot suffer
To obey in all your daughters' hard commands :
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you ;
Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,
And bring you where both fire and food is ready. 340

Lear. First let me talk with this philosopher :—
What is the cause of thunder ?

Kent. My good lord, take his offer ;
Go into the house.

Lear. I'll talk a word with this same learned
Theban :—

What is your study ?

Edg. How to prevent the fiend, and to kill vermin.

Lear. Let me ask you one word in private.

Kent. Importune him once more to go, my lord,
His wits begin to unsettle. 350

Glo. Canst thou blame him ? [Storm still.
His daughters seek his death :— Ah, that good
Kent !—

He said, it would be thus :—Poor banish'd man !—
Thou say'st, the king grows mad ; I'll tell thee, friend,
I am almost mad myself : I had a son,
Now out-law'd from my blood ; he sought my life,
But lately, very late ; I lov'd him, friend—
No father his son dearer : true to tell thee,
The grief hath craz'd my wits. What a night's this !
I do beseech your grace— 360

Lear.

Lear. O, cry you mercy, sir:—
Noble philosopher, your company.

Edg. Tom's a-cold.

Glo. In, fellow, there, to the hovel: keep thee warm.

Lear. Come, let's in all.

Kent. This way, my lord.

Lear. With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher.

Kent. Good my lord, sooth him; let him take the fellow. 370

Glo. Take him you on.

Kent. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

Lear. Come, good Athenian.

Glo. No words, no words; hush.

Edg. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

His word was still,—*Fie, foh, and fum,*

I smell the blood of a British man. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

GLOSTER's Castle. Enter CORNWALL, and EDMUND.

Corn. I will have my revenge, ere I depart his house.

Edm. How, my lord, I may be censur'd, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of. 381

Corn. I now perceive, it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but

but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprobable badness in himself.

Edm. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter which he spoke of, which approves him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector! 390

Corn. Go with me to the dutchess.

Edm. If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

Corn. True, or false, it hath made thee earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension.

Edm. [*Aside.*] If I find him comforting the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.—I will persevere in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood. 400

Corn. I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

A Chamber, in a Farm House. Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, Fool, and EDGAR.

Glo. Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully: I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you. [*Exit.*]

Kent. All the power of his wits has given way to his impatience:—The gods reward your kindness!

Edg.

Edg. Frateretto calls me; and tells me, Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness. Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend. 410

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a mad-man be a gentleman, or a yeoman?

Lear. A king, a king!

Fool. No; he's a yeoman, that has a gentleman to his son: for he's a mad yeoman, that sees his son a gentleman before him.

Lear. To have a thousand with red burning spits Come hissing in upon them:—

Edg. The foul fiend bites my back.

Fool. He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath. 422

Lear. It shall be done, I will arraign them straight:— Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;—

[To EDGAR.]

Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [To the Fool.]—Now, you she foxes!—

Edg. Look, where he stands and glares;—Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

Fool. Her boat hath a leak,

And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee. 430

Edg. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. *Hopdance* cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

Kent,

Kent. How do you, sir? Stand you not so amaz'd:
Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?

Lear. I'll see their trial first:—Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[To EDGAR.

And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [To the Fool,

Bench by his side:—You are of the commission, 440

Sit you too.

[To KENT.

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest, or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Purre! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. I here take
my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd
the poor king her father. 450

Fool. Come hither, mistress; Is your name Goneril?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another whose warpt looks pro-
claim

What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her 'scape?

Edg. Bless thy five wits!

Kent. O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now,
That you so oft have boasted to retain? 460

Edg.

Edg. My tears begin to take his part so much,
They'll mar my counterfeiting. [*Aside.*]

Lear. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me.

Edg. Tom will throw his head at them :—Avaunt,
you curs !

Be thy mouth or black or white,

Tooth that poisons if it bite ;

Mastiff, grey-hound, mungril grim,

Hound, or spaniel, brache, or lym ;

Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail ; 470

Tom will make him weep and wail :

For, with throwing thus my head,

Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de de. Sessy, come, march to wakes and
fairs,

And market-towns :—Poor Tom, thy horn is dry.

Lear. Then let them anatomize Regan, see what
breeds about her heart : Is there any cause in nature,
that makes these hard hearts?—You, sir, I entertain
you for one of my hundred ; only, I do not like the
fashion of your garments : you will say, they are
Persian attire ; but let them be chang'd. [*To EDGAR.*]

Kent. Now, good my lord, lie here, and rest
awhile. 482

Lear. Make no noise, make no noise ; draw the
curtains :

So, so, so : We'll go to supper i' the morning : So,
so, so.

Fool. And I'll go to bed at noon.

I

Re-enter

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Come hither, friend : Where is the king my master ?

Kent. Here, sir ; but trouble him not, his wits are gone.

Glo. Good friend, I pr'ythee take him in thy arms ;
I have o'er-heard a plot of death upon him :
There is a litter ready ; lay him in't, 490
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt
meet

Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master :
If thou should'st dally half an hour, his life,
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assured loss : Take up, take up ;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.

[*Kent.* Oppressed nature sleeps :—
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow, 500
Stand in hard cure.—Come, help to bear thy master ;
Thou must not stay behind. [To the Fool.]

Glo. Come, come, away.

[Excunt, bearing off the King.]

Manet EDGAR.

Edg. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes ;
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind ;
Leaving free things, and happy shows, behind :

But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now, 510
When that, which makes me bend, makes the king
bow;

He childed, as I father'd!—Tom, away:
Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof, repeals, and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king!
Lurk, Lurk.]—— [Exit.

SCENE VII.

GLOSTER's *Castle.* Enter CORNWALL, REGAN,
GONERIL, EDMUND, and Servants.

Corn. Post speedily to my lord your husband; shew
him this letter:—the army of France is landed:—
Seek out the traitor Gloster. [Exeunt Servants.

Reg. Hang him instantly. 521

Gon. Pluck out his eyes.

Corn. Leave him to my displeasure.—Edmund,
keep you our sister company; the revenges we are
bound to take upon your traitorous father, are not
fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, when you
are going, to a most festinate preparation; we are
bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift, and in-
telligent betwixt us. Farewel, dear sister;—farewel,
my lord of Gloster. 530

Enter Steward.

How now? Where's the king?

Stew. My lord of Gloster hath convey'd him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights,
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they boast
To have well-armed friends.

Corn. Get horses for your mistress.

Gon. Farewel, sweet lord, and sister.

[*Exeunt GONERIL, and EDMUND.*]

Corn. Edmund, farewel.—Go, seek the traitor
Gloster,

540

Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us:—

Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice; yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men
May blame, but not control. Who's there? The
traitor?

Enter GLOSTER, brought in by Servants.

Reg. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

Corn. Bind fast his corky arms.

Glo. What mean your graces?—Good my friends,
consider

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

Corn. Bind him, I say.

[*They bind him.*]

Reg. Hard, hard:—O filthy traitor!

551

Glo. Unmerciful lady as you are, I am none.

Corn.

Corn. To this chair bind him;—Villain, thou shalt find—— [REGAN plucks his Beard.

Glo. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
To pluck me by the beard.

Reg. So white, and such a traitor!

Glo. Naughty lady,

These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,
Will quicken, and accuse thee: I am your host;
With robber's hands, my hospitable favours 560
You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

Corn. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

Reg. Be simple-answer'd, for we know the truth.

Corn. And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

Reg. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

Glo. I have a letter guessingly set down,
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,
And not from one oppos'd. 570

Corn. Cunning.

Reg. And false.

Corn. Where hast thou sent the king?

Glo. To Dover.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Wast thou not charg'd at peril——

Corn. Wherefore to Dover? Let him first answer that.

Glo. I'm ty'd to the stake, and I must stand the course.

Reg. Wherefore to Dover?

Glo. Because I would not see thy cruel nails 580
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head
In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up,
And quench'd the stelled fires: yet, poor old heart,
He hop the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,
Thou should'st have said, *Good porter, turn the key;*
All cruels else subscrib'd:—But I shall see
The winged vengeance overtake such children. 590

Corn. See it shalt thou never:—Fellows, hold the chair:—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

[*GLOSTER is held down, while CORNWALL treads out one of his eyes.*

Glo. He, that will think to live 'till he be old,
Give me some help:—O cruel! O ye gods!

Reg. One side will mock another; the other too.

Corn. If you see vengeance—

Serv. Hold your hand, my lord:

I have serv'd you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you,
Than now to bid you hold. 600

Reg. How now, you dog?

Serv. If you did wear a beard upon your chin,
I'd shake it on this quarrel: What do you mean?

Corn.

Corn. My villain! [*Draws, and runs at him.*]

Serv. Nay, then come on, and take the chance of anger. [*Fight; CORNWALL is wounded.*]

Reg. [*To another Servant.*] Give me thy sword—A peasant stand up thus!

[*Comes behind, and kills him.*]

Serv. O, I am slain!—My lord, yet you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him:—O! [*Dies.*]

Corn. Best it see more, prevent it:—Out, vile jelly! Where is thy lustre now? [*Treads the other out.*]

Glo. All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund? 611

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature,
To quit this horrid act.

Reg. Out, treacherous villain!

Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he
That made the overture of thy treasons to us;
Who is too good to pity thee.

Glo. O my follies!

Then Edgar was abus'd.—

Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him! 620

Reg. Go, thrust him out at gates, and let him
smell

His way to Dover.—How is't, my lord? How look
you?

Corn. I have receiv'd a hurt:—Follow me, lady.—
Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this slave
Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:

Untimely

Untimely comes this hurt: Give me your arm.

[Exit CORNWALL, led by REGAN;—Servants lead GLOSTER out.]

1 Serv. I'll never care what wickedness I do,
If this man come to good.

2 Serv. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death, 630
Women will all turn monsters.

1 Serv. Let's follow the old earl, and get the
Bedlam

To lead him where he would; his roguish madness
Allows itself to any thing.

2 Serv. Go thou; I'll fetch some flax, and whites
of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven help
him! [Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

An open Country. Enter EDGAR.

Edgar.

YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd
Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,
The lowest, and most dejected thing of fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not in fear:
The lamentable change is from the best;
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome then,
Thou unsubstantial air, that I embrace!

The

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst;
Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes here?

Enter GLOSTER, led by an old Man.

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O world!
But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age. 12

Old Man. O my good lord, I have been your tenant,
and your father's tenant, these fourscore years.

Glo. Away, get thee away; good friend, be gone:
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,
Thee they may hurt.

Old Man. Alack, sir, you cannot see your way.

Glo. I have no way, and therefore want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw: Full oft 'tis seen,
Our mean secures us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.—O, dear son Edgar,
The food of thy abused father's wrath!
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,
I'd say, I had eyes again!

Old Man. How now? Who's there?

Edg. [*Aside.*] O gods! Who is't can say, *I am at
the worst?*
I am worse than e'er I was.

Old Man. 'Tis poor mad Tom.

Edg. [*Aside.*] And worse I may be yet: The worst
is not, 30
So long as we can say, *This is the worst.*

Old Man. Fellow, where goest?

Glo. Is it a beggar-man?

Old Man.

Old Man. Madman and beggar too.

Glo. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;
Which made me think a man a worm: My son
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind
Was then scarce friends with him: I have heard
more since:

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods; 40
They kill us for their sport.

Edg. How should this be?—
Bad is the trade, that must play the fool to sorrow,
Ang'ring itself and others. [*Aside.*]—Bless thee,
master!

Glo. Is that the naked fellow?

Old Man. Ay, my lord.

Glo. Then, pr'ythee, get thee gone: If, for my
sake,

Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
I' the way to Dover, do it for ancient love;
And bring some covering for this naked soul, 50
Whom I'll entreat to lead me.

Old Man. Alack, sir, he is mad.

Glo. 'Tis the time's plague, when madmen lead
the blind:

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.

Old Man. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

Glo. Sirrah, naked fellow.

Edg.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.—I cannot daub it further. [Aside.

Glo. Come hither, fellow. 60

Edg. [Aside.] And yet I must.

—Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.

Glo. Know'st thou the way to Dover?

Edg. Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits: Bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! [Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as *Obidicut*; *Hobbididance*, prince of dumbness: *Mahu*, of stealing; *Modo*, of murder; and *Flibbertigibbet*, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!] 72

Glo. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heaven's plagues

Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched, Makes thee the happier:—Heavens, deal so still! Let the superfluous, and lust-dieted man, That slaves your ordinance, that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly; So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover? 80

Edg. Ay, master.

Glo. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head Looks fearfully on the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear, With

With something rich about me ; from that place
I shall no leading need.

Edg. Give me thy arm ;
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

*The Duke of ALBANY's Palace. Enter GONERIL, and
EDMUND.*

Gon. Welcome, my lord : I marvel, our mild husband
Not met us on the way :—Now, where's your master?

Enter Steward.

Stew. Madam, within ; but never man so chang'd :
I told him of the army that was landed ;
He smil'd at it : I told him, you were coming ;
His answer was, *The worse* : of Gloster's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot ;
And told me, I had turn'd the wrong side out :—
What most he should dislike, seems pleasant to him ;
What like, offensive.

Gon. Then shall you go no further. [*To EDMUND.*]
It is the cowish terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake : he'll not feel wrongs,
Which tie him to an answer : Our wishes, on the
way,
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother ;
Hasten

Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us: ere long you are like to hear,
If you dare venture in your own behalf, 110
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech;

[Giving a Favour.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air;—
Conceive, and fare thee well.

Edm. Your's in the ranks of death.

Gon. My most dear Gloster! [Exit EDMUND.

O, the difference of man, and man!
To thee a woman's services are due;
My fool usurps my body.

Stew. Madam, here comes my lord. 120

Enter ALBANY.

Gon. I have been worth the whistle.

Alb. O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind
Blows in your face.—I fear your disposition:
That nature, which contemns its origin,
Cannot be border'd certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbranch
From her maternal sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly use.

Gon. No more; the text is foolish. 130

Alb. Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile:
Filths savour but themselves. What have you done?

K

Tygers,

Tygers, not daughters, what have you perform'd?
 A father, and a gracious aged man,
 Whose reverence the head-lugg'd bear would lick,
 Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you madd'd?
 Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
 A man, a prince, by him so benefited?
 If that the heavens do not their visible spirits
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences, 140
 'Twill come, humanity must perforce prey on
 Itself, like monsters of the deep.

Gon. Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for wrongs;
 Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not know'st,
 Fools do those villains pity, who are punish'd
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's thy
 drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless land;
 With plumed helm thy slayer begins threats; 150
 Whilst thou, a moral fool, sit'st still, and cry'st,
Alack! why does he so?

Alb. See thyself, devil!

Proper deformity seems not in the fiend
 So horrid, as in woman.

Gon. O vain fool!

Alb. Thou changed and self-cover'd thing, for
 shame,

Be-monster not thy feature. Were it my fitness
 To let these hands obey my blood,
 They are apt enough to dislocate and tear 160

Thy

Thy flesh and bones :—Howe'er thou art a fiend,
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry, your manhood now!—

Enter Messenger.

Alb. What news?

Mes. O, my good lord, the duke of Cornwall's
dead;

Slain by his servant, going to put out
The other eye of Gloster.

Alb. Gloster's eyes!

Mes. A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword 170
To his great master; who, thereat enrag'd,
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him dead:
But not without that harmful stroke, which since
Hath pluck'd him after.

Alb. This shews you are above,
You justicers, that these our nether crimes
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!
Lost he his other eye?

Mes. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer; 180
'Tis from your sister.

Gon. [*Aside.*] One way I like this well;
But, being widow, and my Gloster with her,
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: Another way,
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and answer.

[*Exit.*

K ij

Alb.

Alb. Where was his son, when they did take his eyes?

Mes. Come with my lady hither.

Alb. He is not here. 189

Mes. No, my good lord; I met him back again.

Alb. Knows he the wickedness?

Mes. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he inform'd against him;

And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment

Might have the freer course.

Alb. Gloster, I live

To thank thee for the love thou shew'dst the king,

And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither, friend;

Tell me what more thou knowest. [Exeunt.]

[SCENE III.]

The French Camp, near Dover. Enter KENT, and a Gentleman.

Kent. Why the king of France is so suddenly gone back

Know you the reason? 200

Gent. Something he left imperfect in the state, Which since his coming forth is thought of; which Imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger, That his personal return was most requir'd and necessary.

Kent. Who hath he left behind him general?

Gent.

Gent. The mareschal of France, Monsieur le Fer.

Kent. Did your letters pierce the queen
To any demonstration of grief?

Gent. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my
presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd down 210
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd, she was a queen
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.

Kent. O, then it mov'd her.

Gent. Not to a rage: patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen
Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears
Were like a better day. Those happy smiles,
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know 219
What guests were in her eyes; which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief, sorrow
Would be a rarity most lov'd, if all
Could so become it.

Kent. Made she no verbal question?

Gent. Yes; once, or twice, she heav'd the name of
father

Pantingly forth; as if it press'd her heart;
Cry'd, *Sisters! sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!*
Kent! father! sisters! What? i' the storm! i' the night!
*Let pity not be believed!—*There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes, 220
And clamour moisten'd her: then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,

The stars above us, govern our conditions;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since?

Gent. No.

Kent. Was this before the king return'd?

Gent. No, since.

Kent. Well, sir: The poor distressed Lear is i' the
town: 240

Who sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter.

Gent. Why, good sir?

Kent. A sovereign shame so elbows him: his own
unkindness,

That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd her
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights
To his dog-hearted daughters—these things sting
His mind so venomously, that burning shame
Detains him from Cordelia. 250

Gent. Alack, poor gentleman!

Kent. Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers you
heard not?

Gent. 'Tis so; they are afoot.

Kent. Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master Lear,
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go
Along with me.] [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

A Tent in the Camp at Dover. Enter CORDELIA, Physician, and Soldiers.

Cor. Alack, 'tis he ; why, he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud ; 261
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye.—What can man's wisdom
do,

In the restoring his bereaved sense ?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth.

Phy. There is means, madam : 270
Our foster nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All blest secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him !
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it. 280

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. News, madam ;

The

The British powers are marching hitherward.

Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
In expectation of them.—O dear father,
It is thy business that I go about;
Therefore great France
My mourning, and important tears, hath pitied.
No blown ambition doth our arms incite,
But love, dear love, and our ag'd father's right:
Soon may I hear, and see him! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

REGAN's Palace. *Enter REGAN, and Steward.*

Reg. But are my brother's powers set forth? 291

Stew. Ay, madam.

Reg. Himself in person there?

Stew. Madam, with much ado:

Your sister is the better soldier.

Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lady at home?

Stew. No, madam.

Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?

Stew. I know not, lady. 299

Reg. 'Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch

Act 4.

KING LEAR.

Scene 4.



MISS BRUNTON in CORDELIA.

— O dear Father
it is thy business that I go about

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His nighted life ; moreover, to descry
The strength o' the enemy.

Stew. I must needs after him, madam, with my
letter.

Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow ; stay with
us ;

The ways are dangerous.

Stew. I may not, madam ;

310

My lady charg'd my duty in this business.

Reg. Why should she write to Edmund ? Might
not you

Transport her purposes by word ? Belike,
Something—I know not what—I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.

Stew. Madam, I had rather——

Reg. I know, your lady does not love her husband :
I am sure of that : and, at her late being here,
She gave strange œiliads, and most speaking looks
To noble Edmund : I know, you are of her bosom.

Stew. I, madam ?

321

Reg. I speak in understanding ; you are, I know it :
Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :
My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;
And more convenient is he for my hand,
Than for your lady's :—You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this ;
And when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.
So fare you well.

330

If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,

Preferment

Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

Stew. 'Would I could meet him, madam! I would
shew
What party I do follow.

Reg. Fare thee well. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

*The Country near Dover. Enter GLOSTER, and EDGAR
as a Peasant.*

Glo. When shall we come to the top of that same
hill?

Edg. You do climb up it now: look, how we
labour.

Glo. Methinks, the ground is even.

Edg. Horrible steep:

Hark, do you hear the sea? 340

Glo. No, truly.

Edg. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

Glo. So may it be, indeed:
Methinks, thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st
In better phrase, and matter, than thou didst.

Edg. You are much deceiv'd; in nothing am I
chang'd,
But in my garments.

Glo. Methinks, you are better spoken.

Edg. Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand still,
—How fearful 350

And

And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low?
 The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
 Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
 Methinks, he seems no bigger than his head:
 The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
 Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
 Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
 Almost too small for sight: The murmuring surge
 That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes, 360
 Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
 Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
 Topple down headlong.

Glo. Set me where you stand.

Edg. Give me your hand: You are now within a
 foot

Of the extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
 Would I not leap upright.

Glo. Let go my hand.

Here, friend, is another purse; in it, a jewel
 Well worth a poor man's taking: Fairies, and gods,
 Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off; 371
 Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

Edg. Now fare ye well, good sir. [*Seems to go.*

Glo. With all my heart.

Edg. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?—

'Tis done to cure it.

Glo. O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce; and, in your sights,
 Shake patiently my great affliction off:

IF

If I could bear it longer, and not fall 380
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff, and loathed part of nature, should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

[He leaps, and falls along.]

Edg. Gone, sir? farewell.

And yet I know not how conceit may rob
The treasury of life, when life itself
Yields to the theft: Had he been where he thought,
By this, had thought been past.—Alive, or dead?
Ho, you, sir! friend!—Hear you, sir?—speak!
Thus might he pass, indeed:—Yet he revives.
What are you, sir? 392

Glo. Away, and let me die.

Edg. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air,
So many fathom down precipitating,
Thou hadst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost
breathe;
Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st; art
sound.

Ten masts at each make not the altitude,
Which thou hast perpendicularly fallen;
Thy life's a miracle: Speak yet again. 400

Glo. But have I fallen, or no?

Edg. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:
Look up a height;—the shrill-gorg'd lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

Glo. Alack, I have no eyes.—

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit,
To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
And frustrate his proud will.

Edg. Give me your arm :

410

Up :— So ;— How is't? Feel you your legs? You
stand.

Glo. Too well, too well.

Edg. This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that
Which parted from you?

Glo. A poor unfortunate beggar.

Edg. As I stood here below, methought, his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns welk'd, and wav'd like the enridged sea;
It was some fiend: Therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them ho-
nours

421

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

Glo. I do remember now: henceforth I'll bear
Affliction, 'till it do cry out itself,

Enough, enough, and, die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say,

The fiend, the fiend! he led me to that place.

Edg. Bear free and patient thoughts.—But who
comes here?

Enter LEAR, fantastically drest up with Flowers.

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

430

Lear.

L

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown, bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout; hewgh!—
Give the word.

441

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me, I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say *ay*, and *no*, to every thing I said!—*Ay* and *no* too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found them, there I smelt them out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie; I am not ague-proof.

Glo. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

Lear. Ay, every inch a king:
When I do stare, see, how the subject quakes. 459
I pardon that man's life: What was the cause?—

Adultery.



KING LEAR.

Glou. *Is't not the King?*

Lear. *By every inch a King.*

Adultery.—Thou shalt not die: Die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight.

Let copulation thrive, for Gloster's bastard son
Was kinder to his father, than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-pell, for I lack soldiers.—

Behold yon' simpering dame, 469
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew, nor the soyled horse, goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.

Down from the waist they are centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends'; there's hell, there's darkness,
There is the sulphurous pit, burning, scalding, stench,
consumption;—Fie, fie, fie! pah! pah!

Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, 480
To sweeten my imagination! there's money for thee.

Glo. O, let me kiss that hand!

Lear. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

Glo. O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought.—Dost thou know me?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough. Dost
thou squiny at me? No, do thy worst, blind Cupid;
I'll not love.—Read thou this challenge; mark but
the penning of it. 489

Glo. Were all the letters suns, I could not see one,

Edg. I would not take this from report ;—it is,
And my heart breaks at it.

Lear. Read.

Glo. What, with the case of eyes ?

Lear. O, ho, are you there with me ? No eyes
in your head, nor no money in your purse ? Your
eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in a light : Yet
you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

499

Lear. What, art mad ? A man may see how this
world goes, with no eyes. Look with thine ears : see
how yon' justice rails upon yon' simple thief. Hark,
in thine ear : Change places ; and handy-dandy,
which is the justice, which is the thief ?—Thou hast
seen a farmer's dog bark at a beggar ?

Glo. Ay, sir.

Lear. And the creature run from the cur ? There
thou might'st behold the great image of authority : a
dog's obey'd in office.——

Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand : 510

Why dost thou lash that whore ? Strip thine own back ;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind

For which thou whipp'st her. The usurer hangs the
cozener.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;

Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all. Plate sin with
gold,

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks :

Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

None

None does offend, none, I say, none; I'll able them:
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes; 520
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now,
now :

Pull off my boots ;—harder, harder ; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mixt !
Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster :
Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawle, and cry :—I will preach to thee ; mark
me.

Glo. Alack, alack the day ! 531

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
To this great stage of fools ;—This a good block ?—
It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill !

Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.

Gent. O, here he is ; lay hand upon him.—Sir,
Your most dear daughter—

Lear. No rescue ? What, a prisoner ? I am even
The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well ; 541
You shall have ransom. Let me have a surgeon,
I am cut to the brains.

Gent. You shall have any thing.

Lear. No seconds? All myself?

Why, this would make a man, a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.—

Gent. Good sir——

Lear. I will die bravely, like a bridegroom; what?
I will be jovial; come, come, I am a king, 551
My masters, know you that?

Gent. You are a royal one, and we obey you.

Lear. Then there's life in it. Nay, come, an you
get it,

You shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit.*

Gent. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch;
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.

Edg. Hail, gentle sir. 560

Gent. Sir, speed you: What's your will?

Edg. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?

Gent. Most sure, and vulgar: every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.

Edg. But, by your favour,
How near's the other army?

Gent. Near, and on speedy foot: the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.

Edg. I thank you, sir: that's all.

Gent. Though that the queen on special cause is
here, 570
Her army is mov'd on.

Edg.

Edg. I thank you, sir. [*Exit Gent.*]

Glo. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!

Edg. Well pray you, father.

Glo. Now, good sir, what are you?

Edg. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's
blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some bidding. 581

Glo. Hearty thanks:
The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot!

Enter Steward.

Stew. A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember:—The sword is out
That must destroy thee.

Glo. Now let thy friendly hand 590
Put strength enough to it. [*EDGAR opposes.*]

Stew. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor? Hence;
Lest that the infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

Edg. Ch'ill not let go, zir, without vurther 'casion.

Stew. Let go, slave, or thou dy'st.

Edg. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor
volk

volk pass. And ch'ud ha' been zwagger'd out of my life, 'twould not ha' been zo long as 'tis by a vort-night. Nay, come not near the old man ; keep out, che vor'ye, or ise try whether your costard or my bat be the harder : Ch'ill be plain with you. 603

Stew. Out, dunghill!

Edg. Ch'ill pick your teeth, zir ; Come, no matter vor your foyns. [EDGAR knocks him down.

Stew. Slave, thou hast slain me :—Villain, take my purse ;

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body ;
And give the letters, which thou find'st about me,
To Edmund, earl of Gloster ; seek him out 610
Upon the English party :—O, untimely death,
death !— [Dies.

Edg. I know thee well : A serviceable villain ;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress,
As badness would desire.

Glo. What, is he dead ?

Edg. Sit you down, father ; rest you.—
Let's see his pockets : these letters, that he speaks of,
May be my friends.—He's dead ; I am only sorry
He had no other death's-man.—Let us see :—
Leave, gentle wax, and, manners, blame us not :
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts ;
Their papers are more lawful. 622

Reads the Letter.

Let our reciprocal vows be remember'd. You have many opportunities to cut him off : if your will want not, time and

and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: Then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loath'd warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour.

Your (wife, so I would say) affectionate servant,

GONERIL.

O undistinguish'd space of woman's will! —

A plot upon her virtuous husband's life; 633

And the exchange, my brother! — Here, in the sands,

Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified

Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,

With this ungracious paper strike the sight

Of the death-practis'd duke: For him 'tis well,

That of thy death and business I can tell.

[Exit EDGAR, removing the Body.]

Glo. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling 641

Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:

So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs;

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose

The knowledge of themselves.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Give me your hand:

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

A Tent in the French Camp. Enter CORDELIA, KENT, and Physician.

Cor. O thou good Kent, how shall I live, and
work, 649

To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me.

Kent. To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'erpay'd.
All my reports go with the modest truth;
Nor more, nor clipt, but so.

Cor. Be better suited :
These weeds are memories of those worser hours :
I pr'ythee, put them off.

Kent. Pardon me, dear madam ;
Yet to be known, shortens my made intent :
My boon I make it, that you know me not, 660
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be it so, my good lord.—
How does the king? [To the Physician.

Phys. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature !
The untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changed father ! 669

Phys. So please your majesty, 669
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

LEAR is brought in in a Chair.

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the musick
there!

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss 680
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white
flakes

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog, 690
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire; And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder, that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

Phys. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead. 700

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know: When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—

I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd 711
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward;
Not an hour more, nor less: and, to deal plainly,
I fear, I am not in my perfect mind. 720
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not

Where

Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me ;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am !

Lear. Be your tears wet ? Yes, 'faith. I pray,
weep not :

If you have poison for me, I will drink it. 730
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause, they have not.

Cor. No cause, no cause.

Lear. Am I in France ?

Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.

Lear. Do not abuse me.

Phys. Be comforted, good madam : the great rage,
You see, is cur'd in him : [and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.] 740
Desire him to go in ; trouble him no more,
'Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me :

Pray you now, forget and forgive : I am old, and
foolish.

[*Exeunt LEAR, CORDELIA, Physician, and Attendants.*]

[*Gent.* Holds it true, sir,

Thar the duke of Cornwall was so slain ?

Kent. Most certain, sir.

Gent. Who is conductor of his people ?

Kent. As it is said, the bastard son of Gloster. 750

M

Gent.

Gent. They say, Edgar,
His banish'd son, is with the earl of Kent
In Germany.

Kent. Report is changeable.
'Tis time to look about; the powers o' the kingdom
Approach apace.

Gent. The arbitrament is like to be bloody.
Fare you well, sir. [Exit.

Kent. My point and period will be thoroughly
wrought,
Or well, or ill, as this day's battle's fought.] 760
[Exit.

ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Camp of the British Forces, near Dover. Enter, with
Drums and Colours, EDMUND, REGAN, Gentlemen,
and Soldiers.*

Edmund.

K NOW of the duke, if his last purpose hold;
Or whether since he is advis'd by aught
To change the course: He's full of alteration,
And self-reproving:—bring his constant pleasure.

Reg. Our sister's man is certainly miscarry'd.

Edm. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.

Reg. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:

Tell

Tell me—but truly—but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister ? 10

Edm. In honour'd love.

[*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's way
To the fore-fended place ?

Edm. That thought abuses you.

Reg. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosom'd with her, as far as we call her's.

Edm. No, by mine honour, madam.]

Reg. I never shall endure her : Dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.

Edm. Fear me not :— 20

She, and the duke her husband—

Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, and Soldiers.

Gon. I had rather lose the battle, than that sister
Should loosen him and me. [*Aside.*

Alb. Our very loving sister, well be met.—
Sir, this I hear, The king is come to his daughter,
With others, whom the rigour of our state
Forc'd to cry out. [Where I could not be honest,
I never yet was valiant : for this business,
It touches us as France invades our land,
Not bolds the king ; with others, whom, I fear, go
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.

Edm. Sir, you speak nobly.]

Reg. Why is this reason'd ?

Gon. Combine together 'gainst the enemy :
For these domestic and particular broils
Are not to question here.

Mij

Alb.

Alb. Let us then determine
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

Edm. I shall attend you presently at your tent.

Reg. Sister, you'll go with us? 40

Gon. No.

Reg. 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go with us.

Gon. [*Aside.*] O, ho, I know the riddle: I will go.

As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.

Edg. If e'er your grace had speech with man so
poor,

Hear me one word.

Alb. I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt EDM. REG. GON. and Attendants.*]

Edg. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion, that will prove 50

What is avouched there: If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end,
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

Alb. Stay 'till I have read the letter.

Edg. I was forbid it.

When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again. [*Exit.*]

Alb. Why, fare thee well; I will o'erlook thy
paper.

Re-enter EDMUND.

Edm. The enemy's in view, draw up your powers.
Here

Here is the guess of their true strength and forces 60
By diligent discovery ;—but your haste
Is now urg'd on you.

Alb. We will greet the time. [Exit.

Edm. To both these sisters have I sworn my love ;
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take ?
Both ? one ? or neither ? Neither can be enjoy'd,
If both remain alive : To take the widow,
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril ;
And hardly shall I carry out my side, 70
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use
His countenance for the battle ; which being done,
Let her, who would be rid of him, devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear, and to Cordelia—
The battle done, and they within our power,
Shall never see his pardon : for my state
Stands on me to defend not to debate. [Exit.

SCENE II.

A Field between the two Camps. Alarum within. Enter,
with Drum and Colours, LEAR, CORDELIA, and
Soldiers over the Stage ; and exeunt. Enter EDGAR,
and GLOSTER.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host ; pray that the right may thrive :

If ever I return to you again. 81
I'll bring you comfort.

Glo. Grace go with you, sir! [Exit EDGAR.

[Alarum, and retreat within.

Re-enter EDGAR.

Edg. Away, old man, give me thy hand; away;
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:
Give me thy hand, come on.

Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

Edg. What, in ill thoughts again? Men must
endure

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all: Come on. 90

Glo. And that's true too. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

*Enter in Conquest, with Drum and Colours, EDMUND;
LEAR, and CORDELIA, as Prisoners; Soldiers,
Captain.*

Edm. Some officers take them away: good guard;
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.

Cor. We are not the first,
Who, with best meaning, have incurr'd the worst.
For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's frown.—
Shall we not see these daughters, and these sisters?

Lear.

Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison:
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage: 101
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too—
Who loses, and who wins; who's in, who's out;—
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: And we'll wear out,
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great ones, 110
That ebb and flow by the moon.

Edm. Take them away.

Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught
thee?

He, that parts us, shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The gouteers shall devour them, flesh, and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first.
Come. [Exeunt LEAR, and CORDELIA, guarded.]

Edm. Come hither, captain; hark. 120
Take thou this note; go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes: Know thou this,—that men
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword:—Thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say, thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

Capt.

Capt. I'll do't, my lord.

Edm. About it; and write happy, when thou hast done. 130

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so,
As I have set it down.

Capt. I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dry'd oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it. [*Exit Capt.*]

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, and
Soldiers.

Alb. Sir, you have shewn to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well: You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife:
We do require them of you; so to use them,
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine. 140

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention, and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our imprest lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the
queen;

My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at a further space, to appear. 149
Where you shall hold your session. [At this time,
We sweat, and bleed: the friend hath lost his friend:
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd
By those that feel their sharpness:—

The

The question of Cordelia, and her father,
Requires a fitter place.]

Alb. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

Reg. That's as we list to grace him.
Methinks, our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers; 161
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot :
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,
More than in your advancement.

Reg. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should husband you.

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets. 174

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye, that told you so, look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him? 180

Alb. The let alone lies not in your good will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg.

Reg. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason:—Edmund, I arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,

[*Pointing to GONERIL,*

This gilded serpent:—for your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your banes. 190

If you will marry, make your love to me,

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—Let the trumpet sound:—

If none appear to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge; I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

Reg. Sick, O sick I

Gon. If not, I'll ne'er trust poison! [*Aside.*

Edm. There's my exchange; what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you (who not?) I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly.

Alb. A herald, ho!

Edm. A herald, ho, a herald!

Enter

Enter a Herald.

Alb. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name 210
Took their discharge.

Reg. This sickness grows upon me.

Alb. She is not well; convey her to my tent.

[Exit REGAN, led.]

Come hither, herald—Let the trumpet sound—
And read out this.

Capt. Sound trumpet. *[A Trumpet sounds.]*

Herald reads.

*If any man of quality, or degree, within the lists of the
army, will maintain upon Edmund, supposed earl of
Gloster, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by
the third sound of the trumpet: He is bold in his defence.*

Edm. Sound. *[1 Trumpet.]*

Her. Again. *[2 Trumpet.]*

Her. Again. *[3 Trumpet.]*

[Trumpet answers, within.]

Enter EDGAR, armed.

Alb. Ask him his purposes, why he appears
Upon this call o' the trumpet.

Her. What are you?

Your name, your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?

Edg. Know, my name is lost;
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn, and canker-bit: 230

Yet

Yet am I noble, as the adversary
I come to cope withal.

Alb. Which is that adversary?

Edg. What's he, that speaks for Edmund earl of
Gloster?

Edm. Himself;—What say'st thou to him?

Edg. Draw thy sword;

That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice : here is mine.
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,
My oath, and my profession : I protest— 240
Maugre thy strength, youth, place, and eminence,
Despight thy victor sword, and fire-new fortune,
Thy valour, and thy heart—thou art a traitor :
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father ;
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince ;
And, from the extremest upward of thy head,
To the descent and dust beneath thy feet,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou, *No*,
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 250
Thou liest.

Edm. In wisdom, I should ask thy name ;
But, since thy outside looks so fair and warlike,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn :
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head ;
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart ;
Which (for they yet glance by, and scarcely bruise),

This sword of mine shall give them instant way, 260
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak.

[Alarm. Fight. Edmund falls.]

Alb. Save him, save him!

Gon. This is mere practice, Gloster:

By the law of arms, thou wast not bound to answer
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquish'd,
But cozen'd and beguil'd.

Alb. Shut your mouth, dame,

Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir:—

Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it. 270

[Gives the Letter to EDMUND.]

Gon. Say, if I do; the laws are mine, not thine:
Who shall arraign me for't?

Alb. Monster, know'st thou this paper?

Gon. Ask me not what I know. [Exit GON.]

Alb. Go after her; she's desperate; govern her.

Edm. What you have charg'd me with, that I
have done;

And more, much more: the time will bring it out;

'Tis past, and so am I: But what art thou,

That hast this fortune on me? If thou art noble,

I do forgive thee. 280

Edg. Let us exchange charity.

I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;

If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me.

My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to scourge us:

N

The

The dark and vicious place where thee he got,
Cost him his eyes.

Edm. Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here. 290

Alb. Methought, thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, If ever I
Did hate thee, or thy father!

Edg. Worthy prince, I know it.

Alb. Where have you hid yourself?
How have you known the miseries of your father?

Edg. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;—
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!—
The bloody proclamation to escape, 300
That follow'd me so near (O our lives' sweetness!
That we the pain of death would hourly bear,
Rather than die at once!) taught me to shift
Into a mad-man's rags; to assume a semblance
That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide,
Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;
Never (O fault!) reveal'd myself unto him,
Until some half hour past, when I was arm'd, 310
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: But his flaw'd heart,
(Alack, too weak the conflict to support!)
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

Edm. This speech of your's hath mov'd me,

And

And shall, perchance, do good : but speak you on ;
You look as you had something more to say.

290

Alb. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in ;
For I am almost ready to dissolve, 321
Hearing of this.

?

e ;—

t !—

300

!

[*Edg.* —This would have seem'd a period
To such as love not sorrow ; but, another ;—
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity :—
Whilst I was big in clamour, came there in a man,
Who having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunn'd my abhorr'd society ; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endur'd, with his strong arms 330
He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out
As he'd burst heaven ; threw him on my father ;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him,
That ever ear receiv'd : which in recounting,
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack : Twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranc'd.]

;

r ;

310

Alb. But who was this ?

Edg. Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent ; who in disguise
Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service 340
Improper for a slave.]

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody Knife.

Gent. Help ! help ! O help !

Edg. What kind of help ?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means this bloody knife ?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes ;

And

Nij

It

It came even from the heart of——O! she's dead!

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poison'd; she hath confess'd it. 350

Edm. I was contracted to them both; all three
Now marry in an instant.

Enter KENT.

Alb. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead!—

[*GONERIL and REGAN's Bodies brought out.*
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.——

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! is this he? The time will not allow
The compliment which very manners urge.

Kent. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good night; 360
Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot!——
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's
Cordelia?—

See'st thou this object, Kent?

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was lov'd:
The one the other poison'd for my sake,
And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces. 369

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despight of mine own nature. Quickly send—
Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ

Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia :—
Nay, send in time.

Alb. Run, run, O, run—

Edg. To whom, my lord?—Who has the office?
send

Thy token of reprieve.

Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain. 379

Edg. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she fordid herself.

Alb. The gods defend her! Bear him hence awhile.
[*EDMUND is borne off.*]

Enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his Arms.

Lear. Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men
of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack:—O, she is gone
for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She's dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass; 390
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

Kent. Is this the promis'd end?

Edg. Or image of that horror?

Alb. Fall, and cease!

Lear. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,

It

It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.

Kent. O my good master ! [Kneeling.

Lear. Pr'ythee, away. 400

Edg. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

Lear. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all !
I might have sav'd her ; now she's gone for ever !—
Cordelia, Cordelia ! stay a little. Ha !
What is't thou say'st ?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low ; an excellent thing in woman :—
I kill'd the slave that was a hanging thee.

Kent. 'Tis true, my lords, he did.

Lear. Did I not, fellow ?
I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip : I am old now, 411
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you ?
Mine eyes are none o' the best :—I'll tell you straight.
Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight : Are you not Kent ?

Kent. The same ; your servant Kent :
Where is your servant Caius ?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that ; 419
He'll strike, and quickly too :—He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord ; I am the very man ;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else ; all's cheerless, dark, and
deadly.—

Your

Your eldest daughters have fore-doom'd themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him. 438

Edg. Very bootless.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Edmund is dead, my lord.

Alb. That's but a trifle here.—
You lords, and noble friends, know our intent.
What comfort to this great decay may come,
Shall be apply'd: For us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power:—You, to your rights;

[To EDGAR.]

With boot, and such addition as your honours 440
Have more than merited.—All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deservings.—O, see, see!

Lear. And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no
life:

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? O, thou wilt come no
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button: Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her, look on her lips, 449

Look there, look there!—

[*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints;—My lord, my lord—

Kent. Break, heart; I pr'ythee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he
hates him,

That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

Edg. O, he is gone, indeed!

Kent. The wonder is, he hath endur'd so long;
He but usurp'd his life.

459

Alb. Bear them from hence.—Our present business
Is general woe. Friends of my soul, you twain

[*To KENT and EDGAR.*

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

Kent. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls, and I must not say, no.

Alb. The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we, that are young,
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead March.*

THE END.



V.
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59
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R.
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ch.

ANNOTATIONS

BY

SAM. JOHNSON & GEO. STEEVENS,

AND

THE VARIOUS COMMENTATORS,

UPON

KING LEAR,

WRITTEN BY

WILL. SHAKSPERE.

—SIC ITUR AD ASTRA.

VIRG.

LONDON:

Printed for, and under the Direction of,

JOHN BELL, British-Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES,

M DCC LXXXVII.

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ANNOTATIONS

UPON

KING LEAR.

ACT I.

Line 4. IN the division of the kingdom—] There is something of obscurity or inaccuracy in this preparatory scene. The king has already divided his kingdom, and yet when he enters he examines his daughters, to discover in what proportions he should divide it. Perhaps Kent and Gloster only were privy to his design, which he still kept in his own hands, to be changed or performed as subsequent reasons should determine him. JOHNSON.

6. —*that curiosity in neither—*] Curiosity is scrupulousness, or captiousness. So, in the *Taming of a Shrew*, act iv. line 569.

“For curious I cannot be with you.” STEEVENS.

8. —*make choice of either's moiety.*] The strict sense of the word *moiety* is *half, one of two equal parts*; but Shakspeare commonly uses it for *any part or division*.

Methinks my *moiety* north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours :
and here the *division* was into *three* parts. STEEVENS.

19. —*some year elder than this*—] *Some year*, is an expression used when we speak *indefinitely*.

STEEVENS.

35. —*express our darker purpose.*] *We shall express our darker purpose*: that is, we have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition. This interpretation will justify or palliate the exordial dialogue.

JOHNSON.

38. —*from our age*;] The quartos read—*off our state*.

STEEVENS.

39. *Conferring them on younger strengths*,] is the reading of the folio; the quartos read, *Confirming them on younger years*.

STEEVENS.

—*while we, &c.*] From *while we*, down to *prevented now*, is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

43. —*constant will*] *Constant* is *firm, determined*. The same epithet is used with the same meaning in *The Merchant of Venice*:

—else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitution
Of any *constant* man.

STEEVENS.

49. *Since now, &c.*] These two lines are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

53. *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*—] Where the claim of *merit* is superadded to that of *nature*; or where a superior degree of *natural filial affection* is joined to the claim of other *merits*.

STEEVENS.

62. *Beyond all manner of so much*—] Beyond all assignable quantity. I love you beyond limits, and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would be yet more. JOHNSON.

63. —do?—] So the quarto; the folio has *speak*. JOHNSON.

65. —and with champains rich'd,
With plenteous rivers—] These words are omitted in the quartos. To *rich* is an obsolete verb. It is used by Tho. Drant in his translation of Horace's *Epistles*, 1567:

“To *ritch* his country let his words lyke flowing water fall.”

STEEVENS.

Rich'd is used for *enrich'd*, as *'tice* for *'entice*, *'bate* for *abate*, *strain* for *constrain*, &c. MONCK MASON.

70. *I am made, &c.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads, *Sir, I am made of the self-same metal that my sister is*. STEEVENS.

71. *And prize me*] I believe this passage should rather be pointed thus:

*And prize me at her worth, in my true heart
I find, she names, &c.*

That is, *And so may you prize me at her worth, as in my true heart I find, that she names, &c.* TYRWHITT.

I believe we should read :

“ And prize you at her worth ; ”

That is, set the same high value upon you that she does. MONCK MASON.

And prize me at her worth, perhaps means, I think myself as worthy of your favour as she is. HENLEY.

73. — *that I profess*] That seems to stand without relation, but is referred to *find*, the first conjunction being inaccurately suppressed. I find *that* she names my deed, I find that I profess, &c. JOHNSON.

The true meaning is this :—“ My sister has equally expressed my sentiments, only she comes short of me in this, that I profess myself an enemy to all joys but you.”—*That I profess*, means, *in that I profess.*

MONCK MASON.

75. *Which the most precious square of sense possesses ;*] *Square* means only *compass, comprehension.* JOHNSON.

So, in a *Parænesis to the Prince*, by lord Sterline, 1604 :

“ The square of reason, and the mind’s clear eye.”

STEEVENS.

80. *More pond’rous than my tongue.*] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, *more richer.* STEEVENS.

83. *No less in space, validity—*] *Validity*, for worth, value; not for integrity, or good title.

WARBURTON.

84. — *confirm’d—*] The folio reads, *conferr’d.*

STEEVENS.

84. ——— *Now our joy,*] Here the true reading is picked out of two copies. Butter's quarto reads :

——— *But now our joy,*

Although the last, not least in our dear love,

What can you say to win a third, &c.

The folio :

——— *Now our joy,*

Although our last, *and* least ; to whose young love

The vines of France, and milk of Burgundy,

Strive to be int'ress'd, *What can you say, &c.*

JOHNSON.

85. *Although our last, not least, &c.*] So, in the old anonymous play, King Leir speaking to Mumford :

" ——— to thee last of all ;

" Not greeted last, 'cause thy desert was small."

STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, written before 1593 :

" *The third and last, not least, in our account.*"

MALONE.

87. *Strive to be interest'd ;*] So, in the Preface to Drayton's *Polyolbion* : " —there is scarce any of the nobilitie or gentry of this land, but he is some way or other by his blood *interested* therein."

Again, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :

" Our sacred laws and just authority

" *Are interested* therein."

To *interest* and to *interesse*, are not, perhaps, different spellings of the same verb, but are two distinct words, though of the same import ; the one being derived

derived from the Latin, the other from the French *interessé*.

STEEVENS.

87. —to draw] The quarto reads—what can you say, *to win*.

STEEVENS.

89. These two speeches are wanting in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

96. *How, how, Cordelia?*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*Go to, go to*.

STEEVENS.

103. —*Haply, when I shall wed, &c.*] So, in *The Mirror of Magistrates*, 1586, Cordila says:

“To love you as I ought, my father, well;

“Yet shortly I may chance, if fortune will,

“To find in heart to beare another more good will:

“Thus much I said of nuptial loves that meant.”

STEEVENS.

107. *To love my father all.*—] These words are restored from the first edition, without which the sense was not complete.

POPE.

119. *Hold thee, from this,*—] i. e. from this time.

STEEVENS.

148. *As my great patron thought on in my prayers,*—] An allusion to the custom of clergymen praying for their patrons, in what is commonly called the bidding prayer.

HENLEY.

See also the last note on *King Henry IV.* Part II.

153. *Think'st thou, that duty shall have dread to speak,*] I have given this passage according to the old folio. The quarto agrees with the folio, except that for *reserve thy state*, it gives, *reverse thy doom*, and has

stoops,

stoops, instead of *falls to folly*. The meaning of *answer my life my judgment*, is, *Let my life be answerable for my judgment*, or, *I will stake my life on my opinion*. —The reading which, without any right, has possessed all the modern copies, is this :

—————to plainness honour

Is bound, when majesty to folly falls.

Reserve thy state ; with better judgment check

This hideous rashness ; with my life I answer,

Thy youngest daughter, &c.

I am inclined to think that *reverse thy doom* was Shakspeare's first reading, as more apposite to the present occasion, and that he changed it afterwards to *reserve thy state*, which conduces more to the progress of the action.

JOHNSON.

160. *Reverbs*——] This is, perhaps, a word of the poet's own making, meaning the same as *reverbs*.

STEEVENS.

162. ————*a pawn*

To wage against thine enemies ;———]

i. e. I never regarded my life, as my own, but merely as a thing of which I had the possession, not the property ; and which was entrusted to me as a *pawn* or pledge, to be employed in *waging* war against your enemies.

To wage against is an expression used in a letter from Guil. Webbe to Rob. Wilmot, prefixed to *Tancred and Guismund*, 1592 : “ ———you shall not be able to *wage against* me in the charges growing upon this action.”

STEEVENS.

My

My life I never held but as a *pawn*

To wage against thine enemies.—]

That is, I never considered my life as of more value than that of the commonest of your subjects. A *pawn* in chess is a *common man*, in contradistinction to the *knight*; and Shakspeare has several allusions to this game, particularly in *King John*:

Who painfully with much expedient march,

Have brought a *counter-check* before your gates.

Again, in *King Henry V*:

Therefore take heed how you *impawn* our person.

HENLEY.

167. *The true blank of thine eye.*] The *blank* is the *white*, or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. See *better*, says Kent, *and keep me always in your view*.

JOHNSON.

172. *Dear sir, forbear.*] This speech is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

174. —*thy gift.*] The quartos read—*thy doom*.

STEEVENS.

180. —*strain'd pride*] The oldest copy reads *strayed pride*; that is, *pride exorbitant*; pride passing due bounds.

JOHNSON.

181. *To come betwixt our sentence and our power;*] *Power*, for execution of the sentence. Warburton

Rather, as Mr. Edwards observes, *our power to execute that sentence*.

STEEVENS.

182. *Which nor our nature, nor our place, can bear,*
Our potency make good;] Mr. Theobald, by putting the first line into a parenthesis, and altering

make

make to made in the second line, had destroyed the sense of the whole ; which, as it stood before he corrupted the words, was this : “ You have endeavoured, says Lear, to make me break my oath ; you have presumed to stop the execution of my sentence : the latter of these attempts neither my temper nor high station will suffer me to bear ; and the other, had I yielded to it, my power could not make good, or excuse.”——*Which*, in the first line, referring to both attempts : but the ambiguity of it, as it might refer only to the latter, has occasioned all the obscurity of the passage.

WARBURTON.

Theobald only inserted the parenthesis ; he found *made good* in the best copy of 1623. Dr. Warburton has very acutely explained and defended the reading that he has chosen ; but I am not certain that he has chosen right. If we take the reading of the folio, *our potency made good*, the sense will be less profound indeed, but less intricate, and equally commodious. *As thou hast come with unreasonable pride between the sentence which I had passed, and the power by which I shall execute it, take thy reward in another sentence, which shall make good, shall establish, shall maintain, that power.* If Dr. Warburton's explanation be chosen, and every reader will wish to choose it, we may better read :

Which nor our nature, nor our state can bear,

Or potency make good.——

Mr. Davies thinks, that *our potency made good*, relates only to *our place*.——Which our nature cannot bear, nor

our

our *place*, without departure from the *potency* of that place. This is easy and clear.—Lear, who is characterized as hot, heady, and violent, is, with very just observation of life, made to entangle himself with vows, upon any sudden provocation to vow revenge, and then to plead the obligation of a vow in defence of implacability.

JOHNSON.

185. —*disasters*.] The quartos read *diseases*.

STEEVENS.

192. *Freedom lives hence*—] So the folio. The quartos concur in reading—*Friendship* lives hence.

STEEVENS.

193. —*dear shelter*—] The quartos read—*protection*.

STEEVENS.

198. *He'll shape his old course*—] He will follow his old maxims; he will continue to act upon the same principles.

JOHNSON.

204. —*quest of love*.] *Quest of love* is *amorous expedition*. The term originated from Romance. A quest was the expedition in which a knight was engaged. This phrase is often to be met with in the *Faery Queen*.

STEEVENS.

211. *Seeming*] is *beautiful*.

JOHNSON.

Seeming rather means *specious*. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“—pluck the borrow'd veil of modesty from the so *seeming* mistress Page.”

Again, in *Measure for Measure*:

“—hence shall we see,

“If power change purpose, what our *seemers* be.”

STEEVENS.

216. ———owes,] i. e. Is possessed of.

STEEVENS.

221. *Eleſſion makes not up on ſuch conditions*] To *make up* ſignifies to complete, to conclude; as, *they made up the bargain*; but in this ſenſe it has, I think, always the ſubject noun after it. To *make up*, in familiar language, is neutrally, *to come forward*, to *make advances*, which, I think, is meant here.

JOHNSON.

See *make up*, catch-word Alphabet.

232. *The beſt, the deareſt*; —] The quartos read—

Moſt beſt, moſt deareſt.

STEEVENS.

236. *That monſters it.*] This uncommon verb occurs again in *Coriolanus*, act ii. ſcene ii :

“ To hear my nothings *monſter’d*. ” STEEVENS.

237. ———ſure, her offence

Must be of ſuch unnatural degree,

That monſters it, or your fore-vouch’d affection

Fall into taint :] The word *must* refers to

fall, as well as to *be*. Her offence *must* be monſtrous, or the former affection which you professed for her, *must fall* into taint; that is, become the ſubject of reproach.

MONCK MASON.

Taint is a term belonging to falconry. So, in the *Booke of Haukyng*, &c. bl. let. no date: “ A *taint* is a thing that goeth overthwart the fethers, &c. like as it were eaten with wormes.”

STEEVENS.

257. ———with regards that stand.] The quarto reads :

———with *reſpects* that ſtands.

STEEVENS.

B

258.

258. —from the entire point.] *Entire*, for single, unmixed with other considerations. JOHNSON.

The meaning of the passage is, that his love wants something to mark its sincerity :

“ Who seeks for aught in love but love alone ? ”

STEEVENS.

259. *She is herself a dowry.*] The quartos read: *She is herself and dower.* STEEVENS.

260. *Royal Lear,*] So the quarto; the folio has—*Royal king.* STEEVENS.

281. *Thou lovest here*——] *Here* and *where* have the power of nouns. Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place. JOHNSON.

See *Where*, catch-word Alphabet.

292. —*professing bosoms.*] All the ancient editions read—*professed*. The alteration is Mr. Pope's; but, perhaps, is unnecessary, as Shakspeare often uses one participle for the other;—*longing* for *longed* in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *all-obeying* for *all-obeyed* in *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

300. *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*] I explain the passage thus:—You are well deserving of the want of dower that you are without. So, in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* act iv. sc. 1: “ Though I *want* a kingdom,” *i. e.* though I am without a kingdom. Again, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 137: “ Anselm was expelled the realm, and *wanted* the whole profits of his bishoprick,” *i. e.* he did not receive the profits, &c. TOLLET.

301. —*plaited cunning*—] Or (as the quarto has it)

it) *pleated*. So, in *Venus and Adonis* :

“ For that he colour’d with his high estate,

“ Hiding base sin in *pleats* of majesty.”

MALONE.

302. *Who cover faults, &c.*] The quartos read,

Who *covers* faults; at last *shame them* derides.

This I have replaced. The former editors read with the folio :

Who *covers* faults at last with shame derides.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Monck Mason believes the folio, with the alteration of a letter, to be the right reading :

Time shall unfold what *plaited* cunning hides,

Who *covert* faults at last with shame derides.

The word *who* referring to *time*.

In the third act, Lear says :

——Caitiff shake to pieces,

That under *covert*, and convenient seeming,

Hath practised on man’s life.

REED.

In this passage Cordelia is made to allude to a passage of Scripture : *Prov. xxviii. 13.* “ He that *covereth* his sins shall not prosper : but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.”

HENLEY.

319. ——*of long engrafted condition,*] *i. e.* vices of the mind confirmed by habit.

MALONE.

The same figure occurs both in *Hamlet* and *Othello*.

* * *

325. ——*let us hit*——] So the old quarto. The folio, *let us fit*.

JOHNSON.

——*let us hit*——] *i. e.* agree.

STEEVENS.

330. —[*i' the heat*] *i. e.* We must *strike while the iron's hot.*

STEEVENS.

331. *Thou, nature, art my goddess;—*] Dr. Warburton says that Shakspeare has made his *bastard* an *atheist*; when it is very plain that Edmund only speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not (as he supposes) to the existence of a *God*. Edmund means only, as he came not into the world as *custom* or *law* had prescribed, so he had nothing to do but to follow *nature* and her laws, which make no difference between legitimacy and illegitimacy, between the eldest and the youngest.

To contradict Dr. Warburton's assertion yet more strongly, Edmund concludes this very speech by an invocation to heaven.

“Now, *gods*, stand up for bastards!” STEEVENS.

333. *Stand in the plague of custom—*] Shakspeare seems to mean by this expression: Wherefore should I remain in a situation where I shall be plagued and tormented only in consequence of the contempt with which custom regards those who are not the issue of a lawful bed?

STEEVENS.

334. *The courtesy of nations—*] *Curiosity*, in the time of Shakspeare, was a word that signified *an over-nice scrupulousness* in manners, dress, &c. In this sense it is used in *Timon*: “When thou wast (says *Ape-mantus*) in thy gilt and thy perfume, they mock'd thee for too much *curiosity*.” Barret, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets it, *piked diligence: something too curious, or too much affected: and* again,

again, in this play of *King Lear*, Shakspeare seems to use it in the same sense, "which I have rather blamed as my own jealous *curiosity*." STEEVENS.

334. —to *deprive me*,] To *deprive* was, in our author's time, synonymous to *disinherit*. The old dictionary renders *exhæredo* by this word: and Holinshed speaks of *the line of Henry before deprived*.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. III. ch. xvi.

"To you, if whom ye have *depriv'd* ye shall restore again."

Again, *Ibid*.

"The one restor'd, for his late *depriving* nothing mov'd."

STEEVENS.

336. *Lag of a brother?*] Edmund inveighs against the tyranny of custom, in two instances, with respect to younger brothers, and to bastards. In the former he must not be understood to mean himself, but the argument becomes general by implying more than is said, *Wherefore should I, or any man?* HANMER.

341. *Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, &c.*] These fine lines are an instance of our author's admirable art in giving proper sentiments to his characters. The *bastard's* is that of a confirmed atheist; and his being made to ridicule *judicial astrology*, was designed as one mark of such a character. For this impious juggle had a religious reverence paid to it at that time. And therefore the best characters in this play acknowledge the force of the stars' influence. But how much the lines following this are in character,

may be seen by that monstrous wish of Vanini, the Italian atheist, in his tract *De admirandis Natura*, &c. printed at Paris, 1616, the very year our poet died.

“O utinam extra legitimum & connubialem thorum essem procreatus! Ita enim progenitores mei in venerem incaluisse ardentius, ac cumulatim affatimque generosa semina contulissent, & quibus ego formæ blanditiam & elegantiam, robustas corporis vires, mentemque innubilem consequutus fuisset. At quia conjugatorum sum soboles, his orbatus sum bonis.” Had the book been published but ten or twenty years sooner, who would not have believed that Shakspeare alluded to this passage? But the divinity of his genius foretold, as it were, what such an atheist as Vanini would say, when he wrote upon such a subject. WARBURTON.

Mr. Steevens hath, in a former note, confuted the imputed atheism of Edmund. * * *

351. *Shall top the legitimate.*—] Here the Oxford editor would shew us that he is as good at coining phrases as his author, and so alters the text thus:

Shall toe th' legitimate.—

i. e. says he, *stand on even ground with him*; as he would do with his author. WARBURTON.

Hanmer's emendation will appear very plausible to him that shall consult the original reading. Butter's quarto reads:

—Edmund the base

Shall tooth' legitimate.—

The folio.

—Edmund the base

Shall to th' legitimate.—

Hanmer,

Hanmer, therefore, could hardly be charged with coining a word, though his explanation may be doubted. To *toe* him, is perhaps to *kick* him out, a phrase yet in vulgar use; or, to *toe*, may be literally to *sup-plant*.
JOHNSON.

Mr. Edwards would read—Shall *top* the legitimate. I have received this emendation, because the succeeding expression, I *grow*, seems to favour it.

STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth* :

“ ———Not in the legions

“ Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn’d,

“ To *top* Macbeth.”

MALONE.

354. ———subscrib’d *his power*!] *Subscrib’d* for *transferred, alienated*.
WARBURTON.

To subscribe, is, to transfer by signing or *subscribing* a writing of testimony. We now use the term, He *subscribed* forty pounds to the new building.

JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*prescribed*.

STEEVENS.

355. ———*exhibition*!——] Is *allowance*. The term is yet used in the universities.
JOHNSON.

———*All this done*

Upon the gad!———]

So the old copies: the later editions read :

———*All is gone*

Upon the gad!———

which, besides that it is unauthorized, is less proper. To do upon the *gad*, is, to act by the sudden stimulation

lation of caprice, as cattle run madding when they are stung by the gad fly. JOHNSON.

A thing done upon the *gad* is done suddenly, or (as before) while the *iron is hot*. A *gad* is an *iron bar*.

REMARKS.

See *Gad*, catch-word Alphabet.

375. ———taste of my virtue.] Though *taste* may stand in this place, yet I believe we should read, *assay* or *test* of my virtue: they are both metallurgical terms, and properly joined. So, in *Hamlet*:

“Bring me to the *test*.”

JOHNSON.

The old reading is the true one. See Mr. Steevens's note on the word *say*, act v. line 254. In the eastern parts of the kingdom this expression is still retained.

HENLEY.

379. ———idle and fond——] Weak and foolish.

JOHNSON.

420. ———pretence——] *Pretence* is design, purpose. So, afterwards, in this play:

Pretence and purpose of unkindness. JOHNSON.

427. *Edm.*] From *Nor is*, to *heaven and earth*! are words omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

430. ———wind me into him——] So, in *Twelfth-Night*: “challenge *me* the duke's youth to fight with him.” Instances of this phraseology occur in *The Merchant of Venice*, *K. Henry IV. Part I.* and in *Othello*.

STEEVENS.

431. ———I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.] The same word occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“Yes,

"Yes, like enough, high-battl'd Cæsar will
 "Unstate his happiness, and be urg'd to shew
 "Against a sword."——

To *unstate*, in both these instances, seems to have the same meaning. Edgar has been represented as wishing to possess his father's fortune, *i. e.* to *unstate* him; and therefore his father says he would *unstate* himself to be sufficiently resolved to punish him.

To *enstate* is to *confer* a fortune. So, in *Measure for Measure* :

——his possessions

We do *enstate* and widow you withal. STEEVENS.

It seems to me, that *I would unstate myself* in this passage means simply *I would give my estate* (including rank as well as fortune.) TYRWHITT.

Gloster cannot bring himself thoroughly to believe what Edmund told him of Edgar; he says, Can he be such a monster? He afterwards desires Edmund to sound his intentions, and then says, he would give all he possessed to be certain of the truth; for that is the meaning of the words *to be in a due resolution*.

Othello uses the word *resolved* in the same sense more than once :

"——I will be *resolved*,

"For once to be in doubt, is once to be *resolved*."

In both which places, *to be resolved* means *to be certain* of the fact.

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, Amin-tor says to Evadne,

" 'Tis

" 'Tis not his crown

" Shall buy me to thy bed, now I resolve,

" He hath dishonour'd thee."

And afterwards in the same play the King says :

" Well, I am resolved

" You lay not with her." MONCK MASON.

433. —convey the business—] To convey, is to manage artfully : we say of a juggler, that he has a clean conveyance. JOHNSON.

So, in *Mother Bombie*, by Lilly, 1599 : " Two, they say, may keep counsel if one be away ; but to convey knavery two are too few, and four are too many."

Again, in *A mad World, My Masters*, by Middleton, 1608 :

" —thus I've convey'd it ;—

" I'll counterfeit a fit of violent sickness."

STEEVENS.
So, in Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607 :

" A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,

" Doth oft mar all, when not with care convey'd."

MALONE.
437. —the wisdom of nature—] That is, though natural philosophy can give account of eclipses, yet we feel their consequences. JOHNSON.

442. *This villain*—] These words, and all to graves inclusive, are omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

452. *This is the excellent foppery of the world, &c.*] In Shakspeare's best plays, besides the vices that arise from the subject, there is generally some peculiar prevailing

prevailing folly, principally ridiculed, that runs through the whole piece. Thus, in *The Tempest*, the lying disposition of travellers; and, in *As You Like It*, the fantastick humour of courtiers is exposed and satirised with infinite pleasantry. In like manner, in this play of *Lear*, the dotages of judicial astrology are severely ridiculed. I fancy, was the date of its first performance well considered, it would be found that something or other happened at that time which gave a more than ordinary run to this deceit, as these words seem to intimate; *I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses.*

WARBURTON.

457. —and treachers—] The modern editors read *treacherous*; but the reading of the first copies, which I have restored to the text, may be supported from most of the old contemporary writers. So, in *Doctor Dodypoll*, a comedy, 1600:

“How smooth the cunning *treacher* look’d upon it!”

Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, mentions “the false *treacher*,” and Spenser often uses the same word.

STEEVENS.

462. —of a star.] Both the quartos read—to the charge of stars.

STEEVENS.

468. —pat he comes—] The quartos read,

—and out he comes.—

STEEVENS.

Pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old comedy:—] Instead of admitting with Dr. Warburton that Shakspeare meant this as a *panegyrick*, on “the natural

natural winding up of the plot in the comedy of the ancients;" or with Mr. Warner, that it is "*satire*, and intended to ridicule the awkward conclusions of our old comedies."—Is it not more probable, that a *particular comedy* was referred to, and which perhaps gave rise to the proverb: "*Talk of the devil, and his horns will appear?*"—At least, this used to be the case in the puppet-show of Punch.

HENLEY.

478. *I promise you*——] The folio edition commonly differs from the first quarto, by augmentation or insertions; but in this place it varies by omission, and by the omission of something which naturally introduces the following dialogue. It is easy to remark, that in this speech, which ought, I think, to be inserted as it now is in the text, Edmund, with the common craft of fortune-tellers, mingles the past and future, and tells of the future only what he already foreknows by confederacy, or can attain by probable conjecture.

JOHNSON.

479. —as of——] These words, and all that follow to *come, come*, inclusive, are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

484. For *breeches* read *breaches*.

485. *How long have you*——] This line I have restored from the two eldest quartos, and have regulated the following speech according to the same copies.

STEEVENS.

500. *That's my fear.*] All between this and the next speech of Edmund, is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

523. *By day and night he wrongs me.*] This passage has hitherto been printed as an adjuration :

By day and night ! &c.

But wrongly, as was observed to me by Mr. Whalley.

STEEVENS.

536. — *Idle old man,*] The lines from *Not to be over-rul'd*, &c. to *Remember*, as they are fine in themselves, and very much in character for Goneril, I have restored from the old quarto. The last verse, which I have ventured to amend, is there printed thus :

With checks, like flatt'ries when they are seen
abus'd.

THEOBALD.

These lines hardly deserve a note, though Mr. Theobald thinks them *very fine*. The controverted line is yet in the old quarto, not as the editors represent it, but thus :

With checks *as* flatteries when they are seen
abus'd.

I am in doubt whether there is any error of transcription. The sense seems to be this: *Old men must be treated with checks*, when as *they are seen to be deceived with flatteries* : or, *when they are weak enough to be seen abused by flatteries*, they are then weak enough to be *used with checks*. There is a play of the words *used* and *abused* : to *abuse* is, in our author, very frequently the same as to *deceive*. This construction is harsh and ingrammatical ; Shakspeare perhaps thought it vicious, and chose to throw away the lines rather than correct them, nor would now thank the officious-

ness of his editors, who restore what they do not understand.

JOHNSON.

The plain meaning, I believe, is—old fools must be used with checks, as flatteries must be check'd when they are made a bad use of.

TOLLET.

I understand this passage thus: *Old fools—must be used with checks, as well as flatteries, when they [i. e. flatteries] are seen to be abused.*

TYRWHITT.

The sentiment of Goneril is obviously this: “When old fools will not yield to the appliances of persuasion, harsh treatment must be employed to compel their submission.” When *flatteries are seen to be abus'd* by them, *checks must be used*, as the only means left to subdue them.

HENLEY.

548. *If but as well I other accents borrow,*

And can my speech disuse.—] Thus Rowe, Pope, and Johnson, in contradiction to all the ancient copies.

The first folio reads the whole passage as follows:

If but as will I other accents borrow,

That can my speech defuse, my good intent

May carry through, &c.

We must suppose that Kent advances looking on his disguise. This circumstance very naturally leads to his speech, which otherwise would have no very apparent introduction. *If I can change my speech as well as I have changed my dress.* To *diffuse* speech, signifies to disorder it, and so to *disguise* it; as in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, act iv. scene 4:

“—rush

“ ———rush at once

“ With some *diffused* song.” ———

Again, in the *Nice Valour*, &c. by Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid says to the *Passionate Man*, who appears disordered in his dress :

“ ———Go not so *diffusedly*.”

Again, in our author's *King Henry V* :

“ ———swearing, and stern looks, *diffus'd* attire.”

Again, in a book entitled, *A Green Forest, or A Natural History*, &c. by John Maplet, 1567 :—“ In this stone is apparently seene verie often the verie forme of a tode, with bespotted and coloured feete, but those uglye and *defusedly*.”—To *diffuse speech* may, however, mean to *speak broad*, with a clownish accent.—The two eldest quartos concur with the folio, except that they read *well* instead of *will*. STEEVENS.

562. ———*him that is wise, and says little* ;——] To *converse* signifies immediately and properly to *keep company*, not to *discourse* or *talk*. His meaning is, that he chuses for his companions men of reserve and caution ; men who are no tatlers nor tale-bearers.

JOHNSON.

564. ———*and to eat no fish*.] In queen Elizabeth's time the Papists were esteemed, and with good reason, enemies to the government. Hence the proverbial phrase of, *He's an honest man, and eats no fish* ; to signify he's a friend to the government, and a Protestant. The eating fish, on a religious account, being then esteemed such a badge of Popery, that when it was enjoined for a season by act of parliament,

ment, for the encouragement of the fish-towns, it was thought necessary to declare the reason; hence it was called *Cecil's fast*. To this disgraceful badge of Popery Fletcher alludes in his *Woman-hater*, who makes the courtesan say, when Lazarillo, in search of the Umbrano's head, was seized at her house by the intelligencers for a traitor: "Gentlemen, I am glad you have discovered him. He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds. And sure I did not like him, when he *called for fish*." And Marston's *Dutch Courtesan*: "I trust I am none of the wicked that *eat fish a Fryday*." WARBURTON.

616. —a very pretence.] *Pretence*, in Shakspeare, generally signifies *design*. So, in a foregoing scene in this play: "——to no other *pretence* of danger."

STEEVENS.

630. —bandy looks——] A metaphor from *Tennis*:

"Come in, take this *bandy* with the racket of patience." *Decker's Satiromastix.*

Again: "——buckle with them hand to hand,

"And *bandy* blows as thick as hailstones fall."

Wily Beguiled.

STEEVENS.

644. —take my *coxcomb*.——] Meaning his cap, called so, because on the top of the fool or jester's cap was sewed a piece of red cloth, resembling the comb of a cock. The word, afterwards, was used to denote a vain, conceited, meddling fellow.

WARBURTON.

See

See Fig. XII. in the plate at the end of the first part of *King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's explanation, who has since added, that Minshew, in his *Dictionary*, 1627, says, "Natural ideots and fools have, and still do accustome themselves to weare in their cappes cockes feathers, or a hat *with a neck and head of a cocke on the top*, and a bell thereon," &c. STEEVENS.

645. *Why, fool?*] The folio reads—*why, my boy?* and gives this question to Lear. STEEVENS.

648. —*thou'lt catch cold shortly*] *i. e.* be turned out of doors, and exposed to the inclemency of the weather. FARMER.

653. —*two coxcombs*—] Two fools caps; intended, as it seems, to mark double folly in the man that gives all to his daughters. JOHNSON.

This seems to be inaccurate. The fool assigns the first cap to Lear for having given up half his kingdom to one daughter, and the second, for not withholding the remaining half from the other. HENLEY.

660. —*lady brach*—] *Brach* is a bitch of the hunting kind.

"Nos quidem hodie *brach* dicimus de cane fœminea, quæ leporem ex odore persequitur." Spelm. Gloss. in voce *Bracco*.

Dr. Letherland, on the margin of Dr. Warburton's edition, proposed *lady's brach*, *i. e.* *favour'd animal*. The third quarto has a much more unmannerly reading, which I would not wish to establish: but all the other editions concur in reading *lady brach*. *Lady* is still a common name for a hound. So Hotspur:

C i i j "I had

“ I had rather hear *lady*, my *brach*, howl in Irish.”
Again, in Ben Jonson’s *Poem to a Friend*, &c.

“ Do all the tricks of a salt *lady* bitch.”

In the old black letter *Booke of Huntyng*, &c. no date, the list of dogs concludes thus: “ —and small *ladi popies* that bere awai the fleas and divers small fautes.” We might read—“ when *lady* the *brach*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

668. *Lend less than thou owest,*] That is, *do not lend all that thou hast*. To *owe*, in old English, is to *possess*.

JOHNSON.

670. *Learn more than thou trowest,*] To *trow*, is an old word which signifies to *believe*. The precept is admirable.

WARBURTON.

676. *This is nothing, fool.*] The quartos give this speech to *Lear*.

STEEVENS.

687. *No, lad—*] This dialogue, from *No, lad, teach me*, down to *Give me an egg*, was restored from the first edition by Mr. Theobald. It is omitted in the folio, perhaps for political reasons, as it seemed to censure monopolies.

JOHNSON.

701. —*if I had a monopoly out, they would have a part on’t.*] A satire on the gross abuses of monopolies at that time; and the corruption and avarice of the courtiers, who commonly went shares with the patentee.

WARBURTON.

Monopolies were in Shakspeare’s time the common objects of satire. So, in Decker’s *Match me in London*, 1631:

“ —Give him a court loaf, stop his mouth with a *monopoly*.”

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"A knight, and never heard of smock-fees! I would I had a *monopoly* of them, so there was no impost set on them."

Again, in the birth of *Merlin*, 1662:

"——So foul a monster would be a fair *monopoly* worth the begging."

In the books of the Stationers-Company, I meet with the following entry. "John Charlewoode, Oct. 1587: lycensed unto him by the whole consent of the assistants, the *onlye* ymprynting of all manner of billes for plaiers." Again, Nov. 6, 1615, The liberty of printing *all* billes for fencing was granted to Mr. Purfoot.

STEEVENS.

714. *Fools ne'er had less grace in a year,*] There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is, that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place. Such I think is the meaning. Both the quartos read *wit* for *grace*.

JOHNSON.

723. *Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, by Heywood, 1630:

"When Tarquin first in court began,

"And was approved king,

"So men for sudden joy did weep,

"But I for sorrow sing."

I cannot ascertain in what year T. Heywood first published this play, as the copy in 1630, which I have used, was the *fourth* impression.

STEEVENS.

737. ———*that frontlet*———] Lear alludes to the *frontlet*,

frontlet, which was anciently part of a woman's dress. So, in the play called the *Four P's*, 1569:

"Forsooth women have many lets,

"And they be masked in many nets:

"As *frontlets*, fillets, partlets, and bracelets:

"And then their bonnets and their pionets."

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592:

"—Hoods, *frontlets*, wires, cauls, curling-irons, perriwigs, bodkins, fillets, hair-laces, ribbons, roles, knot-strings, glasses, &c."

STEEVENS.

740. —now thou art an O without a figure:] The fool means to say, that Lear, "having pared his wit on both sides, and left nothing in the middle," is become a mere cypher; which has no arithmetical value, unless preceded or followed by some figure.

MALONE.

747. *That's a sheal'd peascod.*] i. e. Now a mere husk, which contains nothing. The outside of a king remains, but all the intrinsick parts of royalty are gone: he has nothing to give.

JOHNSON.

That's a sheal'd peascod.] i. e. The robing of Richard II.'s effigy in Westminster-Abbey is wrought with *peascods open*, and the *peas out*; perhaps in allusion to his being once in full possession of sovereignty, but soon reduced to an empty title. See Camden's *Remains*, 1674, p. 453. edit. 1657, p. 340. TOLLET.

755. —put it on] i. e. promote, push it forward. So, in *Macbeth*:

"———the pow'rs

"Put on their instruments."——— STEEVENS.

756. *By your allowance;]* *By your approbation.*

MALONE.

765. ——— *were left darkling.*] This word is used by Milton, *Paradise Lost*, book I :

“ ——— as the wakeful bird

“ *Sings darkling.*” ———

Dr. Farmer concurs with me in supposing, that the words—*So out went the candle, &c.* are a fragment of some old song.

STEEVENS.

770. ——— *transform you.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*transport you.*

STEEVENS.

773. ——— *Whoop, Jug, I love thee.*] This, as I am informed, is a quotation from the burthen of an old song.

STEEVENS.

Whoop, Jug, I'll do thee no harm, occurs in *The Winter's Tale.*

MALONE.

774. ——— *this is not Lear :*] This passage appears to have been imitated by Ben Jonson in his *Sad Shepherd :*

“ ——— this is not Marian !

“ Nor am I Robin Hood ! I pray you ask her !

“ Ask her, good shepherds ! ask her all for me :

“ Or rather ask yourselves, if she be she ;

“ Or I be I.”

STEEVENS.

777. ——— *Ha! waking?—'Tis not so.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read :

——— *sleeping or waking ; ha ! sure 'tis not so.*

STEEVENS.

778. ——— *Lear's shadow ?]* The folio gives these words to the Fool,

STEEVENS.

779. ———— *for by the marks*

Of sov'reignty, of knowledge, and of reason]

The meaning appears to me to be this :

“ Were I to judge from the marks of sovereignty, of knowledge, or of reason, I should be induced to think I had daughters ; yet that must be a false persuasion—It cannot be.”

MONCK MASON.

781. ———— *I had daughters.*—] Here the quarto interposes the following short and useless speech of the fool :

“ Which they will make an obedient father.”

Which, is on this occasion used with two deviations from present language. It is referred, contrary to the rules of grammarians, to the pronoun *I*, and is employed, according to a mode now obsolete, for *whom*, the accusative case of *who*.

STEEVENS.

793. ———— *a grac'd palace.*—] A palace grac'd by the presence of a sovereign.

WARBURTON.

796. *A little to disquantity your train ;]* A little is the common reading ; but it appears, from what Lear says in the next scene, that this number *fifty* was required to be cut off, which (as the editions stood) is no where specified by Goneril.

POPE.

Of fifty to disquantity your train ;] If Mr. Pope had examined the old copies as accurately as he pretended to have done, he would have found, in the *first folio*, that Lear had an *exit* marked for him after these words—

To have a thankless child.—Away, away !
and goes out while Albany and Goneril have a short
conference

conference of two speeches ; and then returns in a still greater passion, having been informed (as it should seem) of the express number, without.

What? *fifty* of my followers at a clap?

This renders all change needless ; and *away, away!* being restored, prevents the repetition of *go, go, my people!* which, as the text stood before this regulation, concluded both that and the foregoing speech. Goneril with great art is made to avoid mentioning the limited number ; and leaves her father to be informed of it by accident, which she knew would be the case as soon as he left her presence. STEEVENS.

797. ————*that shall still depend,*] *Depend,* for continue in service. WARBURTON.

810. *Than the sea-monster!*] Mr. Upton observes, that the sea-monster is the *Hippopotamus*, the hieroglyphical symbol of impiety and ingratitude. Sandys, in his travels, says—"that he killeth his sire, and ravisheth his own dam." STEEVENS.

811. *Pray, sir, be patient.*] The quartos omit this speech. STEEVENS.

818. —*like an engine*—] Mr. Edwards conjectures that by an engine is meant the *rack*. He is right. To *engine* is, in Chaucer, to *strain* upon the *rack* ; and in the following passage from the *Three Lords of London*, 1590, *engine* seems to be used for the same instrument of torture :

"From Spain they come, with *engine* and intent,

"To slay, subdue, to triumph, and *torment*."

Again, in the *Night-Walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher :

"Ther souls shot through with adders torn, on
engines." STEEVENS.

822. —Go, go, my people!] Perhaps these words ought to be regulated differently :

Go ; go :—my people !

By Albany's answer it should seem that he had endeavoured to appease Lear's anger ; and perhaps it was intended by the author that he should here be put back by the king with these words—"Go ; go ;" and that Lear should then turn hastily from his son-in-law, and call his train : "My people !" Mes Gens, French. So, in a former part of this scene :

"You strike *my people* ; and your disorder'd rabble

"Make servants of their betters."

Again, in *Othello* :

"—Call up my people."

However the passage be understood, these latter words must bear this sense. The meaning of the whole, indeed, may be only—"Away, away, my followers!"

MALONE.

824. *Of what hath mov'd you.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

831. —*from her derogate body*—] *Derogate* for *unnatural*.

WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, *degraded* ; *blasted*. JOHNSON.

834. —*thwart*] *Thwart*, as a noun adjective, is not frequent in our language ; it is however to be found in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, "Sith fortune *thwart* doth crosse my joys with care." The quarto reads,
a *thourt*

a *thourt disvetur'd* torment, which I apprehend to be *disfeatur'd*. HENDERSON.

834. ———*disnatur'd*] *Disnatur'd* is wanting natural affection. So, Daniel in *Hymen's Triumph*, 1623:

"I am not so *disnatura'd* a man." STEEVENS.

836. ———*cadent tears*——] *i. e.* Falling tears. Dr. Warburton would read *cadent*. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton proposes to read *cadent*; and the words—*these hot tears*, in Lear's next speech, may seem to authorise the amendment; but the present reading is right. It is a more severe imprecation to wish, that tears by constant flowing may fret channels in the cheeks; which implies a long life of wretchedness, than to wish that those channels should be made by scalding tears, which alone do not mark the same continuation of misery.

The same thought occurs in *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. iii.

"Not Priamus and Hecuba on knees,

"Their eyes o'er-galled with *recourse* of tears," should prevent his going to the field.

MONCK MASON.

837. *Turn all her mother's pains and benefits*

To laughter and contempt;) "Her mother's pains" here signifies, not bodily sufferings, or the throes of child-birth (with which this "disnatura'd babe" being unacquainted, it could not *deride* or *despise* them), but *maternal cares*; the solicitude of a mother for the welfare of her child. *Benefits* mean *good offices*; her kind and *beneficent* attention to the education

education of her offspring, &c. Mr. Roderick has, in my opinion, explained both these words wrong. He is equally mistaken in supposing that the sex of this child is ascertained by the word *her*; which clearly relates, not to Goneril's issue, but to herself. "*Her mother's pains*" means—the pains she takes as a mother.

MALONE.

849. I will transcribe this passage from the first edition, that it may appear to those who are unacquainted with old books, what is the difficulty of revision, and what indulgence is due to those that endeavour to restore corrupted passages.—— *That these hot tears, that breake from me perforce, should make the worse blasts and fogs upon the untender woundings of a father's curse, peruse every sense about the old fond eyes, beweepe this cause again, &c.*

JOHNSON.

852. *The untented woundings*———]. *Untented* wounds, mean wounds in their worst state, not having a *tent* in them to digest them; and may possibly signify here such as will not admit of having a tent put into them for that purpose. One of the quartos reads *untender*.

STEEVENS.

855. ——— *that you lose.*] The quartos read—*that you make.*

STEEVENS.

857. *Let it be so, &c.*] The reading is here gleaned up, part from the first, and part from the second edition.

JOHNSON.

Let it be so, is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

875. *Gon.*] All from hence, to *How now,* is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

877. *At point,*] I believe, means completely armed, and consequently ready at appointment or command on the slightest notice. STEEVENS.

887. *How now, Oswald?*] The quartos read—*What, Oswald, ho!*

Osw. *Here, madam.*

Gon. *What, have you writ this letter, &c.*

STEEVENS.

893. — *compact it more.*—] Unite one circumstance with another, so as to make consistent account.

JOHNSON.

897. — *more at task*—] It is a common phrase now with parents and governesses. *I'll take you to task, i. e. I will reprehend and correct you. To be at task, therefore, is to be liable to reprehension and correction.* JOHNSON.

Both the quartos, instead of *at task*—read, *alapt*. A late editor of *King Lear*, says, that the first quarto reads *attask'd*; but unless there be a third quarto, which I have never seen or heard of, his assertion is erroneous.

STEEVENS.

The word *task* is frequently used by Shakspeare, and indeed by other writers of his time, in the sense of *tax*. Goneril means to say, that he was more taxed for want of wisdom, than praised for mildness.

So, in *The Island Princess*:

“You are too saucy, too impudent,

“To *task* me with those errors.”

MONCK MASON.

Dij

900.

900. *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.*] So, in our author's 103d Sonnet :

“ Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend,*

“ *To mar the subject that before was well ?*”

MALONE.

906. ————*there before you.*] He seems to intend to go to his daughter ; but it appears afterwards that he is going to the house of Gloster. JOHNSON.

916. ————*thy other daughter will use thee kindly.*] The *Fool* uses the word *kindly* here in two senses ; it means *affectionately*, and like the rest of her kind.

MONCK MASON.

927. *I did her wrong*——] He is musing on Cordelia. JOHNSON.

943. *To take it again perforce!*——] He is meditating on the resumption of his royalty. JOHNSON.

He is rather meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him.

STEEVENS.

The subject of Lear's meditation is the resumption of that moiety of his kingdom which he had given to Goneril. This was what Albany apprehended, when he replied to the upbraidings of his wife:—“ Well, well ; the event :”—what Lear himself projected when he left Goneril to go to Regan :—

“ —Yet I have left a daughter,

“ Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable ;

“ When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

“ She'll flea thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find,

“ That

"That I'll resume the shape, which thou dost think,
"I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant
thee."—

And what *Curan* afterwards refers to, when he asks
Edmund: "Have you heard of no likely wars toward,
'twixt the dukes of Cornwall and Albany?" HENLEY.

ACT II.

Line 9. ——— *EAR-kissing arguments.*] *Ear-kissing*
arguments means that they are yet in reality only *whis-*
per'd ones. STEEVENS.

11. *Cur.* This and the following speech are omit-
ted in one of the quartos. STEEVENS.

18. ——— *queazy question,*] *Queazy*, I believe, means
delicate, what requires to be handled nicely. So, Ben
Jonson, in *Sejanus*:

"Those times are somewhat *queazy* to be touch'd.—

"Have you not seen or read part of his book?"

So, in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*:

"Notes of a *queazy* and sick stomach, labouring

"With want of a true injury."——

Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"Despight of his quick wit and *queazy* stomach."

STEEVENS.

Queazy is still used in Devonshire, to express that

D i i j

sickishness

sickishness of stomach which the slightest disgust is apt to provoke.

HENLEY.

25. ——— *i' the haste,*] I should suppose we ought to read only *in haste*; *i' the* being repeated accidentally by the compositor.

STEEVENS.

26. ——— *have you nothing said*

Upon his party 'gainst the duke of Albany?]

The meaning is, *have you said nothing upon the party formed by him against the duke of Albany?*

HANMER.

I cannot but think the line corrupted, and would read :

Against his party, for the duke of Albany?

JOHNSON.

Upon his party, means simply *on his behalf.*

HENLEY.

41. *Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon]*

This was a proper circumstance to urge to Gloster; who appears, by what passed between him and his bastard son in a foregoing scene, to be very superstitious with regard to this matter.

WARBURTON.

50. ——— *their thunders* ———] First quarto: the rest have it, *the thunder.*

JOHNSON.

59. ——— *gasted* ———] Frighted.

JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit at several Weap-
ons* :

“ ——— either the sight of the lady has *gasted* him,
or else he's drunk.”

STEEVENS.

62. *Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;*

And found—Dispatch.—] The sense is here interrupted.

interrupted. He shall be caught—and found, *he shall be punish'd.* Dispatch. JOHNSON.

64. —arch—] i. e. *Chief*; a word now used only in composition, as *arch-angel*, *arch-duke*.

So, in Heywood's *If you know not me, you know Nobody*, 1613:

“Poole, that *arch* for truth and honesty.”

STEEVENS.

67. —murderous coward—] The first edition reads, *caitiff*. JOHNSON.

70. *And found him pight to do it, with curst speech.*] *Pight* is pitched, fixed, settled. *Curst* is severe, harsh, vehemently angry. JOHNSON.

Thus, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“——tents

“Thus proudly *pight* upon our Phrygian plains.”

So, in the old morality of *Lusty Juventus*, 1561:

“Therefore my heart is surely *pyght*

“Of her alone to have a sight.” STEEVENS.

73. —would the reposal] i. e. Would any opinion that men have reposed in thy trust, virtue, &c.

WARBURTON.

The old quarto reads, *could the reposeure*.

STEEVENS.

83. *Strange and, &c.*] Strong and fastened. Quarto.

JOHNSON.

91. *Capable of my land*—] i. e. capable of succeeding to my land, notwithstanding the legal bar of thy illegitimacy.

So, in the *Life and Death of Will Summers*, &c.—

“The

"The king next demanded of him (he being a fool) whether he were capable to inherit any land," &c.

STEEVENS.

116. *He did bewray his practice;—*] i. e. *Discover, betray.*

So, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"We were *bewray'd*, beset, and forc'd to yield."

Again, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"Thy solitary passions should *bewray*

"Some discontent."——

Practice is always used by Shakspeare for *insidious mischief*.

So, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"Howe'er thou scap'st my *practices* with life."

The quartos read *betray*.

STEEVENS.

131. ——— *threading dark-ey'd night*.] The quarto reads:

——— *threat'ning dark-ey'd night*. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare uses the former of these expressions in *Coriolanus*, act iii. line 155.

"They would not *thread* the gates." STEEVENS.

132. *Occasions, noble Glöster, of some prize,*] We should read, *poize*, i. e. weight. WARBURTON.

Prize, or *price*, for value.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare having elsewhere used to *peize* for to *balance* or *weigh*, and the letter *r* in his own autograph (see the plate of *fac simile*) being made more like an *e*, I conclude that *peize* was the original word, and was used to signify *deliberation*.

HENLEY.

136. ———*from our home* :——] Not at home, but at some other place. JOHNSON.

143. *Good even*.] Thus the quarto. The folio—*Good dawning*. STEEVENS.

We should read with the folio—"Good dawning to thee, friend." The latter-end of this scene shews that it passed in the morning; for when Kent is placed in the stocks, Cornwall says, "There he shall sit 'till noon; and Regan replies, "'Till noon, 'till night!" and it passed very early in the morning; for Regan tells Gloster, in the preceding page, that she had been threading dark-ey'd night to come to him.

MONCK MASON.

150. ———*Lipsbury pinfold*——] The allusion which seems to be contained in this line I do not understand. In the violent eruption of reproaches which bursts from Kent in this dialogue, there are some epithets which the commentators have left unexpounded, and which I am not very able to make clear. Of a *three-suited knave* I know not the meaning, unless it be that he has different dresses for different occupations. *Lilly-liver'd* is cowardly; *white-blooded* and *white-liver'd* are still in vulgar use. A *one-trunk-inheriting slave*, I take to be a wearer of old cast-off clothes, an inheritor of torn breeches. JOHNSON.

I do not find the name of *Lipsbury*: it may be a cant phrase, with some corruption, taken from a place where the fines were arbitrary. *Three-suited* should, I believe, be *third-suited*, wearing clothes at the *third hand*. Edgar, in his pride, had *three suits* only. FARMER.

Lipsbury

Lipsbury pinfold may be a cant expression importing the same as *Lob's Pound*. So, in Massinger's *Duke of Milan*:

"To marry her, and say he was the party

"Found in *Lob's Pound*."

A *Pinfold* is a *pound*. Thus in Gascoigne's *Dan Bartholomew of Bathe*, 1587:

"In such a *pin-folde* were his pleasures pent."

Three-suited knave might mean, in an age of ostentatious finery like that of Shakspeare, one who had no greater change of rayment than *three suits* would furnish him with; so, in Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman*: "—wert a pitiful fellow, and hadst nothing but *three suits* of apparel:" or it may signify a fellow *thricesued at law*, who has *three suits* for debt standing out against him. Dr. Farmer would read *third suited*, i. e. at *third hand*. Edgar in his pride had *three suits*; but he says he had been a *serving-man*. A *one trunk-inheriting slave* may be used to signify a fellow, the whole of whose possessions are confined to *one coffer*, and that too *inherited* from his father, who was no better provided, or had nothing more to bequeath to his *successor in poverty*; a *poor rogue hereditary*, as *Timon* calls *Apemantus*. A *worsted-stocking knave* is another reproach of the same kind. The stockings in England, in the reign of queen Elizabeth (as I learn from Stubbs's *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed in 1595), were remarkably expensive, and scarce any other kind than silk were worn (even as this author says) by those who had not above forty shillings a year

year wages.—So, in an old comedy, called *The Hog hath lost his Pearl*, 1611, by R. Taylor:

“ —good parts are no more set by in these times, than a good leg in a *woollen stocking*.”

Again, in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ Green sicknesses, and serving-men light on you,
“ With greasy breeches, and in *woollen stockings*.”

Again, in the *Miseries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607 :
Two sober young men come to claim their portion from their elder brother who is a spendthrift, and tell him :

“ Our birth-right, good brother : this town craves maintenance ; *silk stockings* must be had, &c.”

Silk stockings were not made in England till 1562, the second year of queen Elizabeth's reign. Of this extravagance Drayton takes notice in the 16th song of his *Polyolbion* :

“ Which our plain fathers erst would have accounted sin,

“ Before the costly coach and *silken stock* came in.”

STEEVENS.

158. —*hundred-pound*—] A *hundred-pound gentleman* is a term of reproach used in Middleton's *Phanix*, 1607.

STEEVENS.

159. —*action-taking knave* ; —] *i. e.* a fellow, who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage.

MONCK MASON.

166. —*addition*.] *i. e.* titles. The act 1 Hen. V. ch. v. which directs that in certain writs, a description should be *added* to the name of the defendant, expressive

pressive of his estate, mystery, degree, &c. is called the statute of *Additions*.

MALONE.

Kent is not only boisterous in his manners, but abusive in his language. His expressive ribaldry proceeds from an over solicitude to prevent being discovered : like St. Peter's swearing from a similar motive.

HENLEY.

174. *I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you.*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. In the *Old Shepherd's Kalendar*, among the dishes recommended for *Prymetyne*, "One is *egges in moneshine*." FARMER.

Again, in some verses within a letter of Howell's to Sir Thomas How :

Could I those whitely stars go nigh,
Which make the milky way i' th' skie.

I'd poach them, and as *moonshine* dress,

To make my Delia a curious mess. STEEVENS.

175. — *barber-monger* —] *Barber-monger* may mean, *dealer in the lower tradesmen* : a slur upon the steward, as taking fees for a recommendation to the business of the family.

FARMER.

178. — *vanity the puppet's* —] Alluding to the mysteries or allegorical shews, in which vanity, iniquity, and other vices, were personified. JOHNSON.

So, in *Volpone*, or *The Fox* :

"Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity." STEEVENS.

The description is applicable only to the old *moralities*, between which and the *mysteries* there was an essential difference.

REMARKS.

184. ——— *neat slave* ———] You mere slave, you very slave. JOHNSON.

You neat slave, I believe, means no more than *you finical rascal*, you who are an assemblage of *foppery and poverty*. Ben Jonson uses the same epithet in his *Poetaster* :

“By thy leave, my *neat scoundrel*.” STEEVENS.

196. ——— *nature disclaims in thee* ;] So, in R. Broome’s *Northern Lass*, 1633 :

“——I will *disclaim* in your favour hereafter.”

Again, in *The Case is Alter’d*, by Ben Jonson, 1609 :

“Thus to *disclaim* in all th’ effects of pleasure.”

Again,

“No, I *disclaim* in her, I spit at her.”

Again, in Warner’s *Albion’s England*, 1602. B. III. chap. xvi.

“Not these, my lords, make me *disclaim* in it which all pursue.” STEEVENS.

206. *Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!* ———]

Zed is here probably used as a term of contempt, because it is the last letter in the English alphabet, and as its place may be supplied by S, and the Roman alphabet has it not; neither is it read in any word originally Teutonical. In Barret’s *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, it is quite omitted, as the author affirms it to be rather a syllable than a letter.

STEEVENS.

Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter. This is taken from the grammarians of the time. Mulcaster says, “Z is much harder amongst us, and seldom

E

seen :

seen:—S is become its *lieutenant-general*. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisments."

FARMER.

208. —into mortar,——] This expression was much in use in our author's time. So, Massinger, in his *New Way to pay old Debts*, Act I. sc. i.

"——— I will help your memory,

" And tread thee into mortar."

STEEVENS.

Unbolted mortar is mortar made of unsifted lime, and therefore to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes. This *unbolted* villain is therefore this *coarse* rascal.

TOLLET.

217. *Like rats oft bite the holy cords atwaine,*

Which are t' intrince, t' unloose;——] Thus

the first editors blundered this passage into unintelligible nonsense. Mr. Pope so far has disengaged it, as to give us plain sense; but by throwing out the epithet *holy*, it is evident that he was not aware of the poet's fine meaning. I will first establish and prove the reading, then explain the allusion. Thus the poet gave it:

Like rats, oft bite the *holy* cords in twain,

Too *intrinsicate* t' unloose:——

This word again occurs in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra*, where she is speaking to the aspick:

"——— Come, mortal wretch;

" With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsicate*,

" Of life at once untie."——

And we meet with it in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonson.—— Yet there are certain *punctilios*, or, as I may more

nakedly

nakedly insinuate them, certain intricate strokes and words, to which your activity is not yet amounted, &c. It means, inward, hidden, perplex; as a knot, hard to be unravelled: it is derived from the Latin adverb *intrinsecus*; from which the Italians have coined a very beautiful phrase, *intrinsicarsi col une*, i. e. to grow intimate with, to wind one self into another. And now to our author's sense. Kent is rating the steward, as a parasite of Goneril's; and supposes very justly, that he has fomented the quarrel betwixt that princess and her father: in which office he compares him to a sacrilegious rat: and by a fine metaphor, as Mr. Warburton observed to me, styles the union between parents and children the *holy cords*. THEOBALD.

Like rats oft bite the holy cords in twain

Too intricate t' unloose:—] By these *holy cords* the poet means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the *cords of the sanctuary*; and the fomenters of family differences are compared to these sacrilegious rats. The expression is fine and noble. WARBURTON.

Too intricate t' unloose:.] The word that Mr. Theobald has restored, and which is undoubtedly the true reading, was but newly introduced into the language, when this play was written. See the preface to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598: "I know he will vouchsafe it some of his *new-minted* epithets; as *real*, *intrinsicate*, *Delphicke*," &c. MALONE.

218. — *sooth every passion*] *Sooth* is the reading of neither the folio nor the quarto; in both of which

we find *smooth*, which is, I think, the true reading. So, in *Sir John Oldcastle*, 1600 :

“ Traitor unto his country ! how he *smooth’d*,

“ And seem’d as innocent as truth itself !

Again, in our author’s *Pericles*, 1609 :

“ The sinful father

“ Seem’d not to strike, but *smooth*.”

Sooth was first introduced by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

221. ———— *and turn their halcyon beaks*

With ev’ry gale and vary of their masters ;]

The *halcyon* is the bird otherwise called the *king-fisher*. The vulgar opinion was, that this bird, if hung up, would *vary* with the wind, and by that means shew from what point it blew.

So, in Marlow’s *Jew of Malta*, 1633 :

“ But how now stands the wind ?

“ Into what corner peers my *Halcyon’s bill* ?”

STEEVENS.

224. ———— *epileptic visage !]* The frighted countenance of a man ready to fall in a fit. JOHNSON.

227. ———— *Camelot.*] In Somersetshire, near Camelot, are many large moors, where are bred great quantities of geese, so that many other places are from hence supplied with quills and feathers.

HANMER.

Mr. Blake observes, that in an ancient map of Enfield-Chace, &c. the name of *Camelot* is given to a large pond, which in all probability was once a place where *geese* were bred.

MALONE.

230. *No contraries hold more antipathy,
Than I and such a knave.*] Hence Mr. Pope's
expression:

"The strong antipathy of good to bad."

TOLLET.

233. ———likes me not.] i. e. pleases me not.

STEEVENS.

See *Likes*, catch-word Alphabet.

241. ———constrains the garb

Quite from his nature. ———] Forces his out-
side or his appearance to something totally different from
his natural disposition.

JOHNSON.

247. *Than twenty silly ducking observants,*] *Silly*
means *simple*, or *rustick*. So, in *Cymbeline*, act v.
scene 3:

"There was a fourth man in a *silly* habit." meaning
Posthumus in the dress of a peasant. *Nicely is foolishly.*
Niais. Fr.

STEEVENS.

252. *On flickering Phæbus' front—*] Dr. Johnson
in his *Dictionary* says this word means to *flutter*. I
meet with it in *The History of Clyomon, Knight of the*
Golden Shield, 1599:

"By flying force of *flickering* fame your grace
shall understand."

Again, in *The Pilgrim* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"———some castrel

"That hovers over her, and dares her daily;

"Some *flickring* slave." ———

Stanyhurst, in his translation of the fourth book of
Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582, describes Iris,

"From the sky down *flickering*," &c.

And again in the old play, entitled, *Fuimus Troes*, 1633 :

"With gaudy pennons *flickering* in the air."

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson's interpretation is too vague for the purpose. To *flicker* is indeed to *flutter* ; but in a particular manner, which may be better exemplified by the motion of a *flame*, than explained by any verbal description.

HENLEY.

257. — *though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.*] Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave.

JOHNSON.

To entreat me to't.] i. e. to become a plain knave and flatter you.

HENLEY.

263. *Conjunct* is the reading of the old quartos; *compact*, of the folio.

STEEVENS.

268. *Fleshment*] A young soldier is said to *flesh* his sword, the first time he draws blood with it, *fleshment*, therefore, is here metaphorically applied to the first act of service which Kent, in his new capacity, had performed for his master ; and, at the same time, in a sarcastick sense, as though he had esteemed it an heroick exploit to trip a man behind, that was actually falling.

HENLEY.

271. *But Ajax is their fool.*] *Their fool* means here, their butt, their *laughing-stock*. These finical puppies (says Kent), these rogues and cowards, never meet with a man superior to themselves, but they make him

their

their jest, like *Ajax* with *Thersites*. Shakspeare's idea of *Ajax* may be seen in his *Troilus and Cressida*, where he is the *fool* of the play, and the constant object of *Thersites*' ridicule, for a *scurvy valiant ass*, *Mars's idiot*, &c. STEEVENS.

Mr. Monck Mason explains the passage thus: *Ajax* is a fool to them, there are none of these knaves and cowards, that if you believe themselves are not so brave, that *Ajax* is a fool compared to them; alluding to the steward's account of their quarrel, where he says of Kent, This ancient ruffian, whose life I have spared in pity to his beard. When a man is compared to one who excels him very much in any art or quality, it is a vulgar expression to say, He is but a fool to him.

272. —*stocks*] This is not the first time that stocks had been introduced on the stage. In *Hick-Scorner*, which was printed early in the reign of K. Henry VIII. *Pity* is put into them, and left there till he is freed by *Perseveraunce* and *Contemplacyon*. STEEVENS.

273. —*ancient knave*.] Two of the quartos read —*miscreant knave*, and one of them—*unreverent*, instead of *reverend*. STEEVENS.

287. —*colour*.] The quartos read, *nature*.

STEEVENS.

290. *His fault*—] All from these words, to *are punish'd with*, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

292. —*the meanest*—] This is a conjectural emendation by Mr. Pope. The quartos read—*and temnest*, perhaps, for *contemned'st*. STEEVENS.

300. I know not whether this circumstance of putting Kent in the *stocks* be not ridiculed in the punishment of Numps, in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*.

It should be remembered, that formerly in great houses, as still in some colleges, there were moveable *stocks* for the correction of the servants. FARMER.

304. *Will not be rubb'd, nor stopp'd.*——] Metaphor from bowling. WARBURTON.

310. *Good king, that must approve the common saw*!] That art now to exemplify the common proverb, *That out of, &c.* That changest better for worse. Hanmer observes, that it is a proverbial saying, applied to those who are turned out of house and home to the open weather. It was, perhaps, first used of men dismissed from an hospital, or house of charity, such as was erected formerly in many places for travellers. Those houses had names properly enough alluded to by *heaven's benediction*. JOHNSON.

The *saw* alluded to, is in Heywood's *Dialogues on Proverbs*, book II. chap. v.

“In your renning from him to me, ye runne

“*Out of God's blessing into the warme sunne.*”

TYRWHITT.

315. ——— *Nothing almost sees miracles,*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*Nothing almost sees my wrack.* STEEVENS.

318. ——— *and shall find time*

From this enormous state, seeking to give

Losses their remedies.——] I confess I do

not understand this passage, unless it may be considered

dered as *divided parts of Cordelia's letter*, which he is reading to himself by moonlight: it certainly conveys the sense of what she would have said. In reading a letter, it is natural enough to dwell on those circumstances in it that promise the change in our affairs which we most wish for; and Kent having read Cordelia's assurances that she will find a time to free the injured from the *enormous* misrule of Regan, is willing to go to sleep with that pleasing reflection uppermost in his mind. But this is mere conjecture.

STEEVENS.

It seems to me, that the verb, *shall find*, is not governed by the word Cordelia, but by the pronoun *I*, in the beginning of the sentence; and that the words, *from this enormous state*, do not refer to Cordelia, but to Kent himself, dressed like a clown, and condemned to the stocks—an enormous state indeed for a man of his high rank.

The difficulty of this passage has arisen from a mistake in all the former editors, who have printed these three lines as if they were a quotation from Cordelia's letter, whereas they are in fact the words of Kent himself; let the reader consider them in that light, as part of Kent's own speech, the obscurity is at an end, and the meaning is clearly this:—"I know that the letter is from Cordelia (who hath been informed of my obscured course), and shall gain time, by this strange disguise and situation, which I shall employ in seeking to remedy our present losses.

MONCK MASON.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding the ingenuity and confidence of Mr. Mason (who has not however done justice to his own idea), I cannot but concur with Mr. Steevens, in ascribing these broken expressions to the letter of Cordelia.—For, if the words were Kent's, there will be no intimation from the letter that can give the least insight to Cordelia's design; and the only apparent purport of it will be, to tell Kent that she knew his situation. But exclusive of this consideration, What hopes could Kent entertain, in a condition so deplorable as his—unless Cordelia should take an opportunity, from the anarchy of the kingdom, and the broils subsisting between Albany and Cornwall—of *finding a time, to give losses their remedies*?—Curan had before mentioned to Edmund, the rumour of *wars toward*, between these dukes. This report had reached Cordelia, who, having also discovered the situation and fidelity of Kent, writes to inform him, that she should avail herself of the first opportunity which the enormities of the times might offer, of restoring him to her father's favour, and her father to his kingdom. [See act iii. sc. 1. act iv. sc. 3.]

HENLEY.

333. ———*elf all my hair in knots*;) Hair, thus knotted, was vulgarly supposed to be the work of *elves* and fairies in the night. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“——plats the manes of horses in the night,

“And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs,

“Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.”

STEEVENS.

337. *Of Bedlam-beggars,*] In the *Bell-man of London*, by Decker, 5th edit. 1640, is the following account of one of these characters, under the title of an *Abraham-Man*: “——he sweares he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his *armes*, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calles himselfe by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poor Tom is a-cold*. Of these *Abraham-Men*, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their owne braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, *compelling* the servants through feare to give them what they demand.” To *sham Abraham*, a cant term, still in use among sailors and the vulgar, may have this origin. STEEVENS.

339. ——*wooden pricks,*] *i. e.* skewers. So, in *The Wyll of the Deuyll*, bl. let. no date. “I give to the butchers, &c. *pricks* inough to set up their thin meate, that it may appeare thicke and well fedde.”

STEEVENS.

The *euonymus*, of which the best skewers are made, is called *prick wood*. MONCK MASON.

340. —*low farms,*] The quartos read, *low service*.

STEEVENS.

341. *Poor pelting villages—*] *Pelting* is, I believe, only an accidental depravation of *petty*. Shakspeare uses it in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of *small brooks*.
JOHNSON.

Beaumont and Fletcher often use the word in the same sense as Shakspeare. So in *King and No King*, act iv.

“This *pelting*, prating piece is good for nothing.”
Spanish Curate, act ii. sc. ult.—“To learn the *pelting* law.” Shakspeare’s *Midsummer Night's Dream*—
“every *pelting* river.” *Measure for Measure*, act ii. scene. 7.

“And every *pelting* petty officer.”

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*, Hector says to Achilles:

“We have had *pelting* wars since you refus’d

“The Grecian cause.”

From the first of the two last instances it appears not to be a corruption of *petty*, which is used the next word to it, but seems to be the same as *paltry*. STEEVENS.

342. —*lunatick bans,*] To *ban*, is to curse.
So, in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, a comedy by Lilly:

“Well, be as be may is no *banning*.”

So, in *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

“Nay, if those *ban*, let me breathe curses forth.”

STEEVENS.

343. ———*poor Turlygood! poor Tom!*] We should read *Turlupin*. In the fourteenth century there was a new species of gipsies, called *Turlupius*, a fraternity of naked beggars, which ran up and down Europe. However, the church of Rome hath dignified

nified

nified them with the name of *hereticks*, and actually burned some of them at Paris. But what sort of religionists they were, appears from Genebrard's account of them : " *Turlupin Cynicorum sectam suscitantes, de nuditate pudendorum, & publico coitu.*" Plainly, nothing but a band of *Tom-o'-Bedlams*.

WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads, *poor Turlurù*. It is probable the word *Turlygood* was the common corrupt pronunciation.

JOHNSON.

344. — *Edgar I nothing am.*] As Edgar I am outlawed, dead in law ; I have no longer any political existence.

JOHNSON.

The critick's idea is both too complex and too puerile for one in Edgar's situation. He is pursued, it seems, and proclaimed, *i. e.* a reward has been offered for taking or killing him. In assuming this character, says he, I may preserve myself ; as Edgar, I am inevitably gone.

REMARKS.

352. *No, my lord.*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

353. — *he wears cruel garters.* —] I believe a quibble was here intended. *Cruel* signifies *worsted*, of which garters, &c. are made ; and it is used in that sense in the comedy of *The Two angry Women of Abington*, printed 1599 :

" ——— I'll warrant you, he'll have

" His *cruell* garters cross about the knee."

So again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633 :

F

" I speak

"I speak the prologue to our silk and cruel

"Gentlemen in the hangings. STEEVENS.

356. —*over-lusty*, in this place, has a double signification. *Lustiness* anciently meant *sauciness*.

So, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play the Devil is in it*, 1612 :

"——upon pain of being plagued for their *lustyness*."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607 :

"—— she'll snarl and bite,

"And take up Nero for his *lustiness*."

Again, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*:

"Cassius' soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborne and *lustie* in the campe," &c. STEEVENS.

357. ————*then he wears wooden nether-stocks*.]
Nether-stocks is the old word for *stockings*. *Breeches* were at that time called "men's *overstockes*," as I learn from Barret's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580.

It appears from the following passage in the second part of *The Map of Mock Beggar Hall*, &c. an ancient ballad, that the stockings were formerly sewed to the breeches :

"Their fathers went in homely frees,

"And good plain broad cloth breeches ;

"Their stockings with the same agrees,

"Sow'd on with good strong stitches."

Stubbs, in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, has a whole chapter on *The Diversitie of Nether-Stockes worne in England*,

England, 1595. Heywood among his *Epigrams*, 1562, has the following :

“Thy *upper-stocks*, be they stuff with silke or flocks,

“Never become thee like a *nether paire of stocks*.”

Again, in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1585 :

“—to cover the pot with my right *netherstock*.”

STEEVENS.

366. *Lear*.] This and the next speech are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

369. *By Juno, I swear, ay*.] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

372. *To do upon respect such violent outrage*.:] To violate the publick and venerable character of a messenger from the king.

JOHNSON.

382. *Deliver'd letters, spight of intermission*.] *Spight of intermission* is without pause, without suffering time to intervene. So, in *Macbeth* :

“——gentle heaven,

“Cut short all *intermission*,” &c. STEEVENS.

384. *They summ'd up their meiny*——] *Meiny*, i. e. people.

POPE.

Mesne, a house. *Mesnie*, a family, Fr.

So, in *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1606.

“——if she, or her sad *meiny*,

“Be towards sleep, I'll wake them.”

Again, in the bl. let. Romance of *Syr Eglamour of Artoys*, no date :

“Of the emperoure took he leave ywys,

“And of all the *meiny* that was there.”

Again:

“Here cometh the king of Israel,

“With a fayre *meinye*.”

STEEVENS.

Though the word *meiny* be now obsolete, the word *menial*, which is derived from it, is still in use. On *whose* contents, means the contents of which.

MONCK MASON.

395. *Winter's not gone yet, &c.*] If this be their behaviour, the king's troubles are not yet at an end.

JOHNSON.

This speech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

402. ——— *dolours*.] Quibble intended between *dolours* and *dollars*.

HANMER.

The same quibble had occurred in *The Tempest*, and in *Measure for Measure*.

STEEVENS.

404. *Oh, how this mother, &c.*] *Lear* here affects to pass off the swelling of his heart ready to burst with grief and indignation, for the disease called the *Mother*, or *Hysterica Passio*, which, in our author's time, was not thought peculiar to women only. In Harsnet's *Declaration of Popish Impostures*, Richard Mainy, Gent. one of the pretended demoniacs, deposes, p. 263, that the first night that he came to Denham, the seat of Mr. Peckham, where these impostures were managed, he was somewhat evill at ease, and he grew worse and worse with an old disease that he had, and which the priests persuaded him was from the possession of the devil, viz. “The disease I spake of was a spice of the *Mother*, where-with I had bene troubled . . . before my going into Fraunce:

Fraunce: whether I doe rightly term it the *Mother* or no, I knowe not . . . When I was sick of this disease in Fraunce, a Scottish doctör of physick, then in Paris, called it, as I remember, *Vertiginem Capitis*. It riseth . . . of a winde in the bottome of the belly, and proceeding with a great swelling, causeth a very painfull collicke in the stomack, and an extraordinary giddines in the head."

It is at least very probable, that Shakspeare would not have thought of making Lear affect to have the *Hysterick Passion*, or *Mother*, if this passage in Harsnet's pamphlet had not suggested it to him, when he was selecting the other particulars from it, in order to furnish out his character of Tom of Bedlam, to whom this demoniacal gibberish is admirably adapted.

PERCY.

416. *All that follow their noses are led by their eyes, but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty, but can smell, &c.*] The word *twenty* refers to the *noses* of the *blind men*, and not to the men in general.

STEEVENS.

422. — *when a wise man gives thee, &c.*] One cannot too much commend the caution which our moral poet uses, on all occasions, to prevent his sentiment from being perversely taken. So here, having given an ironical precept in commendation of perfidy and base desertion of the unfortunate, for fear it should be understood seriously, though delivered by his buffoon or jester, he has the precaution to add this beautiful corrective, full of fine sense:—"I

F i i j

would

would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it."

WARBURTON.

430. *But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,*

And let, &c.] I think this passage erroneous, though both the copies concur. The sense will be mended if we read :

But I will tarry ; the fool will stay,

And let the wise man fly ;

The fool turns knave, that runs away ;

The knave no fool——

That I stay with the king is a proof that I am a fool, the wise men are deserting him. There is knavery in this desertion, but there is no folly. JOHNSON.

447. *Glo.]* This, with the following speech, is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

453. —*Tell the hot duke, that——]* The quartos read—*Tell the hot duke, that Lear——* STEEVENS.

464. *Is practice only.——]* *Pratlice* is in Shakspeare, and other old writers, used commonly in an ill sense for *unlawful artifice*. JOHNSON.

471. —*the cockney]* It is not easy to determine the exact power of this term of contempt, which, as the editor of the *Canterbury Tales* of Chaucer observes, might have been originally borrowed from the kitchen. From the ancient ballad of the *Turnament of Tottenham*, published by Dr. Percy in his second volume of *Ancient Poetry*, p. 24, it should seem to signify a *cook* :

"At that feast were they served in rich array ;

"Every five and five had a *tokenay*."

i. e. a *cook*, or *scullion*, to attend them.

Shakspeare,

Shakspeare, however, in *Twelfth Night*, makes his Clown say, "I am afraid this great lubber the world, will prove a *cockney*." In this place it seems to have a signification not unlike that which it bears at present; and, indeed, Chaucer in his *Reve's Tale*, ver. 4205, appears to employ it with such a meaning:

"And when this jape is tald another day,

"I shall be halden a daffe or a *cohenay*."

Meres likewise, in the second part of his *Wit's Commonwealth*, 1598, observes, that "many *cockney* and wanton women are often sick, but in faith they cannot tell where." Decker also, in his *Newes from Hell*, &c. 1606, has the following passage, "'Tis not their fault, but our mother's, our *cocker*ing mothers, who for their labour made us to be called *cockneys*." See the notes on the *Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, vol. iv. p. 253. where the reader will meet with more information on this subject. STEEVENS.

Dr. Percy imagines it signifies a *cook*, in the ballad of the *Turnament of Tottenham*:

"Every five and five had a *cohenay*."

Certainly it cannot be a cook or scullion, but is some dish which I cannot ascertain. My authority is the following epigram from Davies:

"He that comes every day, shall have a *cocknay*,

"And he that comes but now and then, shall have a fat hen."

Ep. on Engl. Prov. 179.

WHALLEY.

472.

472. —the eels, when she put them i' the paste—]
Hinting that the eel and Lear are in the same danger.

JOHNSON.

This reference is not sufficiently explained.—The
paste, or *crust of a pie*, in Shakspeare's time, was called
a *coffin*.

HENLEY.

See catch-word Alphabet.

482. *sepulchring*, &c.] This word is accented in
the same manner by *Fairfax* and *Milton*:

“As if his work should his *sepulcher* be,”

C. i. st. 25.

“And so *sepulcher'd* in such pomp doe lie.”

Milton on Shakspeare, l. xv. STEEVENS.

484. —————she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture here,]

Alluding to the fable of *Prometheus*. WARBURTON.

487. Of how deprav'd a quality————] Thus the
quarto. The folio reads,

With how deprav'd a quality———— JOHNSON.

490. *Than she to scant her duty.*] The word *scant*
is directly contrary to the sense intended. The
quarto reads, *slack*. You less know how to value her
desert, than she (knows) to *scant* her duty, i. e. than
she can be capable of being wanting in her duty.

STEEVENS.

491. *Say*, &c.] This, as well as the following
speech, is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

507. *Do you but mark how this becomes the house?*]
Becomes the *house*; i. e. the order of families, duties
of relations.

WARBURTON

Dr.

Dr. Warburton's explanation may be supported by the following extract from Sir Thomas Smith's *Commonwealth of England*, 4to. 1601. chap. ii. "They two together [man and wife] ruleth the house. The house I call here, the man, the woman, their children, their servants, bond and free," &c. TOLLET.

Again, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*:—"The gentleman's wife one day could not refraine (beholding a stagges head set up in the gentleman's house) from breaking into a laughter before his face, saying how that head became the house very well." HENDERSON.

509. *Age is unnecessary*:—] *Age is unnecessary*, may mean, *old people are useless*. So, in *The Old Law*, by Massinger:

"——your laws extend not to desert,

"But to *unnecessary* years; and, my lord,

"His are not such."

STEEVENS.

Unnecessary in Lear's speech, I believe, means—in want of necessities, *unable to procure them*.

TYRWHITT.

514. *Look'd black upon me*;—] To look black, may easily be explained to look cloudy or gloomy.

JOHNSON.

So Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 1157: "——The bishops thereat repined, and looked black." TOLLET.

523. To fall, and blast her pride!] Thus the quarto: The folio reads not so well, *to fall and blister*. I think there is still a fault, which may be easily mended by changing a letter:

——Infect

—————Infect her beauty,

You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,
Do fall, and blast her pride! JOHNSON.

I see no occasion for Dr. Johnson's alteration. The plain meaning is this, "You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn up by the sun in order to fall down again and blast her pride." MONCK MASON.

Shakspeare certainly could never intend Lear to utter the nonsense here ascribed to him. According to this gentleman's explanation, there was at hand a stock of ready made fogs, which the sun had taken care to provide for the nonce, and the only thing left for Lear, was to summon them to their office.—The slight alteration proposed by Dr. Johnson hath restored sense and beauty to the passage, and made it consistent with the context. * * *

525. —————*when the rash mood is on.*] Thus the folio. The quartos read only——*when the rash mood*——perhaps leaving the sentence purposely unfinished. STEEVENS.

527. *Thy tender-hefted nature*——] *Hefted* seems to mean the same as *heaved*. *Tender-hefted*, i. e. whose bosom is agitated by tender passions. The formation of such a participle, I believe, cannot be grammatically accounted for. Shakspeare uses *hefts* for *hevings* in *The Winter's Tale*, act ii. Both the quartos however read, "*tender-hested nature*;" which may mean a nature which is governed by gentle dispositions. *Hest* is an old word signifying *command*. So, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, &c. 1594:

"Must

"Must yield to *hest* of others that be free."

Hested is the reading of the folio.

STEEVENS.

532. ————*to scant my sizes.*] To contract my allowances or proportions settled.

JOHNSON.

A *sizer* is one of the lowest rank of students at Cambridge, and lives on a stated allowance.

Sizes are certain portions of bread, beer, or other victuals, which in publick societies are set down to the account of particular persons: a word still used in colleges.

STEEVENS.

See a *size* in Minshew's *Dictionary*.

TOLLET.

549. *If you do love old men, if your sweet sway*

Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,]

Mr. Upton has proved by irresistable authority, that to *allow*, signifies not only to *permit*, but to *approve*, and has deservedly replaced the old reading, which Dr. Warburton had changed into *hallow obedience*, not recollecting the scripture expression, *The Lord alloweth the righteous*, Psalm xi. ver. 6. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616:—"she *allows* of thee for love, not for lust." Again, in Greene's *Farewell to Follie*, 1617: "I *allow* those pleasing poems of Guazzo, which begin, &c."

STEEVENS.

560. ————*much less advancement*] Cornwall certainly means, that Kent's *disorders* had entitled him even a post of less honour than the stocks.

STEEVENS.

562. *I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.*] The meaning is, since you are *weak*, be content to think yourself weak.

JOHNSON.

569.

569. *No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' the air ;]* To
wage is often used absolutely without the word *war*
after it, and yet signifies *to make war* ; as before in this
play :

My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies.

572. *Necessity's sharp pinch !—]* These words ap-
pear to be the reflection of Lear on the wretched sort
of existence he had described in the preceding lines.

STEEVENS.

576. *—base life—]* *i. e.* In a *servile* state.

JOHNSON.

577. *—and sumpter]* *Sumpter* is a horse that
carries necessities on a journey.

STEEVENS.

585. *—thou art a bile,*

A plague sore, an embossed carbuncle,

In my corrupted blood.] The context clearly
shows that we ought to read—*boil*. So, in *Coriolanus* :

“ *—boils and plagues*

“ *Plaster you o'er !*”

The word *boil*, being pronounced as if written *bile*,
occasioned the mistake. In the folio, both here and
in *Coriolanus*, it is spelt in the same manner—*byle*.

MALONE.

586. *—embossed carbuncle,]* *Embossed* is swelling,
protuberant.

JOHNSON.

621. *Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favour'd,
When others are more wicked,—]* A similar
thought occurs in *Cymbeline*, act v.

“ *—it*

"———it is I

"That all the abhorred things o' the earth named,

"By being worse than they." STEEVENS.

To be not the worst deserves some praise.

TYRWHITT.

639. ———*poor old man,*] The quarto has, poor old fellow. JOHNSON.

643. ———*touch me with noble anger!*] It would puzzle one at first to find the sense, the drift, and the coherence of this petition. For if the gods sent this evil for his punishment, how could he expect that they should defeat their own design, and assist him to revenge his injuries? The solution is, that Shakspeare here makes his speaker allude to what the ancient poets tells us of the misfortunes of particular families: namely, that when the anger of the gods, for an act of impiety, was raised against an offending house, their method of punishment was, first to inflame the breasts of the children to unnatural acts against their parents; and then, of the parents against their children, in order to destroy one another; and that both these outrages were at the instigation of the gods. To consider Lear as alluding to this divinity, makes his prayer exceeding pertinent and fine. WARBURTON.

647. ———*I will do such things*———

What they are, yet I know not;]

———*magnum est quodcunque peravi,*

Quid sit, adhuc dubito. Ovid. Met. lib. vi.

———*haud quid sit scio,*

Sed grande quiddam est.

Seneca Thyestes.

Let such as are unwilling to allow that copiers of nature must occasionally use the same thoughts and expressions, remember, that of both these authors there were early translations. STEEVENS.

665. *Whither is he going?*

Glo. *He calls to horse;*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

670. *Do sorely ruffle*—] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *Do sorely russel*, i. e. *rustle*. STEEVENS.

Ruffle is certainly the true reading. A *ruffler*, in our author's time, was a noisy, boisterous swaggerer.

MALONE.

ACT III.

Line 6. *O R swell the curled waters 'bove the main,*] The *main* seems to signify here the *main land*, the *continent*. So, in *Bacon's War with Spain*: "In 1589, we turned challengers, and invaded the *main* of Spain."

This interpretation sets the two objects of Lear's desire in proper opposition to each other. He wishes for the destruction of the world, either by the winds blowing the land into the waters, or raising the waters so as to overwhelm the land. STEEVENS.

The old reading, and Mr. Steevens's explanation of it, are strongly confirmed by a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"—The

“ ————— The *bounded waters*

“ Should lift their bosoms higher than the *shores*,

“ And make a sop of all this *solid globe*.”

The *main* is again used for the *land*, in *Hamlet* :

“ Goes it against the *main* of Poland, Sir ?”

MALONE.

7. ——— *tears his white hair* ;] The six following verses were omitted in all the late editions: I have replaced them from the first, for they are certainly Shakspeare's.

POPE.

The first folio ends the speech at *change or cease*, and begins again at Kent's question, *But who is with him ?* The whole speech is forcible, but too long for the occasion, and properly retrenched.

JOHNSON.

12. *This night, wherein the cub-drawn bear would couch*,] *Cub-drawn* has been explained to signify *drawn by nature to its young* ; whereas it means, *whose dugs are drawn dry by its young*. For no animals leave their dens by night but for prey. So that the meaning is, “ that even hunger, and the support of its young, would not force the bear to leave his den in such a night.”

WARBURTON.

Shakspeare has the same image in *As You Like It* :

“ A lioness, *with udders all drawn dry*,

“ Lay couching.” ———

Again,

“ Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness.”

STEEVENS.

20. ——— *my note*,] My observation of your character.

JOHNSON.

Gij

The

The quartos read :

—————upon the warrant of my *art* :

i. e. on the strength of my *skill* in physiognomy.

STEEVENS.

24. *Who have (as who have not, ———]* The eight subsequent verses were degraded by Mr. Pope as unintelligible, and to no purpose. For my part, I see nothing in them but what is very easy to be understood ; and the lines seem absolutely necessary to clear up the motives upon which France prepared his invasion : nor without them is the sense of the context complete.

THEOBALD.

The quartos omit these lines.

STEEVENS.

27. *———what hath been seen,]* What follows, are the circumstances in the state of the kingdom, of which he supposes the spies gave France the intelligence.

STEEVENS.

28. *Either in snuffs or packings——]* *Snuffs* are dislikes, and *packings* underhand contrivances.

So, in *Henry IV.* first part : “ Took it in *snuff* ;” and in *King Edward III.* 1599 :

“ This *packing* evil, we both shall tremble for it.” Again, in Stanyhurst’s *Virgil*, 1582 :

“ With two gods *packing* one woman silly to cozen.”

We still talk of *packing* juries, and Antony says of Cleopatra, that she has “ *pack’d* cards with Cæsar.”

STEEVENS.

31. *———are but furnishings.]* A *furnish* anciently signified a *sample*. So, in the Preface to

Greene’s

Greene's *Groatworth of Wit*, 1621: "To lend the world a *furnish* of wit, she lays her own to pawn."

STEEVENS.

32. *But, true it is, &c.*] In the old editions are the five following lines which I have inserted in the text, as they seem necessary to the plot, and preparatory to the arrival of the French army with Cordelia, in act iv. How both these, and a whole scene between Kent and this gentleman, in the fourth act, came to be left out in all the later editions, I cannot tell; they depend upon each other, and very much contribute to clear that incident.

POPE.

32. ——— *from France there comes a power*

Into this scatter'd kingdom; who already,

Wise in our negligence, have secret sea

In some of our best ports ———] This speech,

as it now stands, is collected from two editions: the eight lines, degraded by Mr. Pope, are found in the folio, not in the quarto; the following lines enclosed in crotchets are in the quarto, not in the folio. So that if the speech be read with omission of the former, it will stand according to the first edition; and if the former are read, and the lines that follow them omitted, it will then stand according to the second. The speech is now tedious, because it is formed by a coalition of both. The second edition is generally best, and was probably nearest to Shakspeare's last copy, but in this passage the first is preferable; for in the folio, the messenger is sent, he knows not why, he knows not whither. I suppose Shakspeare thought his

plot opened rather too early, and made the alteration to veil the event from the audience; but trusting too much to himself, and full of a single purpose, he did not accommodate his new lines to the rest of the scene.—*Scattered* naturally means *divided, unsettled, disunited*.—Warburton has offered with great pomp a change of *sea* to *seize*; but in the first edition the word is *fee*, for *hire*, in the sense of having any one in *fee*, that is, *at devotion for money*. *Fee* is in the second quarto changed to *see*, from which one made *sea* and another *seize*. JOHNSON.

One of the quartos (for there are two that differ from each other, though printed in the same year, and for the same printer) reads *secret feet*. Perhaps the author wrote *secret foot*, i. e. footing. So, in a following scene:

—what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late *footed* in the kingdom? STEEVENS.

That *foot* is the true reading is, I think, clearly ascertained, both by the passage quoted by Mr. Steevens, and another in the third act, which is still more apposite:—"these injuries the king now bears, will be revenged home; there is part of a *power* already *footed*: we must incline to the king."

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

"——Why, thou Mars, I'll tell thee,

"We have a *power on foot*." MALONE.

56. ——the king, in which your pain,

That way, I'll this: he that first, &c.] Thus the folio. The quartos read:

That

That when we have found the king,
I'll this way, you that, he that first lights
On him, hollow the other.

STEEVENS.

62. ———*thought-executing*——] Doing execution
with rapidity equal to thought.

JOHNSON.

63. *Vaunt-couriers.*] *Avant couriers*, Fr. This phrase
is not unfamiliar to other writers of Shakspeare's time.
It originally meant the foremost scouts of an army.
So, in Jarvis Markham's *English Arcadia*, 1607:

"—As soon as the first *vancurrer* encountered him
face to face."

Again, in *The Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

"Might to my death, but the *vaunt-currier*
prove."

Again, in *Darius*, 1603:

"Th' *avaunt-corours*, that came for to examine."

STEEVENS.

65. Strike *flat*, &c.] The quarto reads—*Smite flat*.

STEEVENS.

66. *Crack nature's moulds; all germins spill at once,*] The old editions all gave *germains*. Mr. Theobald restored the sense of the passage, and supported his emendation by producing the same thought from the *Winter's Tale*:

"Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together,

"And mar the *seeds* within"——

which Mr. Steevens hath further confirmed, by pointing out in *Macbeth* the occurrence of the word:

"——— and the sum

"Of nature's *germins* tumble together." HENLEY.

66.

66. —spill at once,] To *spill* is to destroy. So, in Gower *De Confessione Amantis*, lib. iv. fol. 67:

“So as I shall myself *spill*.” STEEVENS.

68. —court holy-water—] Ray, among his proverbial phrases, p. 184. mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase. *Eau benite de cour*; fair empty words.—*Chambaud's Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

76. *You owe me no subscription*; —]. *Subscription* for obedience. WARBURTON.

So in Rowley's *Search for Money*, 1690, p. 17. “I tell yee besides this he is an obstinat wilfull fellow, for since this idolatrous adoration given to him here by men, he has kept the scepter in his owne hand and commands every man: which rebellious man now seeing (or rather indeed too obedient to him) inclines to all his hests, *yeelds no subscription*, nor will he be commanded by any other power,” &c. REED.

88. *So beggars marry many*.] *i. e.* A beggar marries a wife and lice. JOHNSON.

That is, “So many beggars marry;” meaning, that they marry in the manner he has described, before they have houses to put their heads in.

MONCK MASON.

95. *No, I will be the pattern of all patience,*

I will say nothing.] So Perillus, in the old anonymous play, speaking of *Leir*:

“But he, the myrrour of mild patience,

“Puts up all wrongs, and never gives reply.”

STEEVENS.

98. —*and a cod-piece, that's a wise man and a fool.*]

Alluding perhaps to the saying of a contemporary wit; that there is *no discretion below the girdle*.

STEEVENS.

100. —*are you here?*—] The quartos read—*sit you here?*

STEEVENS.

102. Gallow *the very wanderers of the dark,*] *Gallow*, a west-country word, signifies to scare or frighten.

WARBURTON.

So, the Somersetshire proverb: “The dunder do *gally* the beans.” Beans are vulgarly supposed to shoot up faster after thunder-storms.

STEEVENS.

By some late experiments, it has been discovered, that this vulgar supposition is founded in fact.

HENLEY.

107. —*fear.*] So the folio: the later editions read, with the quarto, *force* for *fear*, less elegantly.

JOHNSON.

109. —*this dreadful pother*—] Thus one of the quartos and the folio. The other quarto reads *thund'ring*.

The reading in the text, however, is an expression common to others. So, in the *Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

“—*faln out with their meat, and kept a pudder.*”

STEEVENS.

115. *That under covert and convenient seeming,*] *Convenient* needs not be understood in any other than its usual and proper sense; *accommodate* to the present purpose; *suitable* to a design. *Convenient seeming* is *appearance*

appearance such as may promote his purpose to destroy. JOHNSON.

117. —*concealing* continents—] *Continent* stands for that which *contains* or *encloses*. JOHNSON.

Thus in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“Heart, once be stronger than thy *continent*!”

The quartos read, *concealed centers*. STEEVENS.

—————*and cry*

These dreadful summoners grace.——] *Summoners* are here the *officers* that summon offenders before a proper tribunal. STEEVENS.

134. *That's sorry yet for thee*.] The old quartos read,

That sorrows yet for thee. STEEVENS.

135. *He that has a little tiny wit*—] I fancy that the second line of this stanza had once a termination that rhymed with the fourth; but I can only fancy it; for both the copies agree. It was once perhaps written,

With heigh ho, the wind and the rain *in his way*.
The meaning seems likewise to require this insertion.
“He that has wit, however small, and finds wind and rain in his way, must content himself by thinking, that somewhere or other *it raineth every day*, and others are therefore suffering like himself.” Yet I am afraid that all this is chimerical, for the burthen appears again in the song at the end of *Twelfth Night*, and seems to have been an arbitrary supplement, without any reference to the sense of the song.

JOHNSON.

142. *I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in words than matter;
When brewers marr their malt with water;
When nobles are their tailors' tutors;
No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors;
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;
When slanders do not live in tongues,
And cut-purses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
And bawds and whores do churches build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusion.*

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be us'd with fiet.] The judicious reader will observe, through this heap of nonsense and confusion, that this is not *one* but *two* prophecies. The first, a satirical description of the *present manners as future*: and the second, a satirical description of *future manners*; which the corruption of the present would prevent from ever happening. Each of these prophecies has its proper inference or deduction: yet, by an unaccountable stupidity, the first editors took the whole to be all one prophecy, and so jumbled the two contrary inferences together. The whole then should be read as follows, only premising that the first line is corrupted by the loss of a word—or *ere I go*, is not English, and should be helped thus:

1. I'll speak a prophecy or *two* ere I go:

When priests are more in words than matter;

When brewers marr their malt with water;

When

When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;
 No hereticks burnt, but wenches' suitors ;
 Then comes the time, who lives to see't,
 That going shall be us'd with feet.—i. e. *Now*.

2. When every case in law is right ;
 No squire in debt, and no poor knight ;
 When slanders do not live in tongues,
 And cut-purses come not to throngs ;
 When usurers tell their gold i' the field,
 And bawds and whores do churches build ;
 Then shall the realm of Albion
 Come to great confusion.—i. e. *Never*.

WARBURTON.

The sagacity and acuteness of Dr. Warburton are very conspicuous in this note. He has disentangled the confusion of the passage, and I have inserted his emendation in the text. *Or e'er*, is proved by Mr. Upton to be good English ; but the controversy was not necessary, for *or* is not in the old copies. JOHNSON.

145. *When nobles are their tailors' tutors ;*] i. e. In-
 vent fashions for them.

WARBURTON.

146. *No hereticks burn'd, but wenches' suitors ;*] The
 disease to which *wenches' suitors* are particularly ex-
 posed, was called in Shakspeare's time the *brenning* or
burning.

JOHNSON.

157. *This prophecy*——] This prophecy is not in
 the quartos.

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion.]

These

These lines are taken from Chaucer. Puttenham, in his *Art of Poetry*, 1589, quotes them as follows:

“ When faith fails in priestes saws,

“ And lords hests are holden for laws,

“ And robbery is tane for purchase,

“ And letchery for solace,

“ Then shall the realm of Albion

“ Be brought to great confusion.” STEEVENS.

194. *But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.]*

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, b. I. c. vi.

“ He lesser pangs can bear who hath endur'd the
chief.” STEEVENS.

196. ————raging sea,] Such is the reading of that which appears to be the elder of the two quartos. The other, with the folio, reads—*roaring sea*.

STEEVENS.

203. ————In such a night

To shut me out!—Pour on, I will endure:—]

Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

213. *In, boy; go first.——]* These two lines were added in the author's revision, and are only in the folio. They are very judiciously intended to represent that humility, or tenderness, or neglect of forms, which affliction forces on the mind.

JOHNSON.

218. *loop'd and window'd raggedness]* *Loops* are small apertures in ancient buildings, particularly castles and towers, for the admission of light, where

H

windows

windows would have been incommodious. Shakspeare in *Othello*, and other places, hath alluded to them.

HENLEY.

The folio reads *lop'd*.

HENDERSON.

——window'd raggedness——

So in the *Amorous War*, 1648:

“———spare me a doublet which

“Hath linings in't, and no glass *windows*.”

This allusion is as old as the time of *Plautus*, in one of whose plays it is found.

Again, in the comedy already quoted:

“———this jerkin

“Is wholly made of *doors*.”

STEEVENS.

224. ——Take *physick*, *pomp*!

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;

That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,

And shew the heavens more just.]

A kindred thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*:

“O let those cities that of plenty's cup

“And her prosperities so largely taste,

“With their superfluous riots—hear these tears;

“The misery of *Tharsus* may be theirs.”

MALONE.

223. *Fathom*, &c.] This speech of *Edgar* is omitted in the quartos. He gives the sign used by those who are sounding the depth at sea.

STEEVENS.

224. *Humph! go to thy bed*——] So the folio. The quarto,

Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. JOHNSON.

So,

So, in the introduction to *The Taming of a Shrew*, *Sly* says, "go to thy cold bed, and warm thee." A ridicule, I suppose, on some passage in a play as absurd as the *Spanish Tragedy*. STEEVENS.

237. *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *Didst thou give all to thy daughters?* STEEVENS.

239. — *led through fire and through flame*—] Alluding to the *ignis fatuus*, supposed to be lights kindled by mischievous beings to lead travellers into destruction. JOHNSON.

243. — *laid knives under his pillow*—] He recounts the temptations by which he was prompted to suicide; the opportunities of destroying himself, which often occurred to him in his melancholy moods. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare found this charge against the fiend, with many others of the same nature, in Harsenet's *Declaration*, and has used the very words of it. The book was printed in 1603. See Dr. Warburton's note, on line 71, act iv.

Infernal spirits are always represented as urging the wretched to self-destruction. So, in Dr. *Faustus*, 1604 :

"Swords, poisons, halters, and envenom'd steel,

"Are laid before me to dispatch myself."

STEEVENS.

245. — *bless thy five wits*.] So the five senses were called by our old writers. Thus in the very ancient interlude of *The Fyve Elements*, one of the characters

H ij

is

is *Sensual Appetite*, who with great simplicity thus introduces himself to the audience :

“ I am callyd sensual apetyte,

“ All creatures in me delyte,

“ I comforte the *wyttys fyve* ;

“ The tastyng smellyng and herynge

“ I refreshe the syghte and felygne

“ To all creaturs alyve.”

Sig. B. iij.

PERCY.

So again, in *Every Man*, a Morality :

“ *Every man*, thou arte made, thou hast thy
wyttes fyve.”

Again, in *Hycke Scornor* :

“ I have spent amys my *v wittes*.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, however, in his 141st Sonnet, seems to have considered the *five wits*, as distinct from the *senses* :

“ But my *five wits*, nor my *five senses* can

“ Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee.”

MALONE.

245. ———*taking*!—] To *take* is to blast, or strike with malignant influence :

—————strike her young bones,

Ye *taking* airs, with lameness. JOHNSON.

261. ———*pelican daughters*.] The young pelican is fabled to suck the mother's blood. JOHNSON.

So, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1630, second part :

“ Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young ones ? the *pelican* does it, and shall not I ?

Again, in *Love in a Maze*, 1632 :

“ The

“The *pelican* loves not her young so well,

“That digs upon her breast a hundred springs.”

STEEVENS.

267. *Commit not, &c.*] The word *commit* is used in this sense by Middleton, in *Women beware Women*:

“His weight is deadly who *commits* with strumpets.”

STEEVENS.

272. — *wore gloves in my cap*—] *i. e.* His mistress's favours: which was the fashion of that time. So in the play called *Campaspe*: “Thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to *lovers*, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, instead of plumes in graven helmets.”

WARBURTON.

It was anciently the custom to wear *gloves* in the hat on three distinct occasions, viz. as the favour of a mistress, the memorial of a friend, and as a mark to be challenged by an enemy. Prince Henry boasts that he will *pluck a glove from the commonest creature*, and fix it in his helmet; and Tucca says to sir Quintilian, in Decker's *Satiromastix*:

“—Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat, like to a leather brooch:” and Pandora in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

“—he that first presents me with his head,

“Shall wear my *glove* in favour of the deed.”

Portia, in her assumed character, asks Bassanio for his *gloves*, which she says she will *wear for his sake*: and king Henry V. gives the pretended *glove* of Alençon to Fluellen, which afterwards occasions his quarrel with the English soldier.

STEEVENS.

278. —light of ear—] *i. e.* Credulous.

WARBURTON.

Not merely *credulous*, but *credulous of evil*, ready to receive malicious reports.

JOHNSON.

279. —Hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, &c.] The Jesuits pretended to cast the seven deadly sins out of Mainz in the shape of those animals that represented them; and before each was cast out, Mainz by gestures acted that particular sin; curling his hair to shew *pride*, vomiting for *gluttony*, gaping and snoring for *sloth*, &c.—Harsenet's book, pp. 279, 280, &c. To this probably our author alludes.

STEEVENS.

283. —thy hand out of plackets.] See *Placket* in catch-word Alphabet.

285. *Thy pen from lenders' books.*] So, in *All Fools*, a comedy by Chapman, 1605:

"If I but write my name in mercers' books,

"I am as sure to have at six months end

"A rascal at my elbow with his mace," &c.

STEEVENS.

286. *Ha no nonny*, &c.] *Hey no nonny* is the burden of a ballad in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (said to be written by Shakspeare in conjunction with Fletcher), and was probably common to many others. The folio introduces it into one of *Ophelia's* songs.

STEEVENS.

It is observable that the two songs, to which Mr. Steevens refers for the burden of *Hey no nonny*, are both sung by girls distracted from disappointed love.

The

The meaning of this burden may be inferred from what follows :—Drayton's *Shepherd's Garland*, 1593, 4to.

“ Who ever heard thy pipe and pleasing vaine,

“ And doth but heare this scurrill minstraley,

“ These *noninos* of filthie ribauldry,

“ That doth not muse.”

Again, in White's *Wit of a Woman* :

“ —these dauncers, sometimes do teach them trickes above trenchmore, yea and sometimes such la voltas, that they mount so high, that you may see their *hey nony, nony, nony, no.*”

HENLEY.

286. *Dolphin, my boy, &c.*]

Dolphin, my boy, my boy,

Cease, let him trot by;

It seemeth not that such a foe

From me or you would fly.

This is a stanza from a very old ballad written on some battle fought in France, during which the king, unwilling to put the suspected valour of his son the *Dauphin*, i. e. *Dolphin* (so called and spelt at those times) to the trial, is represented as desirous to restrain him from any attempt to establish an opinion of his courage on an adversary who wears the least appearance of strength ; and at last assists in propping up a dead body against a tree for him to try his manhood upon. Therefore, as different champions are supposed crossing the field, the king always discovers some objection to his attacking each of them, and repeats

repeats these two lines as every fresh personage is introduced.

Dolphin, my boy, my boy, &c.

The song I have never seen, but had this account from an old gentleman, who was only able to repeat part of it, and died before I could have supposed the discovery would have been of the least importance to me.—As for the words, *says suum, mun*, they are only to be found in the first folio, and were probably added by the players, who, together with the compositors, were likely enough to corrupt what they did not understand, or to add more of their own to what they already concluded to be nonsense.

STEEVENS.

Cokes cries out in *Bartholomew-Fair*:

“God’s my life!—He shall be *Dauphin, my boy!*”

FARMER.

296. *Come; unbutton here.*] Thus the folio. One of the quartos reads:

Come on, be true.

STEEVENS.

300. —*an old lecher’s heart.*] This image appears to have been imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in the *Humourous Lieutenant*:

“———*an old man’s loose desire*

“Is like the glow-worm’s light the apes so wonder’d at;

“Which, when they gather’d sticks, and laid upon’t,

“And blew and blew, turn’d tail, and went out presently.”

STEEVENS.

303. — *Flibbertigibbet* ; —] We are not much acquainted with this fiend. Latimer in his sermons mentions him ; and Heywood, among his sixte hundred of *Epigrams*, edit. 1576, has the following, *Of calling one Flebergibet* :

“ Thou *Flebergibet*, *Flebergibet*, thou wretch !

“ Wottest thou whereto last part of that word doth stretch ?

“ Leave that word, or I’le baste thee with a libet ;

“ Of all woords I hate woords that end with gibet.” STEEVENS.

“ *Frateretto*, *Fliberdigibet*, *Hoberdidance*, *Tocobatto*, were four devils of the round or morice These four had forty assistants under them, as themselves doe confesse.” *Harsenet*, p. 49. PERCY.

305. — *web and the pin* —] Diseases of the eye.

JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1600. One of the characters is giving a ludicrous description of a lady’s face, and when he comes to her eyes he says, “ a *pin and web* argent in hair duroy.” STEEVENS.

308. *Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,*
He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold,
Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee !]

We should read it thus :

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
 He met the night-mare, and her name told,
 Bid her alight, and her troth plight,
 And aroynt thee, witch, aroynt thee right!

i. e. Saint Withold, traversing the *wold* or *downs*; met the night-mare; who having told her name, he obliges her to *alight* from those persons whom she rides, and *plight her troth* to do no more mischief. This is taken from a story of him in his legend. Hence he was invoked as the patron saint against that distemper. And these verses were no other than a popular charm, or *night-spell* against the Epilepsy. The last line is the formal execration or apostrophe of the speaker of the charm to the witch, *aroynt thee right*, *i. e.* depart forthwith. Bedlams, gipsies, and such like vagabonds, used to sell these kinds of spells or charms to the people. They were of various kinds for various disorders. We have another of them in the *Monsieur Thomas* of Fletcher, which he expressly calls a *night-spell*, and is in these words:

“ Saint George, Saint George, our lady’s knight,
 “ He walks by day, so he does by night;
 “ And when he had her found,
 “ He her beat and her bound;
 “ Until to him her troth she plight,
 “ She would not stir from him that night.”

WARBURTON.

This is likewise one of the “magical cures” for the *incubus*, quoted, with little variation, by Reginald Scott, in his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, 1584.

STEEVENS.

In the old quarto the corruption is such as may deserve to be noted. “Swithald footed thrice the olde anelthu night moore and her nine fold bid her, O

light

light and her troth plight and arint thee, with arint thee." JOHNSON.

Shakspeare might have met with St. Withold in the old spurious play of *King John*, where this saint is invoked by a Franciscan friar. The *wold* I suppose to be the true reading. So in the *Coventry Collection of Mysteries*, Mus. Brit. Vesp. D. viii. p. 93. Herod says to one of his officers :

" Seyward bolde, walke thou on *wolde*,

" And wysely behold all abowte," &c.

STEEVENS.

The ancient reading is *the olds* : which is pompously corrected by Mr. Theobald, with the help of his friend Mr. Bishop, to the *wolds* : in fact, it is the same word. Spelman writes, *Burton upon olds* : the provincial pronunciation is still the *oles* : and that probably was the vulgar orthography. Let us read then,

" *St Withold* footed thrice the *oles*,

" He met the night-mare, and her nine *foles*," &c.

FARMER.

Both the quarto and folio have *old*, and not *olds*.

MALONE.

Aroynt, see catch-word Alphabet.

318. — *wall-newt*,] The quarto reads *wall wort*.

HENDERSON.

322. — *whipt from tything to tything*—] A *tything* is a division of a place, a district ; the same in the country, as a ward in the city. In the Saxon times every hundred was divided into *tythings*. Edgar alludes

alludes to the acts of *Queen Elizabeth* and *James I.* against rogues, vagabonds, &c. In the Statute, 39 Eliz. ch. 4. it is enacted, that every vagabond, &c. shall be publickly *whipped and sent from parish to parish.* STEEVENS.

326. ———*small deer*] This distich is part of a description in the old metrical romance of *Sir Bevis of Southampton*, of the hardships suffered by *Bevis* when confined for seven years in a dungeon:

“ Rattes and myce, and such smal dere,

“ Was his meate that seven yere.” PERCY.

329. —*Peace, Smolkin, peace*—] “ The names of other punie spirits cast out of Trayford were these: Hilco, *Smolkin*, Hillio, &c.” Harsenet, p. 49. PERCY.

330. *The prince of darkness is a gentleman* ;] This is spoken in resentment of what Gloster had just said —“ Has your grace no *better company* ?” STEEVENS.

331. *Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*] So in Harsenet's *Declaration*, *Maho* was the chief devil that had possession of Sarah Williams ; but another of the possessed, named Richard Mainy, was molested by a still more considerable fiend called *Modu*. See the book already mentioned, p. 268, where the said Richard Mainy deposes: “ Furthermore it is pretended, that there remaineth still in mee the prince of all other devils, whose name should be *Modu* ; he is elsewhere called, “ the prince *Modu* .” so, p. 269, “ When the said priests had dispatched their business at Hackney (where they had been exorcising Sarah Williams) they then returned towards mee,

uppon

uppon pretence to cast the great prince *Modu* . . . out mee."

STEEVENS.

345. ———*learned Theban.*] Ben Jonson, in his *Masque of Pan's Anniversary*, has introduced a *Tinker*, whom he calls a *learned Theban*, perhaps in ridicule of this passage.

STEEVENS.

350. *His wits begin to unsettle.*] On this occasion, I cannot prevail on myself to omit the following excellent remark of Mr. Horace Walpole, inserted in the postscript to his *Mysterious Mother*. He observes, that when "*Belvidera* talks of

"*Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber—* she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or at least should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of *King Lear*. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had phrenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we should conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakspeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet."

STEEVENS.

375. *Child Rowland.*] The word *child* (however it came to have this sense) is often applied to *Knight*, &c. in old historical songs and romances; of this, innumerable instances occur in the *Reliques of ancient English Poetry*. See particularly in Vol. I. s. iv. v. 97.

where, in a description of a battle between two knights, we find these lines :

“ The Eldridge knight, he prick’d his steed ;

“ Syr Cawline bold abode :

“ Then either shook his trusty spear,

“ And the timber these two *children* bare

“ So soon in sunder slode.”

See in the same volumes the ballads concerning the *child of Elle*, *child Waters*, *child Maurice* [Vol. III. s. xx.] &c. The same idiom occurs in *Spenser’s Faerie Queen*, where the famous knight Sir Tristram is frequently called *Child Tristram*. See B. V. c. ii. st. 8. 13. B. VI. c. ii. st. 36. Ibid. c. viii. st. 15. PERCY.

Shakspeare here alludes to an antiquated ballad, or some story of *Roland*. Mr. Steevens has marked a similar reference in *The Woman’s Prize* of Beaumont and Fletcher :

“ —— a mere hobby-horse

“ She made the *Child Rowland*.”

376. *Fie, foh, and fum, &c.*] In *Have with you to Suffron-Walden, or Gabriel Harvey’s Hunt is Up*, 1598, part of the lines repeated by Edgar is quoted :—“ a pedant, who will find matter inough to dilate a whole daye of the first invention of

“ Fy, fa, fum,

“ I smell the blood of an Englishman.”

Both the quartos read :

—— to the dark town come.

STEEVENS.

384. —— but a provoking merit,] *Provoking* here means *stimulating* ; a merit he felt in himself, which irritated

irritated him against a father that had none.

MONCK MASON.

397. ——— *comforting* ———] *Comforting* here means giving *comfort* or *assistance*. So Gloster says in the beginning of the next scene:

—I will piece out the *comfort* with what addition I can.

MONCK MASON.

402. Fool *Pr'ythee, nuncle, tell me.*——] And before, in the same act, sc. iii.—“Cry to it, nuncle.” Why does the Fool call the old king, *nuncle*? But we have the same appellation in *The Pilgrim*, by Fletcher:

“Farewel, *Nuncle*,”——Act iv. sc. 1.

And in the next scene, alluding to Shakspeare,

“What mops and mowes it makes.”

WHALLEY.

404. This speech is omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

408. *Come hissing in upon 'em.*——] Then follow in the old edition several speeches in the mad way, which probably were left out by the players, or by Shakspeare himself: I shall however insert them here, and leave them to the reader's mercy. POPE.

As Mr. Pope had begun to insert several speeches in the mad way, in this scene, from the old edition, I have ventured to replace several others, which stand upon the same footing, and had an equal right of being restored.

THEOBALD.

409. *Edgar.*] This and the next fourteen speeches (which Dr. Johnson had enclosed in crotchets) are only in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

421. —the health of a horse,—] Shakspeare is here speaking of things uncertain. A horse is above all other animals subject to diseases. JOHNSON.

426. *Wantest, &c.*] I am not confident that I understand the meaning of this desultory speech. When Edgar says, *Look where he stands and glares!* he seems to be speaking in the character of a madman, who thinks he sees the fiend. *Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?* is a question which appears to be addressed to the visionary Goneril, or some other abandon'd female, and may signify, *Do you want to attract admiration, even while you stand at the bar of justice?* Mr. Seward proposes to read, *wanton'st* instead of *wantest*.

STEEVENS.

At trial, madam?] It may be observed that Edgar, being supposed to be found by chance, and therefore to have no knowledge of the rest, connects not his ideas with those of Lear, but pursues his own train of delirious or fantastick thought. To these words, *At trial, madam?* I think therefore that the name of Lear should be put. The process of the dialogue will support this conjecture. JOHNSON.

428. *Come o'er the broom, Bessy, to me :]* As there is no relation between *broom* and a *boat*, we may better read :

Come o'er the brook, Bessy, to me. JOHNSON.

At the beginning of *A very merry and pythie comedie, called, The longer thou Livest, the more Foole thou art, &c.* Imprinted at London by Wylllyam How, &c. black letter, no date, "Entrethi Moros, counterfaiting a vaine

vaine gesture and foolish countenance, synging the foote of many songs, as fooles were wont;" and among them is this passage, which Dr. Johnson has very justly suspected of corruption :

" Com over the *boorne* Bessé

" My little pretie Bessé

" Com over the *boorne* Bessé to me."

This song was entered on the books of the Stationers-Company in the year 1564.

A *boorn* signifies a *rivulet* or *brook*. Hence the names of many of our villages terminate in *burn*, as Milburn, Sherburn, &c.

STEEVENS.

There is a peculiar propriety in this address that has not, I believe, been hitherto observed. *Bessy* and poor *Tom*, it seems, usually travelled together. The author of *The Court of Conscience, or Dick Whipper's Sessions*, 1607, describing *beggars, idle rogues, and counterfeit madmen*, thus speaks of these associates :

" Another sort there is among you ; they

" Do rage with furie as if they were so frantique

" They knew not what they did, but every day

" Make sport with stick and flowers like an antique ;

" Stowt roge and harlot counterfeited gomme,

" One calls herself poor *Besse*, the other *Tom*,"

MALONE.

The author of THE REMARKS has printed from an old manuscript the song itself.

431. —[in the voice of a nightingale.] Another deponent in Harsenet's book (p. 225, says), that the

mistress of the house kept a *nightingale* in a cage, which being one night killed, and conveyed away into the garden, it was pretended the devil had killed it in spite. Perhaps this passage suggested to Shakspeare the circumstance of Tom's being haunted *in the voice of a nightingale*. PERCY.

432. ——— *Hopdance cries in Tom's belly* ———] In Harsenet's book, p. 194, 195, Sarah Williams (one of the pretended demoniacks) deposeth, "—that if at any time she did belch, as oftentimes she did by reason that she was troubled with a wind in her stomacke, the priests would say at such times, that then the spirit began to rise in her . . . and that the wind was the devil." And, as she saith, "if they heard any *croaking in her belly* . . . then they would make a wonderful matter of that." *Hoberdidance* is mentioned before in Dr. Percy's note. STEEVENS.

433. —*white herring*.] *White herrings are pickled herrings*. See the *Northumberland Household Book*, p. 8. STEEVENS.

443. *Sleepest, or wakest, &c.*] This seems to be a stanza of some pastoral song. A shepherd is desired to pipe, and the request is enforced by a promise, that though his sheep be in the corn, *i. e.* committing a trespass by his negligence, implied in the question, *Sleepest thou, or wakest?* Yet a single tune upon his pipe shall secure them from the pound. JOHNSON.

Minikin was anciently a term of endearment. So, in the interlude of the *Repentance of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567, the *Vice* says, "What *mynikin* carnal concupiscence!"

piscence!" Barret, in his *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, interprets *feat*, by "proper, well-fashioned, *minikin*, handsome." In the *Interlude of the Four Elements*, &c. printed by Rastell, 1519, *Ignorance* sings a song composed of the scraps of several others. Among them is the following line, on which Shakspeare may have designed a parody:

"*Sleepyst thou, wakyst thou, Geffery Coke.*"

STEEVENS.

453. *Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint stool.*]

This is a proverbial expression.

STEEVENS.

464. ————*see they bark at me.*] The hint for this circumstance might have been taken from the pretended madness of one of the brothers in the translation of the *Menæchmi* of Plautus, 1595:

"Here's an old mastiff bitch stands barking at me," &c.

STEEVENS.

If Shakspeare had access to the *Odyssey*, I should rather have supposed that the affectionate recognition of Ulysses by his dog, might have suggested the circumstance here marked by Lear.

HENLEY.

467. *Be thy mouth or black or white,*] To have the roof of the mouth black, is in some dogs a proof that their breed is genuine.

STEEVENS.

469. ————*brache or hym, &c.*] Names of particular sorts of dogs.

POPE.

Sir T. Hanmer for *hym* reads *lym*.

JOHNSON.

In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew-Fair*, Quarlous says,—"all the *lime*-hounds of the city should have drawn after you by the scent."—A *limner* or *leamer*, a dog

of

of the chace, was so called from the *leam* or leash in which he was held till he was let slip. I have this information from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*.—So, in the book of *Ancient Tenures*, by T. B. 1679, the words, “*canes domini regis lesos*,” are translated “Leash hounds, such as draw after a hurt deer in a *leash*, or *liam*.”

Again, in the *Muses Elysium*, by Drayton :

“My dog-hook at my belt, to which my *lyam*'s
ty'd.”

Again : “My *hound* then in my *lyam*, &c.”

Among the presents sent from James I. to the king and queen of Spain were “A cupple of *lyme-houndes* of singular qualities.”

Again, in Massinger's *Bashful Lover* :

“——sinell out

“Her footing like a *lime-hound*.”

The late Mr. Hawkins, in his notes to the *Return from Parnassus*, p. 237, says, that a *rache* is a dog that hunts by scent wild beasts, birds, and even fishes, and that the female of it is called a *brache* : and in *Magnificence*, an ancient interlude or morality, by Skelton, printed by Rastell, no date, is the following line :

“Here is a leyshe of *ratches* to renne an hare.”

STEEVENS.

What is here said of a *rache* might perhaps be taken by Mr. Hawkins from Holinshed's *Description of Scotland*, p. 14, where the sleuthound means a bloodhound. The females of all dogs were once called *braches*;

braches; and Ulitius upon Gratius observes, "*Racha Saxonibus canem significabat unde Scoti hodie Rache pro cane foemina habent, quod Anglis est Brache.*"

TOLLET.

470. —bobtail *tike*—] Tijk is the Runick word for a little, or worthless dog;

"Are Mr. Robinson's dogs turn'd *tikes* with a wanion?" *Witches of Lancaster*, 1634.

STEEVENS.

470. —trundle-tail.] This sort of dog is mentioned in *A Woman killed with Kindness*, 1617:

"—your dogs are *trundle-tails* and curs."

Again, in *The Booke of Huntyng*, &c. bl. let. no date:

"—dunghill dogs, *trindle-tails*, &c."

STEEVENS.

474. *Sessey, come*, &c.] Here is *sessey* again, which I take to be the French word *cessez* pronounced *cessey*, which was, I suppose, like some others, in common use among us. It is an interjection enforcing cessation of any action, like, *be quiet*, *have done*. It seems to have been gradually corrupted into *so*, *so*. JOHNSON.

This word is wanting in the quarto: in the folio it is printed *sese*. It is difficult in this place to say what is meant by it. It should be remembered, that just before, Edgar had been calling on *Bessy* to come to him; and he may now with equal propriety invite *Sessy* (perhaps a female name corrupted from *Cecilia*) to attend him to *wakes and fairs*. Nor is it impossible but that this may be a part of some old song, and originally stood thus:

Sissy,

Sissy, come march to wakes,

And fairs, and market towns.——

So, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, an ancient collection of satires, no date :

“ To make *Sisse* in love withal.”

Again :

“ My heart's deare blood, sweet *Sisse*, is my carouse.”

There is another line in the character of Edgar which I am very confident I have seen in an old ballad, viz.

Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.

STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnson is surely right, in supposing that *sessy* is a corruption of *cessez*, be quiet, stop, hold, let alone. It is so used by Christofero Sly, the drunken Tinker, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, and by Edgar himself in a preceding scene—“ Dolphin, by boy, *Sessy* ; let him trot by.”—But it does not seem equally clear that it has been corrupted into *so, so*.

REMARKS.

475. ———*thy horn is dry*.] Men that begged under pretence of lunacy used formerly to carry a horn, and blow it through the streets. JOHNSON.

A *horn* is at this day employed in many places in the country as a cup for drinking, but anciently the use of it was much more general. *Thy horn is dry*, appears to be a proverbial expression, introduced when a man has nothing further to offer, when he has said all he had to say. *Such a one's pipe's out*, is a phrase current in Ireland on the same occasion.

I suppose Edgar to speak these words *aside*. Being quite

quite weary of his Tom o' Bedlam's part, and finding himself unable to support it any longer, he says privately, "—I can no more: all my materials for sustaining the character of Poor Tom are now exhausted; *my horn is dry*: i. e. has nothing more in it; and accordingly we have no more of his dissembled madness till he meets his father in the next act, when he resumes it for a speech or two, but not without expressing the same dislike of it that he expresses here, "—I cannot daub it further." STEEVENS.

480. — *You will say they are Persian*;—] Alluding perhaps to Clytus refusing the Persian robes offered him by Alexander. STEEVENS.

485. *And I'll go to bed at noon.*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

495. *Take up, take up.*] One of the quartos reads—*Take up the king, &c.* the other—*Take up to keep, &c.* STEEVENS.

498. — *Oppressed nature sleeps.*—] These two concluding speeches by Kent and Edgar, and which by no means ought to have been cut off, I have restored from the old quarto. THEOBALD.

499. — *thy broken senses,*] The quarto, from whence this speech is taken, reads—*thy broken sinews.* *Senses* is the conjectural emendation of Theobald.

STEEVENS.

Theobald might have supported his emendation by a passage in *Macbeth*:

"——the innocent sleep,

"*Balm of hurt minds.*——"

MALONE.

507. — *free things*—] States clear from distress.

JOHNSON.

Thus Lear, before :

“ When the mind’s *free*, the body’s delicate.”

* * *

508. *But then the mind much sufferance doth o’erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-
ship.]*

So, in our author’s *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage.”

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Or, if sour *woe* delights in fellowship.—”

Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.—*Incer.*

Aut.

MALONE.

513. *Mark the high noises !—]* Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence, and recall thee to honour and reconciliation.

JOHNSON.

513. — *and thyself bewray,*] *Bewray*, which at present has only a dirty meaning, anciently signified to *betray*, to *discover*.

STEEVENS.

Thus in the Scripture, “ thy speech *bewrayeth* thee.”

* * *

See *Betoray*, catch-word Alphabet.

528. — *and intelligent betwixt us.]* So, in a former scene :

—spies and speculations

Intelligent of our state.

STEEVENS.

530. — *my lord of Gloster.]* Meaning Edmund, newly

newly invested with his father's titles. The steward, speaking immediately after, mentions the old earl by the same title. JOHNSON.

534. *Hot questrists after him*——] A *questrist* is one who goes in search or *quest* of another.

STEEVENS.

542. *Though well we may not pass upon his life,*

—————yet our pow'r

Shall do a courtesy to our wrath.——] *To do a courtesy* is to gratify, to comply with. *To pass*, is to pass a judicial sentence. JOHNSON.

The original of the expression, *to pass on any one*, may be traced from *Magna Charta*:

“—*nec super eum ibimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum.*”

It is common to most of our early writers. So, in *Acolastus*, a comedy, 1529: “I do not now consider the myschievous pageants he hath played; I do not now *passee upon* them.” Again, in *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in It*, 1612: “A jury of brokers, impanel'd, and deeply sworn to *passee on* all villains in hell.” STEEVENS.

547. —*corry arms.*] Dry, wither'd, husky arms.

JOHNSON.

As Shakspeare appears from other passages of this play to have had in his eye *Bishop Harsenet's Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures*, &c. 1603, 4to. it is probable, that this very expressive, but peculiar epithet, *corry*, was suggested to him by a passage in that very curious pamphlet, “It would pose all the

K

cunning

cunning exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curvet, and fetch her morice gambols, as Martha Bressier (one of the possessed mentioned in the pamphlet) did."

PERCY.

554. *By the kind gods,——*] People always invoke their deities as they would have them shew themselves at particular times in their favour; Gloster accordingly calls those *kind gods* whom he would wish to find so on this occasion. He does so yet a second time in this scene. Our own liturgy will sufficiently evince the truth of my supposition.

STEEVENS.

559. *Will quicken,——*] *i. e.* quicken into life.

MONCK MASON.

560. *——my hospitable favours*] *Favours* means the same as *features*, *i. e.* the different parts of which a face is composed. So, in *David and Bethsabe*, 1599:

"To daunt the *favours* of his lovely face."

STEEVENS.

563. *Be simple-answer'd,——*] The old quarto reads, *Be simple answerer*.—Either is good sense: *simple* means *plain*.

STEEVENS.

578. *I am ty'd to the stake,——*] So, in *Macbeth*:

"They have chain'd me to a stake; I cannot fly,

"But, bear-like, I must stand the course."

STEEVENS.

——the course.] The running of the dogs upon me.

JOHNSON.

582. *——stick boarish fangs.*] The quartos read—

rash

rash boarish fangs. This verb occurs in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. ii.

"And shields did share, and mai'es did *rash*, and helmes did hew."

Again, B. V. c. iii.

"*Rashing* off helmes, and rying plates asunder."

To *rash* is the old hunting term for the stroke made by a wild boar with his fangs. STEEVENS.

586. ———to *rain*.] Thus the folio. The quartos read—to *rage*. STEEVENS.

587. ———that stern *time*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read—that *dearn* time.—*Dearn* is a north-country word, signifying *lonely*, solitary, melancholy, far from neighbours. So, in the *Valiant Scot*:

"Of all thy joys the *dearne* and dismal end."

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. i.

"They heard a rueful voice that *dearnly* cride."

STEEVENS:

589. ———*subscrib'd*:——] Yielded, submitted to the necessity of the occasion. JOHNSON.

592. *Upon these eyes, &c.*] In *Selimus, Emperor of the Turks*, one of the sons of *Bajazet* pulls out the eyes of an aga on the stage, and says,

"Yes, thou shalt live, but never see that day,

"Wanting the tapers that should give thee light."

[Pulls out his eyes.

Immediately after, his hands are cut off. I have introduced this passage, to shew that Shakspeare's drama was not more sanguinary than that of his contemporaries.

STEEVENS.

In Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, p. ii. 1602, Piero's tongue is torn out on the stage. MALONE.

604. *My villain !*] Villain is here perhaps used in its original sense of one in servitude. STEEVENS.

627. *I'll never care what wickedness I do,*] This short dialogue I have inserted from the old quarto, because I think it full of nature. Servants could hardly see such a barbarity committed on their master, without pity; and the vengeance that they presume must overtake the actors of it, is a sentiment and doctrine well worthy of the stage. THEOBALD.

It is not necessary to suppose them the servants of Gloster; for Cornwall was opposed to extremity by his own servant. JOHNSON.

ACT IV.

Line 1. *YET better thus, and known to be contemn'd,*] The sentiment is this:—It is better to be thus contemned and know it, than to be flattered by those who secretly condemn us. HENLEY.

The quarto edition has no stop after *flatter'd*. The first folio, which has a comma there, has a colon at the end of the line.

The expression in this speech—*owes nothing to thy blasts*—(in a more learned writer) might seem to be copied from Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 51.

“ Nos

"*Nos juvenem exanimum, et nil jam cœlestibus
ullis*

"*Debentem, vano mæsti comitamur honore.*"

TYRWHITT.

4. ——— *lives not in fear.*] So in Milton's *Par. Reg.*

B. III.

"For where no hope is left, is left no *fear.*"

STEEVENS.

6. — *Welcome then,*] The next two lines and a half
are omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

10. ————— *O world!*

*But that thy strange mutations make us hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.*] The sense of this
obscure passage is, O world! so much are human
minds captivated with thy pleasures, that were it not
for those successive miseries, each worse than the
other, which overload the scenes of life, we should
never be willing to submit to death, though the infir-
mities of old age would teach us to choose it as a pro-
per asylum. Besides, by uninterrupted prosperity,
which leaves the mind at ease, the body would gene-
rally preserve such a state of vigour as to bear up
long against the decays of time. These are the two
reasons, I suppose, why he said,

Life would not yield to age.

And how much the pleasures of the body pervert the
mind's judgment, and the perturbations of the mind
disorder the body's frame, is known to all.

WARBURTON.

Yield to, signifies no more than *give way to, sink
under,*

under, in opposition to the *struggling with*, bearing up against the infirmities of age. HANMER.

12. *Our mean secures us;—*] *i. e.* Moderate, mediocre condition. WARBURTON.

The two original editions have:

Our *meanes* secures us.—— JOHNSON.

Mean is here a substantive, and signifies *a middle state*, as Dr. Warburton rightly interprets it. So, again in *The Merchant of Venice*, “it is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the *mean*.” See more instances in Dr. Johnson’s *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

21. *——to see thee in my touch.*] So, in another scene, I see it *feelingly*. STEEVENS.

24. *——who is’t can say, I am at the worst?*

——the worst is not,

So long as we can say, This is the worst.]

i. e. While we live; for while we yet continue to have a sense of feeling, something worse than the present may still happen. What occasioned this reflection was his rashly saying in the beginning of this scene,

——To be worst,

The lowest, most dejected thing of fortune, &c.

The wretch, that thou hast blown unto the worst, &c. WARBURTON.

40. *As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;*

They kill us for their sport.]

“Dii nos quasi pilas homines habent.”—*Plant. Captiv. Prol. 1. 22.* STEEVENS.

44. ———*I cannot daub it*———] *i. e.* Disguise.

WARBURTON.

So, in *King Richard III.*:

“So smooth he *daub’d* his vice with shew of virtue.”

The quartos read, “I cannot *dance* it further.”

STEEVENS.

59. *Five fiends, &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio. In *Harsenet’s* Book, already quoted, p. 278, we have an extract from the account published by the exorcists themselves, viz. “By commaundement of the exorcist . . . the devil in Ma. Mainy confessed his name to be *Modu*, and that he had besides himself *seaven other spirits*, and all of them captains, and of great fame.” “Then Edmundes (the exorcist) began againe with great earnestness, and all the company cried out, &c. . . . so as both that wicked prince *Modu* and his company might be cast out.” This passage will account for *five fiends having been in poor Tom at once.*

PERCY.

67. ———*mopping and mowing* ;] So in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Pilgrim*, act iv. sc. ii

“The devil in a fool’s coat, is he turn’d innocent ?

“What *mops* and *mowes* it makes.”——

WHALLEY.

The proper meaning of these expressions may be drawn from the passages that follow :—Thus, in *Harsenet’s Declaration of Popish Impostures*, “His reasons that moove him to think so well of us are, be-

cause we do not tumble, wallow, foame, howle, scricke, and make *mouthes and mops*, as the popish possessed used to do."—And again:—"to frame themselves iumpe and fit unto the priest's humors, to *mop, mow, iest, raile, rave, roare,*" &c. HENLEY.

70. —*possesses chamber-maids and waiting-women.*—] Shakspeare has made Edgar, in his feigned distraction, frequently allude to a vile imposture of some English jesuits, at that time much the subject of conversation; the history of it having been just then composed with great art and vigour of style and composition by Dr. S. Harsenet, afterwards archbishop of York, by order of the privy-council, in a work entitled, *A Declaration of egregious Popish Impostures to withdraw her Majesty's Subjects from their Allegiance, &c. practised by Edmunds, alias Weston, a Jesuit, and divers Romish Priests his wicked Associates:* printed 1603. The imposture was in substance this. While the Spaniards were preparing their armado against England, the jesuits were here busy at work to promote it, by making converts: one method they employed was to dispossess pretended demoniacks, by which artifice they made several hundred converts amongst the common people. The principal scene of this farce was laid in the family of one Mr. Edmund Peckham, a Roman-Catholick, where Marwood, a servant of Anthony Babington's (who was afterwards executed for treason), Trayford, an attendant upon Mr. Peckham, and Sarah and Friswood Williams, and Anne Smith, *three chamber-maids* in that family, came into the priest's hands for cure.

cure. But the discipline of the patients was so long and severe, and the priests so elate and careless with their success, that the plot was discovered on the confession of the parties concerned, and the contrivers of it deservedly punished. The five devils here mentioned, are the names of five of those who were made to act in this farce upon the *chamber-maids and waiting-women*; and they were generally so ridiculously nicknamed, that Harsenet has one chapter *on the strange names of their devils*; lest, says he, *meeting them otherwise by chance, you mistake them for the names of tapsters or jugglers.* WARBURTON.

The passage in crotchets is omitted in the folio, because, I suppose, as the story was forgotten, the jest was lost. JOHNSON.

76. *Let the superfluous,*] Lear has before uttered the same sentiment, which indeed cannot be too strongly impressed, though it may be too often repeated. JOHNSON.

77. *That slaves your ordinance,—*] *To slave an ordinance*, is to treat it as a *slave*, to make it subject to us, instead of acting in obedience to it.

So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

“ ————none

“ *Could slave him like the Lydian Omphale.*”

Again, in *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, by Massinger:

“ ————that *slaves* me to his will.” STEEVENS.

90. ————*our mild husband*] It must be remembered that Albany, the husband of Goneril, disliked, in the
end

end of the first act, the scheme of oppression and ingratitude.

JOHNSON.

104. ———our wishes, on the way,

May prove effects.———]

The wishes we have formed and communicated to each other, on our journey, may be carried into effect

MONCK MASON.

107. ———*I must change arms, &c.*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads—*change names*. STEEVENS.

112. *Decline your head; this kiss, if it durst speak,*

Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.]

She bids him decline his head, that she might give him a kiss (the steward being present), and that it might appear only to him as a whisper. STEEVENS.

117. *O, the difference of man and man!]* Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

119. *My fool usurps my body.]* One of the quartos reads:

My foot usurps my head; the other,

My foot usurps my body.

STEEVENS.

121. *I have been worth the whistle.]* This expression is a reproach to Albany for having neglected her; *though you disregard me thus, I have been worth the whistle, I have found one that thinks me worth calling.*

JOHNSON.

This expression is a proverbial one. Heywood, in one of his dialogues, consisting entirely of proverbs, says:

“It is a poor dog that is not worth the whistling.”

Goneril's meaning seems to be—*There was a time*

when

when you would have thought me worth the calling to you ; reproaching him for not having summoned her to consult with on the present critical occasion.

STEEVENS.

124. ———— *I fear your disposition :*] These and the speech ensuing are in the edition of 1608, and are but necessary to explain the reasons of the detestation which Albany here expresses to his wife. POPE.

126. *Cannot be border'd certain*———] *Certain*, for within the bounds that nature prescribes.

WARBURTON.

127. *She that herself will shiver and disbranch,*] Thus all the editions, but the old quarto, that reads *sliver*, which signifies to tear off or disbranch. So, in *Macbeth* :

———slips of yew

Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse. WARBURTON.

135. *Head-lugg'd bear*] Is it not probable that Shakspeare wrote, the *teat-lugg'd bear*?—So, before, act iii. line 10 :

“ This night wherein the *cub-drawn bear* would couch.” HENLEY.

129. *And come to deadly use.*] Alluding to the use that witches and inchanters are said to make of *wither'd branches* in their charms. A fine insinuation in the speaker, that she was ready for the most unnatural mischief, and a preparative of the poet to her plotting with the bastard against her husband's life.

WARBURTON.

135. ————*would lick.*] This line, which had been omitted

omitted by all my predecessors, I have restored from the quartos.

STEEVENS.

142. —*like monsters of the deep.*] Fishes are the only animals that are known to prey upon their own species.

JOHNSON.

The good doctor should have excepted mankind.— Besides the proofs with which the late South-Sea voyages abound, of the existence of *Cannibals*, the 4th book of Strabo brings the fact nearer home. In it he thus speaks of Ireland:—"Concerning this island I have nothing authentick to relate, except that its inhabitants are more savage than the Britons, being both *anthropophagi* and voracious; and esteeming it an honour to eat up the dead bodies of their fathers."

HENLEY.

146. —*that not, &c.*] The rest of this speech is omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

154. *Proper deformity*——] *i. e.* Diabolick qualities appear not so horrid in the devil to whom they belong, as in woman who unnaturally assumes them.

WARBURTON.

157. *Thou changed, and self-cover'd thing,*—] Of these lines there is but one copy, and the editors are forced upon conjecture. They have published this line thus:

Thou chang'd, and self-converted thing;
but I cannot but think that by *self-cover'd* the author meant, thou that hast *disguised* nature by wickedness;
thou that hast *hid* the woman under the fiend.

JOHNSON.

This

This and the next speech are omitted in the folio.

STEEVENS.

I have no doubt but that *self-cover'd* was Shakspeare's expression, and perhaps alludes to 2 Cor. xi. 14. "Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light."—for, just before, Albany had said to her:

"See thyself, devil!

"Proper deformity seems not in the fiend

"So horrid as in woman."—

And, almost immediately after, he adds:

"Howe'er thou art a fiend,

"A woman's shape doth shield thee."

By the phrase, "*Thou changed and self-cover'd thing*," we are to understand Albany, as meaning, that Goneril, having thrown off the convenient seeming of female gentleness, now no longer played the hypocrite, but exhibited in her face the self-same passions she had covered in her heart.

HENLEY.

182. *One way, I like this well*;] Goneril's plan was to poison her sister—to marry Edmund—to murder Albany—and to get possession of the whole kingdom; as the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund.

MONCK MASON.

199. Scene III.] This scene, left out in all the common books, is restored from the old edition; it being manifestly of Shakspeare's writing, and necessary to continue the story of Cordelia, whose behaviour is here most beautifully painted.

POPE.

L

It

It is extant only in the quarto, being omitted in the first folio.

JOHNSON.

199. ——— *a Gentleman.*] The gentleman whom he sent in the foregoing act with letters to Cordelia.

JOHNSON.

217. ————— *her smiles and tears*

Were like a better day. ———]

It is plain, we should read ——— *a wetter May.* ———

i. e. A spring season wetter than ordinary.

WARBURTON.

The thought is taken from Sidney's *Arcadia*, p. 244. "Her tears came dropping down like rain in sunshine." Cordelia's behaviour on this occasion is apparently copied from *Pholoclea's*. The same book, in another place, says — "that her tears followed one another like a precious rope of pearl." The quartos read — *a better way* — which may be an accidental inversion of the M.

A better day, however, is the *best day*, and the *best day* is a day most favourable to the productions of the earth. Such are the days in which there is a due mixture of rain and sunshine.

It must be observed that the *comparative* is used by Milton and others, instead of the *positive* and *superlative*, as well as by Shakspeare himself, in the play before us:

"The *safer* sense will ne'er accommodate

"Its master thus."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

"—— it hath cow'd my *better* part of man."

Again,

Again,

“——Go not my horse the *better*.”

Mr. Pope makes no scruple to say of Achilles, that

“The Pelian javelin in his *better* hand

“Shot trembling rays,” &c.

i. e. his *best* hand, his *right*.

STEEVENS.

Doth not Dr. Warburton's alteration infer, that Cordelia's sorrow was superior to her patience? But it seemed that she was a queen over her passion; and the smiles on her lip appeared not to know that tears were in her eyes. Her smiles and tears were like a better day, or like a better May, may signify that they were like such a season where sunshine prevailed over rain. So in *All's Well that Ends Well*, act v. scene 3, we see in the king “*sunshine and hail at once*; but to the brightest beams distracted clouds give way: the time is fair again, and he is like a day of season,”

i. e. better day.

TOLLET.

218. ———*smiles*,] The quartos read *smilets*. This may be a diminutive of Shakspeare's coinage.

STEEVENS.

221. *As pearls from diamonds dropt*.—] A similar thought to this of Shakspeare, occurs in Middleton's *Game at Chess*, 1625:

“——the holy dew lies like a pearl

“Dropt from the *opening eye-lids of the morn*

“Upon the bashful rose.”

Milton has transplanted this image into his *Lycidas*:

“Under the *opening eye-lids of the morn*.”

STEEVENS.

That humidity of the eye which emits a sparkling radiance, and was the attribute of Venus herself [—ΥΓΡΟΝ, ὡς Κυθνηρης] the poet here compares to the scintillations of the *diamond*, and the drop which it forms in departing from the eye-lid (for in a falling state it becomes opaque) to a *pearl*.—Thus, Fairfax, from Tasso :

“—*drops* bright, white, round, like *pearls* of Inde,

“ Her humid eyes shot forth,

“ That like sun-beams in silver fountains shin’d.”

HENLEY.

224. *Made she no verbal question?*] Means only, Did she enter into no conversation with you? In this sense our poet frequently uses the word *question*, and not simply as the act of *interrogation*. Did she give you to understand her meaning *by words*, as well as by the foregoing external testimonies of sorrow?

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“ ————— she told me

“ In a sweet *verbal* brief,” &c. STEEVENS.

229. *Let pity not be believ'd!*] *i. e.* Let not such a thing as pity be supposed to exist! Thus the old copies. STEEVENS.

231. *And clamour-moisten'd*—] It is not impossible but Shakspeare might have formed this fine picture of Cordelia's agony from holy writ, in the conduct of Joseph; who, being no longer able to restrain the vehemence of his affection, commanded all his retinue from his presence; and then *wept aloud*, and discovered himself to his brethren.

THEOBALD.

Clamour

Clamour moisten'd her ;] that is, her out-cries were accompanied with tears.

JOHNSON.

235. ——— *one self-mate and mate] The same husband and the same wife.*

JOHNSON.

248. ——— *these things sting him*

So venomously, that burning shame]

The metaphor is here preserved with great knowledge of nature ; the *venom* of poisonous animals being a high caustick salt, that has all the effect of *fire* upon the part.

WARBURTON.

263. *With hardocks, hemlock, &c.] Hardocks should be harlocks.* Thus Drayton in one of his *Eclogues* :

“ The honey-suckle, the *harlocke*,

“ The lily, and the lady-smocke,” &c.

FARMER.

264. *Darnel,]* According to Gerard, is *the most hurtful of weeds* among corn. It is mentioned in *The Witches of Lancashire*, 1634 :

“ That cockle, *darnel*, poppy wild,

“ May choke his grain,” &c.

STEEVENS.

280. — *the means to lead it.] The reason which should guide it.*

JOHNSON.

287. ——— *important* ———] In other places of this author for *importunate*.

JOHNSON.

The folio reads, *importuned*.

STEEVENS.

288. *No blown ambition* ———] No inflated, no swelling pride. Beza on the Spanish armada :

“ *Quam bene te ambitio mersit vanissima, ventus,*

“ *Et tumidos tumidæ vos superastis aquæ.*”

JOHNSON.

In the *Mad Lover* of Beaumont and Fletcher, the same epithet is given to ambition.

Again, in the *Little French Lawyer* :

“ I come with no *blown* spirit to abuse you.”

STEEVENS.

296. — *your lady* —] The folio reads, *your lord* ; and rightly. Goneril not only converses with Lord Edmund, in the Steward's presence, but prevents him from speaking to, or even seeing her husband.

REMARKS.

305. *His nighted life* ;] *i. e.* His life made dark as night, by the extinction of his eyes.

STEEVENS.

319. *She gave strange œiliads*, —] *Oeillade*, Fr. a cast, or significant glance of the eye.

Greene, in his *Disputation between a He and She Coney-Catcher*, 1592, speaks of “ *amorous glances, smirking œiliades*,” &c.

STEEVENS.

323. — I do advise you, take this note :] Note means in this place not a *letter*, but a *remark*. Therefore observe what I am saying.

JOHNSON.

Therefore, I do advise you, take this note :

My lord is dead ; Edmund and I have talk'd ;

And more convenient is he for my hand

Than for your lady's. You may gather more.

If you do find him, pray you give him this ;

And when your mistress hears thus much from you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.]

This passage, by a word being left out, and a word misplaced, and a full stop put where there should be but a comma, has led all our editors into a very great mistake ;

mistake ; as will, I hope, appear, when we proceed a little further in the same play. The emendation is as follows :

Therefore I do advise you, * *take note of this* ;

My lord is dead, &c.

If you so find him, pray you give him *this* :

i. e. This answer by word of mouth. The editors, not so regardful of consistency as they ought to have been, ran away with the thought that Regan delivered a letter to the steward ; whereas she only desired him to give or deliver so much by word of mouth. And by this means another blunder, as egregious as the former, and arising out of it, presents itself to view in the same act, scene 6.

And give the *letters*, which thou find'st about me,

To *Edmund, earl of Gloster*, &c.

Edg. Let's see his pockets : these letters, that he speaks of,

May be my friends.————

[*Reads the letter.*]

Observe, that here is but one letter produced and read, which is Goneril's. Had there been one of Regan's too, the audience no doubt should have heard it as well as Goneril's. But it is plain, from what is amended and explained above, that the Steward had

* The like expression, *Twelfth Night*, act ii. sc. 4.—

"*Sir Toby.* Challenge me the duke's youth, to fight with him ; hurt him in eleven places ; my niece shall *take note* of it."

no letter from Regan, but only a message to be delivered by word of mouth to *Edmund, earl of Gloster*. So that it is not to be doubted, but the last passage should be read thus :

And give the *letter*, which thou find'st about me,
To *Edmund, earl of Gloster*.——

Edg. Let's see these pockets: the *letter*, that he speaks of,

May be my friend.——

Thus the whole is connected, clear, and consistent.

GREY.

326. —— *You may gather more.*] You may infer more than I have directly told you. JOHNSON.

334. *What party—*] Quarto, *What lady*.

JOHNSON.

336. Scene VI.] This scene, and the stratagem by which Gloster is cured of his desperation, are wholly borrowed from Sidney's *Arcadia*. JOHNSON.

345. —*thy voice is alter'd, &c.*] Edgar alters his voice in order to pass afterwards for a malignant spirit.

JOHNSON.

354. —*dreadful trade!*] “ *Samphire* grows in great plenty on most of the sea-cliffs in this country: it is terrible to see how people gather it, hanging by a rope several fathom from the top of the impending rocks, as it were in the air.” Smith's *History of Waterford*, p. 315. edit. 1774.

TOLLET.

358. —— *her cock;*——] Her cock-boat.

JOHNSON.

So,

So, in the ancient bl. let. comedy, called *Commons Conditions* :

“Lanche out the *cocke* boies, and set the maister ashoare,

“The *cocke* is lanced, eche man to his care,

“Boie come up and grounde the *cocke* on the sande.”

Hence the term *cockswain*, a petty officer in a ship.

STEEVENS.

363. Topple down headlong.] To *topple* is to *tumble*.

STEEVENS.

This word is still in daily use in the eastern counties.

367. —for all beneath the moon,
Would I not leap upright.]

So, in *The Wife of Bath's Prologue* :

“Some let their lechour dight them all the night,

“While that the cors lay on the flore *upright*.”

FARMER.

Upright has the same sense as the Latin *supinus* (with the face upward).

In *A wonderful, strange, and miraculous Astrological Prognostication for this Year, &c.* 1591: “Maidens this winter shall have strange stitches and gripings of the collicke, which diseases proceed from lying too much *upright*.”

STEEVENS.

375. Why do I trifle thus with his despair?—

’Tis done to cure it.]

Perhaps the reading of the folio is better—

Why

*Why I do trifle thus with his despair,
Is done to cure it.*

STEEVENS.

385. *Gone, sir? farewell.*] Thus the quartos and folio.

STEEVENS.

387. ————*when life itself
Yields to the theft.*———]

When life is willing to be destroyed. JOHNSON.

391. *Thus might he pass, indeed;—*] Thus might he *die* in reality. We still use the word *passing* bell.

JOHNSON.

394. *Hadst thou been aught but gossomer, feathers, air,*] *Gossomore*, the white and cobweb-like exhalations that fly about in hot sunny weather. Skinner says, in a book called *The French Gardener*, it signifies the down of the sow-thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind:

“As sure some wonder on the cause of thunder,

“On ebb and flood, on *gossomer* and mist,

“And on all things, till that the cause is wist.”

Dr. GREY.

398. *Ten masts at each make not the altitude,*] So Mr. Pope found it in the old editions; and seeing it corrupt, judiciously corrected it to *attacht*. But Mr. Theobald restores again the old nonsense, *at each*.

WARBURTON.

Mr. Pope's conjecture may stand, if the word which he uses were known in our author's time; but I think it is of later introduction. We may say:

Ten masts *on end*.——

JOHNSON.

Perhaps

Perhaps we should read—at *reach*, i. e. extent.

STEEVENS.

402. —*chalky bourn* :] *Bourn* seems here to signify a *hill*. Its common signification is a *brook*. Milton in *Comus* uses *bosky bourn*, in the same sense perhaps with Shakspeare. But in both authors it may mean only a *boundary*.

JOHNSON.

419. —*enridged sea*.] Thus the quarto. The folio, *enraged*.

STEEVENS.

Enridged was certainly our author's word; for he has the same expression in his *Venus and Adonis* :

“Till the wild *waves* will have him seen no more,

“Whose *ridges* with the meeting clouds contend.”

MALONE.

420. —*the clearest gods*—] The purest; the most free from evil.

JOHNSON.

427. *Bear free and patient thoughts*.] To be melancholy is to have the mind *chained down* to one painful idea; there is therefore great propriety in exhorting Gloster to *free thoughts*, to an emancipation of his soul from grief and despair.

JOHNSON.

429. *The safer sense will ne'er accommodate*

His master thus.——]

So, in *Measure for Measure* :

“Nor do I think the man of *safe* discretion

“That does affect it.”

STEEVENS.

435. *That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper*.]

So, in the 48th *Idea* of Drayton :

“Or if thou'lt not thy archery forbear,

“To some base rustic do thyself prefer ;

“And

“ And when corn’s sown, or grown into the ear,
 “ Practise thy quiver, and turn *crow-keeper*.”

Mr. Tollet informs me, that Markham, in his *Farewell to Husbandry*, says, that such servants are called field-keepers, or *crow-keepers*. STEEVENS.

436. *Draw me a clothier’s yard.*] Perhaps the poet had in his mind a stanza of the old ballad of *Chey-Chace*:

“ An arrow of a *cloth-yard* long,

“ Up to the head drew he,” &c. STEEVENS.

439. —the *brown bills*.] A *bill* was a kind of battle-axe:

“ Which is the constable’s house?—

“ At the sign of the *brown bill*.”

Blurt Mr. Constable, 1602.

Again, in Marlow’s *King Edward II.* 1622:

“ Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,

“ *Brown bills*, and targetiers,” &c. STEEVENS.

440. *O, well-flown bird!*] Lear is here raving of archery, and shooting at *buts*, as is plain by the words *i’ the clout*, that is, the *white* mark they set up and aim at: hence the phrase, to *hit the white*. So that we must read, *O, well-flown barb!* *i. e.* the *barbed* or *bearded* arrow. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Two Maids of Moreclacke*, 1609:

“ Change your mark, shoot at a white; come stick me in the *clout*, sir.”

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

“ For kings are *clouts* that every man shoots at.”

Well-flown bird was the falconers expression when the hawk

hawk was successful in her flight; and is so used in
A Woman kill'd with Kindness. STEEVENS.

441. —[*Give the word.*] Lear supposes himself in
 a garrison, and before he lets Edgar pass, requires
 the watch-word. JOHNSON.

445. —[*Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—*] So
 reads the folio, properly; the quarto, which the latter
 editors have followed, has, *Ha! Goneril, ha! Regan!*
they flattered me, &c. which is not so forcible.

JOHNSON.
 446. —[*They flattered me like a dog;—*] They played
 the spaniel to me. JOHNSON.

449. —[*When the rain came to wet me, &c.*] This
 seems to be an allusion to king Canute's behaviour,
 when his courtiers flattered him as lord of the sea.

STEEVENS.
 455. *The trick of that voice—*] *Trick* (says Sir Tho-
 mas Hanmer, is a word frequently used for the *air*,
or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which dis-
tinguishes it from others. We still say, “—he has a
trick of winking with his eyes, of speaking loud,” &c.

STEEVENS.
 468. *To't luxury, &c.*] *Luxury* was the ancient
 appropriate term for *incontinence*. See Mr. Collins's
 note on *Troilus and Cressida*, act v. sc. 2. STEEVENS.

470. *Whose face between her forks—*] The construc-
 tion is not “whose face between her *forks*,” &c. but
 “whose face presages snow between her *forks*.” So,
 in *Timon*, act iv. sc. 3.

M

“Whose

“ Whose blush does thaw the consecrated snow

“ That lies on Dian’s lap.” *Canons of Criticism.*

To preserve the modesty of Mr. Edwards’s happy explanation, I can only hint a reference to the word *fourcheure* in Cotgrave’s *Dictionary*. STEEVENS.

473. *The fitchew*,—] A pole-cat. POPE.

See before in catch-word Alphabet.

—nor the soyled horse,—] *Soyled horse*, is a term used for a horse that has been fed with hay and corn in the stable during the winter, and is turned out in the spring to take the first flush of grass, or has it cut and carried in to him. This at once cleanses the animal, and fills him with blood. STEEVENS.

475. *Down to the waist they’re centaurs*,] In the *Malecontent*, is a thought as singular as this:

“ ’Tis now about the immodest waist of night.”

STEEVENS.

478. *Beneath is all the fiends’*;] According to Grecian superstition, every limb of us was consigned to the charge of some particular deity. Gower, *De Confessione Amantis*, enlarges much on it, and concludes by saying:

“ And Venus throughe the letcherie

“ For whiche thei hir deifie,

“ She kept all doune the remenant

“ To thilke office appertainant.”

COLLINS.

494. *What, with the case of eyes?*] The case of eyes is the socket of either eye. Statius in his first *Thebaid*, has a similar expression. Speaking of Oedipus, he says:

“Tunc *vacuos orbes* crudum ac miserabile vitæ

“Supplicium, ostentat cœlo, manibusque cruentis

“Pulsat *inane solum*.

“*Inane solum*, i. e. *vacui oculorum loci*.”

Shakspeare has the expression again in *The Winter's Tale*:

“—they seem'd almost, with staring on one another, to tear *the cases* of their eyes.” STEEVENS.

515. *Robes, and furr'd gowns, hide all*.—] From *hide all* to *accuser's lips*, the whole passage is wanting in the first edition, being added, I suppose, at his revisal. JOHNSON.

518. —*I'll able 'em*.:] An old phrase signifying to qualify, or uphold them. So Scogan, contemporary with Chaucer, says:

“Set all my life after thyne ordinance,

“And *able me* to mercie or thou deme.”

WARBURTON.

529. *Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air, We wawle and cry*.—]

“Vagitûque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est

“Cui santum in vitâ restat transire malorum.”

Lucretius. STEEVENS,

533. —*This a good block?*—] Upon the king's saying, *I will preach to thee*, the poet seems to have meant him to pull off his *hat*, and keep turning it, and feeling it, in the attitude of one of the preachers of those times (whom I have seen so represented in ancient prints) till the idea of *felt*, which the good

Mij

hat

hat or *block* was made of, raises the stratagem in his brain of shoeing a troop of horse with a substance soft as that which he held and moulded between his hands. This makes him start from his preachment.—*Block* anciently signified the *head part* of the hat, or *the thing on which a hat is formed*, and sometimes the hat itself.

—See *Much Ado about Nothing*:

“He weares his faith but as the fashion of his *hat*;

“it changes with the next *block*.”

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher’s *Wit at several Weapons*:

“I am so haunted with this broad-brim’d *hat*

“Of the last progress *block*, with the young hat-band.”

Shakspeare, however, might have adopted the stratagem of shoeing a troop of horse with *felt*, from the following passage in Fenton’s *Tragicall Discourses*, 4to bl. let. 1567: “—— he attyareth himselfe for the purpose in a night gowne girt to hym, with a paire of shoes of *felte*, leaste the noyse of his feete shoulde discover his goinge.” P. 58.

Again, in *Hay any Worke for a Cooper*, an ancient pamphlet, no date: “Their adversaries are very eager: the saints in heaven have *felt* o’ their tongues.

STEEVENS.

541. *The natural fool of fortune.*] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“O, I am *fortune*’s fool!

STEEVENS.

546. ———a man of salt,] I believe, a man of salt is a man made up of tears. In *All’s Well that Ends Well*,

Well, we meet with—your *salt tears*' head; and in *Troilus and Cressida*, the *salt* of broken tears.

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“He has betray'd your business, and giv'n up,

“For certain drops of *salt*, your city Rome.”

MALONE.

549. Gent. *Good sir*,——] These words I have restored from one of the quartos. In the other, they are omitted. The folio reads:

——a *smug* bridegroom—— STEEVENS.

554. *Then there's life in't*.——] The case is not yet desperate. JOHNSON.

567. ——the *main descry*

Stands on the hourly thought.] The *main* body is *expected* to be *descry'd* every hour. The expression is harsh. JOHNSON.

578. ——made *tame* to *fortune's blows*.] The quartos read:

——made *lame* by *fortune's blows*. STEEVENS.

588. *Briefly thyself remember*.——] *i. e.* Quickly recollect the past offences of thy life, and recommend thyself to heaven. WARBURTON.

598. ——go *your gait*,——] *Gang your gate* is a common expression in the North. In the last rebellion, when the Scotch soldiers had finished their exercise, instead of our term of dismissal, their phrase was, *Gang your gaits*. STEEVENS.

602. ——*che vor' ye*,——] *I warn you*. Edgar counterfeits the western dialect. JOHNSON.

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602.

602. —your costard,—] *Costard*, i. e. head.

STEEVENS.

—my bat,] i. e. club. So, in *Spenser*:

“——a handsome *bat* he held,

“On which he leaned, as one far in eld.”

So, in *Mucedorus*, 1668:

“With this my *bat* I will beat out thy brains.”

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

“——let every thing be ready,

“And each of you a good *bat* on his neck.”

STEEVENS:

605. —no matter vor your foins.] *To foyn*, is to make what we call a *thrust* in fencing. Shakspeare often uses the word.

STEEVENS.

631. —affectionate servant.] After *servant*, one of the quartos has this strange continuation: “—and for you her owne for venter, Gonerill.” STEEVENS.

632. *O undistinguish'd space of woman's wit!*] So the first quarto reads, but the first folio better, *will*. I have no idea of the meaning of the first reading, but the other is extremely satirical; the *varium & mutabile semper*, of Virgil, more strongly and happily expressed. The mutability of a woman's *will*, which is so sudden, that there is no space or distance between the present *will* and the next. Honest Sancho explains this thought with infinite humour, *Entre el si y el no de la muger, no me atreveria yo à poner una punta d'alfiler. Between a woman's yes and no I would not undertake to thrust a pin's point.* WARBURTON.

635. *Thee I'll rake up,—]* I'll cover thee. In Staffordshire,

Staffordshire, to rake the fire, is to cover it with fuel for the night. JOHNSON.

638. —the death-practis'd duke:] The duke of Albany, whose death is machinated by practice or treason. JOHNSON.

641. —and have ingenious feeling] *Ingenious feeling* signifies a feeling from an understanding not disturbed or disordered, but which, representing things as they are, makes the sense of pain the more exquisite.

WARBURTON.

643. —sever'd—] The quartos read *fenced*.

STEEVENS.

651. —every measure fail me.] All good which I shall allot thee, or measure out to thee, will be scanty. JOHNSON.

655. Be better suited:] i. e. Be better drest, put on a better suit of clothes. STEEVENS.

656. These weeds are memories of those worser hours:] *Memories*, i. e. Memorials, remembrancers. Shakspeare uses the word in the same sense, *As You Like It*, act ii. sc. 3.

“O, my sweet master! O you memory

“Of old Sir Rowland!”—

STEEVENS.

So, in Stowe's *Survey of London*, 1618:—“A printed memorie hanging up in a table at the entrance into the church-door.” MALONE.

659. —shortens my made intent:] An intent made, is an intent formed. So we say in common language, to make a design, and to make a resolution.

JOHNSON.

668.

668. *Of this child-changed father !]* i. e. Changed to a child by his years and wrongs ; or, perhaps, reduced to this condition by his children. STEEVENS.

Lear is become insane, and this is the change referred to. Insanity is not the property of second childhood, but dotage. Consonant to this explanation is what Cordelia almost immediately adds :

“ O my dear father ! restoration hang

“ Thy medicine on my lip ; and let this kiss

“ Repair those violent harms that my two sisters

“ Have in thy reverence made !” HENLEY.

673. *Ay, madam, &c.]* The folio gives these four lines to a *Gentleman*. One of the quartos (they were both printed in the same year, and for the same Printer) gives the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two next to *Kent*. The other quarto appropriates the two first to the *Doctor*, and the two following ones to a *Gentleman*. I have given the two first, which best belong to an attendant, to the *Gentleman* in waiting, and the other two to the *Physician*, on account of the caution contained in them, which is more suitable to his profession. STEEVENS.

In the folio the *Gentleman* and (as he is here called) the *Physician*, is one and the same person.

REMARKS.

677. *Very well.]* This and the following line I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

679. ———Restoration, hang

Thy medicine on my lips ; ———] Restoration is recovery, personified. STEEVENS.

687.

687. All from *warring winds*? to *helm* inclusive, is omitted in the folio.

689. ———— *To watch (poor perdu!)*

With this thin helm? ————]

The allusion is to the forlorn hope in an army, which are put upon desperate adventures, and called in French *enfants perdus*; she therefore calls her father, *poor perdu*.

WARBURTON.

The same allusion occurs in Sir W. Davenant's *Love and Honour*, 1649:

“ ———— I have endur'd

“ Another night would tire a *perdu*,

“ More than a wet furrow and a great frost.”

Again, in Cartwright's *Ordinary*:

“ ———— as for *perdues*,

“ Some choice sous'd fish brought couchant in a dish

“ Among some fennel or some other grass,

“ Shews how they lye i' th' field.” STEEVENS.

Amongst other separate services in which the forlorn hope, or *enfants perdu*, were engaged, the night-watches seem to have been a common one. So Beaumont and Fletcher:

“ I am set here like a *perdu*,

“ To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my mistress.”

Little French Lawyer, act ii. sc. 2. WHALLEY.

690. ———— *Mine enemy's dog*,] Thus the folio. Both the quartos read, *Mine injurious dog*. Possibly the poet wrote—*Mine injurer's dog*.

STEEVENS.

696. *Had not concluded all.*—] The plain construction is this; *It is wonder that thy wits and life had not all ended.* JOHNSON.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, c. viii.

“Ne spared they to strip her naked *all*.”

Again, in *Timon*:

“And dispossess her *all*.” STEEVENS.

708. *I am mightily abus'd.*—] I am strangely imposed on by appearances; I am in a strange mist of uncertainty. JOHNSON.

716. *No, sir, you must not kneel.*] This circumstance I find in the old play on the same subject, apparently written by another hand, and published before any edition of Shakspeare's tragedy had made its appearance. As it is always difficult to say whether these accidental resemblances proceed from imitation, or a similarity of thinking on the same occasion, I can only point out this to the reader, to whose determination I leave the question. STEEVENS.

718. *Pray do not mock me.*] So, in *The Winter's Tale*, act v.

“—Let no man *mock* me,

“For I will kiss her.” STEEVENS.

720. *Fourscore and upward;*—] Here the folio (and the folio only) adds—*not an hour more or less*. The authenticity of this passage Sir Joshua Reynolds justly suspects. It was probably the interpolation of some player, and is better omitted, both in regard to sense and versification. STEEVENS.

739. *I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.*] The quarto reads :

I fear, I am not perfect in my mind. JOHNSON.

So one of the quartos. The other reads according to the present text. STEEVENS.

Both expressions have one meaning, and are equivalent to *σωφρονουντα* (*St. Luke viii. 35.*), in the narrative of the lunatick demoniack who had been just restored to his reason, and is represented as "clothed, and in his right mind."

HENLEY.

739. —*is cur'd*—] Thus the quartos. The folio reads,

—*is kill'd*.

STEEVENS.

739. *And yet, &c.*] This is not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

740. *To make him even o'er the time*—] *i. e.* To reconcile it to his apprehension. WARBURTON.

746. What is printed in crotchets is not in the folio. It is at least proper, if not necessary ; and was omitted by the author, I suppose, for no other reason than to shorten the representation.

JOHNSON.

ACT V.

Line 3. ——— *Of* alteration,] One of the quartos reads,

————— *of abdication.*

STEEVENS.

4. ——— *his constant pleasure.*] His settled resolution.

JOHNSON.

12. *But have you never, &c.*] The *first* and *last* of these speeches, printed within crotchets, are inserted in Sir Thomas Hanmer's, Theobald's, and Dr. Warburton's editions; the two intermediate ones, which were omitted in all others, I have restored from the old quartos, 1608. Whether they were left out through negligence, or because the imagery contained in them might be thought too luxuriant, I cannot determine; but sure a material injury is done to the character of the *Bastard* by the omission; for he is made to deny that flatly at first, which the poet only meant to make him evade, or return slight answers to, till he is urged so far as to be obliged to shelter himself under an immediate falsehood. Query, however, whether Shakspeare meant us to believe that Edmund had *actually* found his way to the forefended place?

STEEVENS.

13. ——— *fore-fended place?*] *Fore-fended* means *prohibited, forbidden.*

STEEVENS.

16. ——— *bosom'd with her,* ———] *Bosom'd* is used

in

in this sense by Heywood, in *The Fair Maid of the West*, 1631 :

“ We’ll crown our hopes and wishes with more
pomp

“ And sumptuous cost, than Priam did his son

“ That night he *bosom’d* Helen.”

Again, in Heywood’s *Silver Age*, 1613 :

“ With fair Alcmena, she that never *bosom’d*

“ Mortal, save thee.” STEEVENS.

27. What is within the crotchets is omitted in the
folio. STEEVENS.

28. ——— *Where I could not be honest,*

I never yet was valiant :—] This sentiment
has already appeared in *Cymbeline* :

Thou may’st be valiant in a better cause,

But now thou seem’st a coward.

Again, in an ancient MS. play, entitled, *The Second
Maiden’s Tragedy* :

“ That worke is never undertooke with corage,

“ That makes his master blush.” STEEVENS.

30. *Not bolds the king ;—*] The quartos read
bolds, and this may be the true reading. *This business*
(says Albany) *touches us, as France invades our land,*
not as it bolds the king, &c. i. e. emboldens him to assert
his former title. Thus in the ancient interlude of
Hycke Scornor :

“ Alas, that I had not one to *bold* me !”

STEEVENS.

35. *For these domestick and particular broils*] This is
the reading of the folio. The quartos have it,

For these domestick doore particulars.

STEEVENS.

36. *Are not to question here.*] Thus the quartos.
The folio reads,

Are not *the* question here.

STEEVENS.

39. *Edm.*] This speech is wanting in the folio.

STEEVENS.

60. *Here is the guess, &c.*] The modern editors read, *Hard* is the guess. So the quartos. But had the discovery been diligent, the guess could not have proved so difficult. I have given the true reading from the folio.

STEEVENS.

63. *We will greet the time.*] We will be ready to meet the occasion.

JOHNSON.

70. *And hardly shall I carry out my side,*

Her husband being alive.——] That is, “I shall scarcely be able to make out my game.” The allusion is to a party at cards, and he is afraid he shall not be able to make his side successful.

The phrase is clearly explained in Massinger’s *Great Duke of Florence*, where Cozemo says to Petronella, who had challenged him to drink a second bowl of wine :

“ Pray you, pause a little,

“ If I hold your cards, *I shall pull down the side*;

“ I am not good at the game.”

MONCK MASON.

77. —— *for my state*

Stands on me, &c.]

I do not think that *for* stands in this place as a word
of

of inference or causality. The meaning is rather, *Such is my determination concerning Lear; as for my state it requires now, not deliberation, but defence and support.* JOHNSON.

For the import of the word FOR in this, and many other passages of Shakspeare, see Mr. Horne Tooke's *Diversions at Purley.* HENLEY.

79. The reader, who is curious to know how far Shakspeare was indebted to the *Arcadia*, will find a chapter entitled—"The pitifull State and Storie of the Paphlagonian unkinde King, and his kinde Sonne; first related by the Sonne, then by the blind Father." P. 141. edit. 1590. quarto. STEEVENS.

90. *Ripeness is all.*—] *i. e.* To be ready, prepared, is all. The same sentiment occurs in *Hamlet*, act v.

"—if it be not now, yet it will come: *the readiness is all.*" STEEVENS.

91. *And that's true too.*] Omitted in the quarto.

STEEVENS.

108. *And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies.*—]

As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and were consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct. JOHNSON.

110. ——— *packs and sets* ———] *Packs* is used for combinations or collection, as is a *pack of cards*. For *sets*, I think *sets* might be more commodiously read. So we say, *affairs are now managed by a new set*. *Set*, however, may well stand. JOHNSON.

113. *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,*

The gods themselves throw incense.——] The thought is extremely noble, and expressed in a sublime of imagery that Seneca fell short of on the like occasion. “*Ecce spectaculum dignum ad quod respiciat intentus operi suo Deus : ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis cum mala fortuna compositus.*”

WARBURTON.

116. *And fire us hence, like foxes.*——] I have been informed that it is usual to *smoke foxes* out of their holes.

So, in Harrington's translation of *Ariosto*, book xxvii. stan. 17.

“*Ev'n as a foxe whom smoke and fire doth fright*

“*So as he dare not in the ground remaine,*

“*Bolts out, and thro' the smoke and fire he flieth*

“*Into the tarrier's mouth, and there he dieth.*”

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour* :

“——my walk, and all,

“*You smoke me from, as if I were a fox.*”

STEEVENS.

117. *The goujeers shall devour them,*——] The *goujeres*, i. e. *Morbus Gallicus*. *Gouge*, Fr. signifies one of the common women attending a camp ; and as that disease was first dispersed over Europe by the French army, and the women who followed it, the first name it obtained among us was the *gougeries*, i. e. the disease of the *gouges*.

HANMER.

The resolute John Florio has sadly mistaken these *goujeers*. He writes “*With a good yeare to thee!*”

and

and gives it in Italian, “ *Il mal’ anno che dio ti dia.*”

FARMER.

117. ——— *flesh and fell.*] So, Skelton’s Works,
p. 257 :

“ *Nakyd asyde*

“ *Neither flesh nor fell.*”

Chaucer uses *fell* and *bones* for *skin* and *bones* :

“ And said that he and all his kinne at once,

“ *Were worthy to be brent with fell and bone.*”

Troilus and Cresseide. GREY.

In the *Dyār’s Play*, among the *Chester Collection of Mysteries*, in the Museum, *Antichrist* says :

“ *I made thee man of flesh and fell.*”

STEEVENS.

126. ——— *Thy great employment*

Will not bear question ;——] The meaning,

I apprehend, is, that the important business in hand, did not admit of *debate* : he must instantly resolve to do it, or not. *Question*, here, as in many other places in these plays, signifies *discourse—conversation*.

See *Hamlet*, act i.

“ *Thou com’st in such a questionable shape.*”

— and the note there.

MALONE.

133. *I cannot draw, &c.*] These two lines I have restored from the old quarto.

STEEVENS.

146. *And turn our imprest lances in our eyes,*] *i. e.* Turn the *launcemen*, which are *press’d* into our service, against us.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, act iii. sc. vii :

N i i j

“ ——— people

“ ————people

“ Ingrost by swift *impress*.”

STEEVENS.

150. *At this time, &c.*] This passage, well worthy of restoration, is omitted in the folio. JOHNSON.

155. *Requires a fitter place.*] *i. e.* The determination of the question, what shall be done with Cordelia and her father, should be reserved for greater privacy.

STEEVENS.

162. *Bore the commission of——*] *Commission*, for authority. WARBURTON.

163. *The which immediacy——*] *Immediacy* here implies proximity without intervention; in rank, or such a plenary delegation of authority as to constitute the person on whom it is conferred, *another SELF*: *alter et idem*.

HENLEY.

166. *In his own grace——*] *Grace* here means *accomplishments* or *honours*.

STEEVENS.

173. *The eye that told you so, look'd but a-squint.*] Alluding to the proverb; “Love being jealous makes a good eye look *asquint*.” See Ray’s *Collection*.

STEEVENS.

177. *——the walls are thine:]* A metaphorical phrase taken from the camp, and signifying, *to surrender at discretion*.

WARBURTON.

181. *The let alone lies not in your good-will.*] Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice.

JOHNSON.

Albany means to tell his wife, that, however she might want the power, she evidently did not want the inclination to prevent the match.

REMARKS.

186. ———*thy arrest.*] The quartos read—*thine attaint.* STEEVENS.

193. *An interlude!*——] This short exclamation of Goneril is added in the folio edition, I suppose, only to break the speech of Albany, that the exhibition on the stage might be more distinct and intelligible.

JOHNSON.

195. ———*thy person.*] The quartos read—*thy head.* STEEVENS.

201. ———*poison.*] The folio reads *medicine.*

STEEVENS.

208. —*a herald.*] This speech I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

216. *Sound trumpet.*] I have added this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

217. ———*within the lists of the army,*——] The quartos read:

———*within the host of the army.*—— STEEVENS.

231. *Yet am I noble, &c.*] One of the quartos reads:

———*yet are I mou't*

Where is the adversarie I come to cope withal?

———*are I mou't,* is, I suppose, a corruption of—*ere I move it.* STEEVENS.

239. *Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,*

My oath, and my profession.——]

The *privilege* of this *oath* means the privilege gained by taking the oath administered in the regular initiation of a knight professed.

JOHNSON.

The quartos read—it is the privilege of *my tongue.*

STEEVENS.

245. *Conspirant 'gainst*——] The quartos read :

Conspicuate 'gainst.—— STEEVENS.

254. *And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes ;]*

Say is sample, a taste. So, in *Sidney* :

“ So good a *say* invites the eye

“ A little downward to espy——”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 847 : “ He (C. Wolsey) made dukes and erles to serve him of wine, with a *say* taken,” &c. To take the *assaie* was the technical term.

STEEVENS.

262. Alb. *Save him, save him !]* He desired that Edmund's life might be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter.

JOHNSON.

264. —*thou wast not bound to answer]* One of the quartos reads :

——*thou art* not bound to *offer*, &c. STEEVENS.

273. *Monster, know'st thou this paper ?]* So the quarto ; but the folio :

Most monstrous ! O, know'st thou, &c.

JOHNSON.

“ Knowest thou these letters ?” says Leir to Ragan, in the old anonymous play, when he shews her both her own and her sister's letters, which were written to procure his death. Upon which she snatches the letters and tears them.

STEEVENS.

281. *Let us exchange charity.]* Our author by negligence gives his Heathens the sentiments and practices of Christianity. In *Hamlet* there is the same solemn act of final reconciliation, but with exact propriety, for the personages are Christians :

“ Exchange

“Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet,”

&c.

JOHNSON.

This is a hasty observation.—In the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon, the dying declaration of the Preceptor bears a striking resemblance to “*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!*”

HENLEY.

286. —to scourge us:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

——to plague us.

STEEVENS.

290. —full circle;——] Quarto, *full circled*.

JOHNSON.

302. *That we the pain of death would hourly bear,*

Rather than die at once)——]

The folio reads,

That we the pain of death would hourly die.

Mr. Pope, whom I have followed, reads,

——would hourly bear.

The quartos give the passage thus:

That with the pain of death would hourly die,

Rather than die at once——

STEEVENS.

323. *Edg.*] The lines between crotchets are not in the folio.

JOHNSON.

323. ——*This would have seem'd a period*

To such as love not sorrow; but, another;—

To amplify too much, would make much more,

And top extremity!——]

The sense may probably be this. *This would have seem'd a period to such as love not sorrow; but—another, i. e. but I must add another, i. e. another period, another*

another kind of conclusion to my story, such as will increase the horrors of what has been already told.

So, in *King Richard II.*:

I play the torturer, by small and small,

To lengthen out the worst—— STEEVENS.

332. ——*threw him on my father;*] The quartos read,

“ ——*threw me on my father.*”

The modern editors have corrected the passage, as it is now printed. STEEVENS.

347. ——*O! she's dead!*] Omitted in the quartos.

STEEVENS.

348. *Who, man, speak?*] The folio reads, *Who dead? Speak man.*

STEEVENS.

354. *This judgment, &c.*] If Shakspeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror* and *pity*. TYRWHITT.

356. *Here comes Kent, sir.*] The manner in which Edgar here mentions Kent, seems to require the lines which are inserted from the first edition in the foregoing scene. JOHNSON.

379. *Give it the captain.*] The quartos read:

——*Take my sword, the captain.*

Give it the captain.

STEEVENS.

384. *That she fordid herself.*] To *fordo*, signifies to *destroy*. It is used again in *Hamlet*, act v:

“ ——*did, with desperate hand,*

“ *Fordo his own life.*”

STEEVENS:

386.

386. — *Cordelia dead in his arms.*] This princess, according to the old historians, retired with victory from the battle which she conducted in her father's cause, and thereby replaced him on the throne: but in a subsequent one fought against her (after the death of the old king) by the sons of Goneril and Regan, she was taken, and died miserably in prison. The poet found this in history, and was therefore willing to precipitate her death, which he knew had happened but a few years after. The dramattick writers of this age suffered as small a number of their heroes and heroines to escape, as possible; nor could the filial piety of this lady, any more than the innocence of Ophelia, prevail on Shakspeare to extend her life beyond her misfortunes.

STEEVENS.

394. *Or image, &c.*] These two exclamations are given to Edgar and Albany in the folio, to animate the dialogue, and employ all the persons on the stage; but they are very obscure.

JOHNSON.

Or image of that horror?] In the first folio this short speech of Edgar (which seems to be only an addition to the preceding one of Kent) has a full stop at the end. *Is this conclusion,* says Kent, *such as the present turn of affairs seemed to promise? Or is it only,* replies Edgar, *a representation of that horror which we suppose to be real?* A similar expression occurs at the beginning of the play.—*I have told you what I have seen and heard, but faintly; nothing like the image and horror of it.*

STEEVENS.

It appears to me, that by the *promised end*, Kent does

does not mean that conclusion which the state of their affairs seemed to promise, but the end of the world. In St. Mark's Gospel, when Christ foretells to his disciples the end of the world, and is describing to them the signs that were to precede and mark the approach of our final dissolution, he says, "For in those days *shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of the creation, which God created, unto this time, neither shall be :*" and afterwards, he says, "Now the brother shall betray the brother to death; and the father the son; and *children shall rise up against their parents, and shall cause them to be put to death.*" Kent, in contemplating the unexampled scene of exquisite affliction which was then before him, and the unnatural attempt of Goneril and Regan against their father's life, recollects these passages, and asks, "whether that was the end of the world, that had been foretold us?" To which Edgar adds, "or only a representation and resemblance of that horror."

There is evidently an allusion to the same passages in Scripture, in a speech of Gloster's, which he makes in the second scene of the first act :

These late eclipses in the sun, &c. —

If any criticks should urge it as an objection to this explanation, that the persons of the drama are Pagans, and of course unacquainted with the Scriptures, they give Shakspere credit for more accuracy than I fear he possessed.

MONCK MASON.

Does not the exclamation (which is uttered in soliloquy by Kent, whilst he is contemplating the dead Cordelia

Cordelia in the arms of her distracted father) refer to the confidence expressed in her letter to himself, "that—seeking to give losses their remedies—she should find a time amidst the enormities of the state, to obtain the full effect of her purpose?"—

"Is this the promised end!"—

As the words *promised end* (supposing this to be their reference in the mouth of Kent) were not addressed to Edgar, there is no necessity for considering them as understood by him in their proper sense: his resumption therefore, or rather adaptation of them, may not only admit, but even require a different interpretation. Mr. Mason's is an ingenious, and may be the true one. For, though the passage of St. Mark which he cites, does NOT refer to *the end of the world* (as he might have learnt from the 30th verse of the same chapter), but to the destruction of Jerusalem and the Jewish state, yet the prediction itself is vulgarly received in the sense to which he applies it.

HENLEY.

395. *Fall, and cease!*] This exclamation of Albany, like the other, may have a meaning affixed to it. He is looking with attention on the pains employed by Lear to recover his child, and knows to what miseries he must survive, when he finds them to be ineffectual. Having these images present to his eyes and imagination, he cries out, *Rather fall, and cease to be, at once, than continue in existence only to be wretched.* So, in *All's Well*, &c. to *cease* is used for *to die*; and

in *Hamlet*, the death of majesty is called “the cease of majesty.”

Again, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

“Or, ere they meet, in me, O nature, cease!

“Both suffer under this complaint you bring,

“And both shall cease, without your remedy.”

STEEVENS.

396. *This feather stirs;—*] So, in *Vittoria Corom-bona*, 1612:

“Fetch a looking-glass, see if his breath will not stain it; or pull some *feathers* from my pillow, and lay them to his lips.”

STEEVENS.

A common experiment of applying a light feather to the lips of a person supposed to be dead, to see whether he breathes. There is the same thought in *Henry IV.* Part II. act iv. sc 4:

—————By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not.

And to express a total stillness in the air, in Donne's poem, called *The Calm*, there is the like sentiment, which Jonson, in his conversation with Drummond of Hawthornden, highly commended:

“—————in one place lay

“Feathers and dust, to-day and yesterday.”

WHALLEY.

410. *I have seen the day, with my good biting faulchion
I would have made them skip——]*

It is difficult for an author who never peruses his first works, to avoid repeating some of the same thoughts
in

in his later productions. What Lear has just said, had been anticipated by Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*: "I have seen the time with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats." It is again repeated in *Othello*:

"——— I have seen the day

"That with this little arm and this good sword

"I have made my way," &c. STEEVENS.

416. *This is a dull sight.*——] This passage is wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

423. —— *of difference and decay,*] Decay for misfortunes. WARBURTON.

The quartos read:

"That from your *life* of difference and decay."

STEEVENS.

427. —— *fore-doom'd themselves,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads——*fordone*.

Have *fore-doom'd themselves* is—have anticipated their own doom. To *fordo* is to destroy. STEEVENS.

430. —— *he says.*] The quartos read——*he sees,* which may be right. STEEVENS.

436. *What comfort to this great decay, may come,*] This *great decay* is Lear, whom Shakspeare poetically calls so, and means the same as if he had said, *this piece of decay'd royalty, this ruin'd majesty*. STEEVENS.

A preceding passage, in which Gloster laments Lear's frenzy, fully supports Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"O, *ruin'd piece of nature!* This great world

"Shall so wear out to nought." MALONE.

439. ———— *You, to your rights ;
With boot, and such addition as your honours
Have more than merited.*———]

These lines are addressed to Kent as well as to Edgar, else the word *honours* would not have been in the plural number. By *honours* is meant *honourable conduct*.

MONCK MASON.

440. *With boot,—]* With advantage, with increase.

JOHNSON.

444. *And my poor fool is hang'd!—]* This is an expression of tenderness for his dead Cordelia (not his fool, as some have thought), on whose lips he is still intent, and dies away while he is searching for life there.

Poor fool, in the age of Shakspeare, was an expression of endearment.

I may add, that *the Fool* of Lear was long ago forgotten. Having filled the space allotted him in the arrangement of the play, he appears to have been silently withdrawn in the 6th scene of the third act.—That the thoughts of a father, in the bitterest of all moments, while his favourite child lay dead in his arms, should recur to the antick who had formerly diverted him, has somewhat in it that I cannot reconcile to the idea of genuine sorrow and despair.

Besides this, Cordelia was recently hanged ; but we know not that the *Fool* had suffered in the same manner, nor can imagine why he should. The party adverse to Lear was little interested in the fate of his jester. The only use of him was to contrast and
alleviate

alleviate the sorrows of his master; and that purpose being fully answered, the poet's solicitude about him was at an end.

The term—*poor fool*, might indeed have misbecome the mouth of a vassal commiserating the untimely end of a princess, but has no impropriety when used by a weak, old, distracted king; in whose mind the distinctions of nature only survive, while he is uttering his last frantick exclamations over a murdered daughter.

Should the foregoing remark, however, be thought erroneous, the reader will forgive it, as it serves to introduce some contradictory observations from a critick, in whose taste and judgment too much confidence cannot easily be placed. STEEVENS.

I confess, I am one of those who *have thought* that Lear means his *Fool*, and not *Cordelia*. If he means *Cordelia*, then what I have always considered as a beauty, is of the same kind as the accidental stroke of the pencil that produced the foam.—Lear's affectionate remembrance of the *Fool* in this place, I used to think, was one of those strokes of genius, or of nature, which are so often found in Shakspeare, and in him only.

Lear appears to have a particular affection for this *Fool*, whose fidelity in attending him, and endeavouring to divert him in his distress, seems to deserve all his kindness.

Poor fool and knave, says he, in the midst of the thunder-storm, *I have one part in my heart that's sorry yet for thee.*

It

It does not therefore appear to me, to be allowing too much consequence to the *Fool*, in making Lear bestow a thought on him, even when in still greater distress. Lear is represented as a good-natured, passionate, and rather weak old man; it is the old age of a cocker'd spoilt boy. There is no impropriety in giving to such a character those tender domestick affections, which would ill become a more heroick character, such as Othello, Macbeth, or Richard III.

The words—*No, no, no life*; I suppose to be spoken, not tenderly, but with passion: Let nothing now live—let there be universal destruction;—*Why should a dog, a horse, a rat have life, and thou no breath at all?*

It may be observed, that as there was a necessity, the necessity of propriety at least, that this *Fool*, the favourite of the author, of Lear, and consequently of the audience, should not be lost or forgot, it ought to be known what became of him.—However, it must be acknowledged, that we cannot infer much from thence; Shakspeare is not always attentive to finish the figures of his groups.

I have only to add, that if an actor, by adopting the interpretation mentioned above, of applying the words *poor fool* to Cordelia, the audience would, I should imagine, think it a strange mode of expressing the grief and affection of a father for his dead daughter, and that daughter a queen.—The words *poor fool*, are undoubtedly expressive of endearment; and Shakspeare himself, in another place, speaking of a dying animal, calls it *poor dappled fool*: but it never is, nor
never

never can be used with any degree of propriety, but to commiserate some very inferior object, which may be loved, without much esteem or respect.

Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

448. *Pray you, undo this button,—*] The Rev. Dr. J. Warton judiciously observes, that the swelling and heaving of the heart is described by *this* most expressive circumstance.

So, in the *Honest Lawyer*, 1616 :

“———oh my heart!——

“It beats so it has *broke my buttons.*”

Again, in *King Richard III.*:

“———Ah, cut my lace asunder,

“That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

“Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!”

Again, in *The Winter's Tale* :

“O, cut my lace ; lest my heart, cracking it,

“Break too !”———

and, as Mr. Malone adds, from N. Field's *A Woman's a Weathercock*, 1612 :

“———swell heart ! *buttons* fly open !

“Thanks, gentle doublet, else my heart had broke.”

STEEVENS.

455. —*this tough world.*] Thus all the old copies. Mr. Pope changed it to *rough*, but, perhaps, without necessity. This *tough* world is this *obdurate rigid* world.

STEEVENS.

———*I must not say, no.*] The modern editors have supposed that Kent expires after he has repeated these

these two last lines ; but the speech rather appears to be meant for a despairing than a dying man ; and as the old editions give no marginal direction for his death, I have forbore to insert any.

I take this opportunity of retracting a declaration which I had formerly made on the faith of another person, viz. that the quartos, 1608, were exactly alike. I have since discovered that they vary one from another in many instances. STEEVENS.

The second folio, at the end of this speech, has the word—*Dyes*, in the margin. REMARKS.

465. *The weight of this sad time, &c.*] This speech, from the authority of the old quarto, is rightly placed to Albany : in the edition by the players, it is given to Edgar, by whom, I doubt not, it was of custom spoken. And the case was this : he who played Edgar, being a more favourite actor than he who performed Albany, in spite of decorum it was thought proper he should have the last word. THEOBALD.

THE END.



V.

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